

H. S. Wyatt
Steyning

THE
Polite Repository;
(OR,
Amusing Companion;

A Selection of
Tales, — | — Adventures,
Histories, | — Anecdotes,
From the best Modern Publications.

WITH A
VARIETY of ORIGINALS,
Instructive and Entertaining

WE CULL THE CHOICEST.

VOL. I.

Part the First.

L O N D O N :

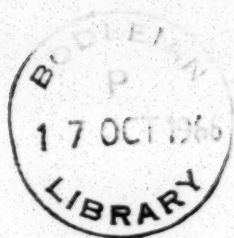
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AN

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

NOVELS and little tracts of Entertaining HISTORY being a species of Writing in general estimation, and few having leisure sufficient to peruse all the Publications, when such infinite variety are daily proceeding from the Press, to extract the sweets of which they must drudge through a numerous collection, some heavy, uninteresting, and insipid, and others of such dangerous tendency, that they only mislead the Judgment, and vitiate the taste.

It was presumed, that a selection of what should serve not only to amuse the Mind, but amend the

No. 1.

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Heart,

Heart, guard Youth from Error and Temptation, would be an acceptable offering to the Public.— Under this opinion, we Select from the best Publications, where the mild dawns of rising Genius may insensibly charm and lead the Reader to peruse the whole of the Work, and thus recommend modest Merit to the public favor, which might otherwise be consigned to oblivion. And by paying a proper attention to the general tendency of the Works we introduce, we hope to prevent the ill effects of those written in a stile of levity or immorality, as we shall only recommend such as inculcate the true principles of Virtue.

IN addition we shall occasionally add Plates on such Subjects as require to be impressed upon the Memory.

WITH these Principles, and on these Terms, we submit our present Undertaking to the protection and favor of a liberal Public.

THE
NOVELIST;
OR,
AMUSING COMPANION.

HISTORY OF MRS. MONTGOMERY, RELATED BY
HERSELF.

FROM THE RECLUSE OF THE LAKE, BY CHARLOTTE
SMITH.

MY father was a native of Scotland, of the noble family of Douglas. He was a younger brother of a younger branch, and married very early in his life a young woman as well born and as indigent as himself. In the year 1745, he was among those who joined the unfortunate Charles Edward; and he fell at Culloden, leaving me then about twenty months old, and his wife, then not more than seventeen, entirely dependent on the bounty of his father, and overwhelmed with the greatness of her calamity; but when she held in her arms her unfortunate orphan, the sole legacy and sole memorial of a man whom she had fondly loved, she struggled against her unhappy destiny, and for my sake attempted to live.

Though peace was at length restored to the wretched country, which had been too long the seat of devastation, many families found themselves totally impoverished; and
none

none had suffered more than my grandfather, who having narrowly escaped with life, survived to lament the loss of three brave sons, and to see great part of his property in ashes. He lingered only a twelvemonth afterwards, and then sunk into the grave, leaving his small patrimony to his only surviving son, who had himself a numerous family. My mother saw, or fancied she saw, that he could willingly have dispensed with any additional burthen; and she determined to go to England, where she hoped to be received by a brother of her own, who was settled in London. Thither she conveyed herself and me in the cheapest way she could, and was received by her brother (who had sunk his illustrious birth for the convenience offered him of becoming partner with a merchant) with kindness indeed; but such kindness as a mind narrowed by perpetually contemplating riches shews to the poor who are dependent on them. His wife, by whose means his fortune had been promoted, convinced him that his sister and her child could not be commodiously received into his house. — Lodgings were, however, provided for her in the neighbourhood, and she boarded with her brother. But the second month of her thus living was not passed, before the neglect she felt from him, and the pride and ill nature of his wife, taught her to experience in all its bitterness the misery of dependence. Born with very acute feelings, and at an age when every sensibility is awake, my mother found this situation every day more insupportable. Yet whither could she turn? She had neither knowledge of business, nor any means of engaging in it. She had no acquaintance in England, and had not in the world any friend who had at once the power and the will to assist her.

Almost the first circumstance which made any impression on my mind, was the agonies of passion with which my mother clasped me to her bosom and wept over me, while she called on the spirit of her departed Douglas to behold the wretchedness of his widow and his orphan. — At that age, however, it is only a slight sketch now and then of some violent passion or striking circumstance that rests on the memory of an infant. I have no recollection of any thing else till the scene was greatly changed, and in my childish eyes greatly amended.

It was summer; and though at that period the mercantile inhabitants of London were less accustomed than they now are to go to country villas, yet my uncle, who was growing rich, had one near Hammer-smith, where he usually repaired with his family on Fridays, returning again to town the beginning of the following week. The weather was uncommonly hot, and my mother, who was never of these parties, but was left in London to share the dinner of the solitary servant who took care of the house, fancied that I had for many days drooped for want of air; and alarmed by that idea, she took, after the family were gone, an hackney coach, and directed it to carry her to the gate of Hyde Park.

Though the sun was declining, it had yet so much power, that in walking through the park with me in her arms, that I at least might not suffer, she became extremely fatigued. She saw people going into Kensington Gardens: thither she went also; and to avoid observation, betook herself to an unfrequented part of them, where, quite overcome with bodily fatigue and mental anguish, she threw herself on a seat; and straining me to her bosom, began with a torrent of tears to lament not so much her own hard fate as that which awaited the infant of her lost Douglas, whose name she frequently repeated, broken by the sobs and groans which a thousand tender recollections of *him*, and poignant fears for *me*, extorted from her. — From this delirium of fruitless sorrow she was awakened by the appearance of a gentleman, of about thirty, who suddenly approached her, and enquired with great politeness, yet with great warmth, whether her distress was of a nature which he could mitigate or remove?

Alarmed by this address from a stranger, my mother arose, and making an effort to conquer her emotion and conceal her tears, she thanked him in an hurried voice for his politeness, but assured him that she was merely fatigued by the heat of the weather, and should now hasten home.

He was not however to be so easily shaken off. If my mother had at first struck him as a very beautiful young woman, he was still more charmed when she spoke, and when amidst the confusion she was under, he observed as much unaffected modesty as natural elegance. It was in

vain

vain that she entreated him to leave her, and assured him that she lived in a very distant part of the town with a brother, into whose house she could not introduce a stranger, and that she should be otherwise much distressed by his attention. He would not leave her; but taking me up in his arms, he carried me out of the gardens, and then delivering me to my mother, he ran toward the palace, to procure, as he said, a coach. My mother, who trembled she knew not why, at the politeness she could not resent, now hurried on in the hope of escaping from her new acquaintance; but she had not proceeded an hundred paces before he was again at her side, again took me in his arms, and under pretence that there was no coach to be had where he had been, but that one would probably be met with if they walked on, he engaged her to proceed, till a coach overtook them: not such as he pretended to have sought; but one on which was an Earl's coronet, and the arms of Douglas, quartered, with those of an illustrious English family.

“ Now, (said he, stopping as it came up) here is a carriage, which shall convey you and this little cherub to your home. You will not, I think, refuse me the honor of accompanying you, that it may afterwards take me to mine.

Again my mother urged every thing she could think of to prevail upon her new friend to desist from a proof of attention which could only distress her. He would hear nothing; and the warmth of his importunity forced her, in spite of every objection, to get into his coach, where he seated me in her lap, and himself by her side.

He then attempted to quiet her fears by entering into discourse on the topics of the day; in which he exerted himself so effectually, his manners were so easy, and his conversation so entertaining, that the agitation of her spirits gradually subsided. The soothing voice of friendship, of pity, of sympathy, which she had not heard for many, many months, again made its way to her heart; and when he insensibly turned the discourse from less interesting matters to her own condition, the tears flowed from her eyes, softness pervaded her heart, and she confided to this stranger, whom she had not yet known above an hour, the
unhappy

unhappy uncertainty of her situation, the actual misery she suffered herself, and the anguish which weighed down her spirit, when she reflected that she had no other portion to bequeath to me than servitude, or perhaps dependence, more bitter than either. In making this avowal, she had named her family, and that of her father.

"Yes, interrupted her protector, I heard, as I listened to you in the gardens, the name of Douglas. I am myself of the race; for my mother was a Douglas; such a circumstance, added to the captivating beauty of the fair mourner to whom I listened, made my curiosity invincible. Dangerous curiosity! to gratify it, I have I fear lost my peace!"

Not to dwell too long on the recital, let me say that this nobleman professed himself passionately in love with the young widow; and though she insisted on his giving up so wild an idea, he declared before he left her that he would by some means or other introduce himself to her brother, since to live without seeing her was impossible. It was with difficulty he was at length prevailed upon to leave the house; and without extorting permission from my mother, he was there again the next day, and every day, till the family returned; after which he managed so adroitly, that in a few days he made an acquaintance with my uncle, and was in form invited to dinner; while neither himself or his wife at all suspected for whose sake the acquaintance was so anxiously cultivated, but were extremely elate at the notice which a man of rank took of them, and the compliments he paid to the respectability and intrinsic worth of men of business.

The attention, however, which he found himself obliged to pay to the mistress of the house, and the few opportunities of seeing or conversing with my mother which this method of visiting allowed him, became very uneasy to him. And at length, after a long struggle with himself, he determined to hazard, telling her his real situation.—He probably knew that he had by this time secured such an interest in her heart, that it was no longer in her power to fly from him, whatever her honor might dictate.—Having with some difficulty obtained an opportunity of speaking to her, he told her, that he knew she must long
have

have seen his ardent and incurable passion; "which perhaps, continued he, I ought never to have indulged; but, alas! from the first moment I saw you, my heart was your's! while reason in vain condemned me, and repeated the fatal truth which you must now hear. I am already married—I am not villain enough to attempt to deceive you; but listen to what I have to add in extenuation of my conduct, before you condemn me to despair.

The indignation with which my mother received this acknowledgment, the attempts of her lover to appease and soften her, I need not relate: having at length prevailed on her to hear what he had to urge, he told her, that to gratify his family he had, when little more than twenty, married the heiress of a rich and noble family; plain, and even deformed in her person, with a temper soured by ill health, and the consciousness of her own imperfections, and with manners the most disgusting. For upwards of three years he dragged on a life completely wretched with a woman whose malignity of temper deadened all pity for her personal misfortunes; at the end of that period she was seized with the small pox, attended with the worst symptoms; but the distemper, acting on an habit constitutionally bad, failed to deprive her of life, which would have been a blessing to them both; but left behind it violent epileptic fits, which continuing with encreasing violence for many months, had deprived her of the slender share of reason she ever possessed, and threw her at length into confirmed idiotism, in which state she had invariably remained for the last six years. Thus situated, he considered himself, though the fatal tie could not by law be dissolved, as really unmarried; and at liberty to offer his heart to the lovely object who now possessed it, though the cruel circumstance he had related made it impossible for him to offer her that rank, in which it would otherwise have been his ambition to have placed her, and to which she would have done so much honor.

I was then in my mother's arms; he took me tenderly in his, and said, "Intercede for me, lovely Caroline, with your mother! Ah! soften that dear, inexorable heart, and tell her, that for your sake she should quit an abode
so

so unfit for you both; and accept the protection of a man, who will consider and provide for her Caroline as for a child of his own. He then hurried away, leaving a paper, in which he had repeated all he had before said; and protesting that his first care should be to settle a fortune on me. That evening, my uncle and his family, who had been absent, returned, and it happened that his wife, who was always rude and unfeeling, treated my mother with an unusual degree of asperity. Her brother too, whether from accident, or from some intelligence he had received of his Lordship's visits, spoke to her with great acrimony, reproached her with having been now above twelve months a burthen to him, and advised her to try if she could not procure a place as companion to a lady or governess in a family; adding coldly, that he would in that case take care of me, and put me out to nurse, till I was old enough to procure a livelihood.

Honor and respect for the memory of her husband, had made in the breast of my mother a struggle, which this inhuman treatment rendered at once ineffectual. On one side, affluence, with the man whom she already loved more than she was aware of, and a certain provision for the infant on whom she doated, awaited her; on the other, poverty, dependence, and contempt: her child torn from her, and herself sent to service. The contrast was too violent: She retired to her room, and without giving herself time for reflection, wrote to Lord Pevensey, and the next day quitting her inhospitable and selfish relations, without giving them any account of herself, she set out with his Lordship for Paris. A servant was provided for me: All that love and fortune could offer were lavished on her; and at an elegant house on the banks of the Seine she was soon established; with a splendour which, however, served not to make her happy.

Still conscious of the impropriety of her situation, she could never conquer the melancholy that preyed on her mind; though she sometimes thought, that to have the daughter of Douglas educated and provided for, as his Lordship's fondness educated and provided for me, was in reality a greater proof of attachment to his memory than she would have shewn, had she suffered me to have re-

mained in the indigence and disgrace to which the penurious and sordid temper of my uncle would have exposed me. The two sons, whom she brought my Lord, shared her tenderness without lessening it; and while the utmost care was taken of their education as soon as they were old enough to receive instruction, I had the best masters which Paris afforded; and with such advantages, almost every European language at an early age became equally familiar to me. Lord Pevensey, who was as partial to me as if I had been indeed his daughter, and in whose fondness for my mother, time made no abatement, saw with pleasure the progress I made, and flattered himself that he should establish me happily, though the situation of my mother, (who though she was treated in France with great respect, was well understood not to be the wife of Lord Pevensey,) was a very unfavourable circumstance to me even in that country. The world, however, called me handsome; and I had received an education very different from that which is usually given to young women in France. On the day on which I completed my fourteenth year, Lord Pevensey came to me, as I was dressing for a little entertainment which he had ordered on the occasion, and wishing me joy of my birth day, he saluted me, and put into my hands a bank-note of a thousand pounds. "Take it, my dear Caroline, (said he) as a trifling testimony of my affection for you. Use it for your smaller expences, and be assured that I will not neglect to make your future prospects equal to the education you have received, and to which you do so much honor."

I received this generosity as I ought. Alas! my benefactor went in a few weeks to England, and I saw him no more. A strange presentiment of evil hung over my mother, whose health had long been very uncertain. She could not bear to take the last leave of his Lordship; and he, who lived but to oblige her, still lingered, and delayed his journey, till repeated letters from those who had the care of his estates compelled him to determine on it. His two sons, one of ten, the other of eight years old, were by this time at a public school in England, and he promised to gratify my mother with the sight of them on his return, which he said

said should be as soon as he could settle the affairs which called him over.

When he was gone, however, my mother fell into a deep melancholy; and as we were almost always alone together, she talked very frequently of the incidents of her past life, related the particulars I have repeated to you, and asked me whether I could forgive her for having thus been betrayed into a situation, which, whatever it might be in the sight of heaven, would in that of the world render me liable to eternal reproach. It was in vain I conjured her to banish from her mind, reflections which served only to destroy an health so precious to us all. Still they recurred too often, and her delicate constitution very visibly suffered. After Lord Pevensey, who had been used to write by every post, had been gone about six weeks, his letters suddenly ceased. My mother for some days flattered herself that it was merely owing to his being on his journey back; but her hope gradually died away, and the most alarming apprehensions succeeded — apprehensions too well founded. We were sitting together one morning, when a sudden bustle of the servants in the anti-room surprised us. I arose to enquire into the occasion of it, and on my opening the door, was shocked by the sight of my two brothers, and their tutor, who had been attempting to prevent their sudden entrance. The poor boys on seeing me burst into tears, and exclaiming, “Oh, Caroline! my father!” they rushed by me, and threw themselves into the arms of their mother; who, wild with terror, had no power to enquire what indeed they soon told her. “Oh! Mama! (cried they) our papa, our dear papa is dead! They have sent us here to you—they have taken him from us, and every thing that was his!”

The tutor, who highly respected my mother, now attempted to take the children from her: but she held them in her arms, while, with a look which I shall never forget, and with the voice of piercing anguish, she enquired what all this meant? The worthy man related, in a few words, that Lord Pevensey had been seized with a fever at one of his country houses, where, after a few days illness, he died: that his brother, who became heir to his title, had instantly possessed himself of all his effects, and had directed the two boys to be taken immediately to France, and to drop the

name they had hitherto borne. With reluctance the tutor added, that the present Lord intended in a few days being at the house we inhabited, in order to receive the jewels and other valuables which belonged to his brother.

No tear fell from the eyes of the dear unhappy woman, no sigh escaped her heart. She desired me to tranquillize the poor boys, (who still fondly clung round her, weeping for their dear papa) and complaining that she suffered great pain in her head, desired to be put to bed. I remained by her; and endeavoured to excite her tears, while mine flowed incessantly; but the greatness and suddenness of the calamity overwhelmed her constitution, tho' it still left to her mind strength enough to reflect on the condition of her children.

"Caroline, (said she to me as I sat by her) I shall probably in a few hours be reduced to that indigence, from which, perhaps, it were better I had never been relieved. But your brothers! for them, I suffer! The proceedings of the present Lord Pevensey leave me little reason to hope that any will exists in England, which secures them the ample provision their father designed for them. There are, in a box, which my Lord left, several papers, which he told me were of consequence: but they will be taken from me unless immediately secured. Send therefore for Mr. Montgomery, and deliver to him that box."

She then gave me a direction to him. I had never seen Mr. Montgomery, though he was a friend of my Lord's. I hastened to execute her commands; he flew to the house on receiving my message; and instead of a man of business, as I expected, I beheld a young man of about seven and twenty, in the uniform of one of those Scottish regiments which were received by the King of France, after their master's affairs became irretrievable. He had been quartered for some time in a remote province; but being distantly related to, and highly esteemed by the late Lord Pevensey, he had constantly corresponded with him, and had been entrusted with his intentions relative to my mother, my brothers, and myself.

I cannot describe the person of Montgomery. Suffice it to say, that his figure was even finer than that of his son, who resembles him extremely. The warm and lively
interest

interest he took for my mother, the manly tenderness which he discovered, when he saw our distress, and the trouble which he instantly undertook to encounter for us, were powerful incentives to me to admire and esteem him. I then thought him the noblest of human beings, and a few days convinced me that he deserved all the partiality my young heart had conceived for him. The new Lord Pevensey, who intended to have reached my mother's house before she could have notice of his journey, (and was prevented only by the zeal of the tutor who had the care of my brothers) arrived on the third day after she had received these fatal tidings. He was a man not much turned of forty, but with a harsh and stern countenance, a large, heavy person, and a formal, cold manner. He brought with him a lawyer from England, and engaged another in France to accompany him to the house; where, with very little ceremony, he demanded of my mother all the jewels and effects of his deceased brother. Summoning all her resolution, and supported by Montgomery, who never left her, she tried to go through this dreadful ceremony with some degree of fortitude. She delivered, with trembling hands, a star, a sword set with brilliants, and several other family jewels. She then opened a casket, in which her own were inclosed, and Lord Pevensey was taking them from her, when Montgomery interfered, saying, that they were her's, and he should not suffer her to part with them.

It would be tedious to relate the scenes which passed between Lord Pevensey, his lawyer, and Montgomery; who finding it necessary, engaged lawyers on the part of my mother. A will of the late Lord had been found among the papers which she had put in the possession of Montgomery, in which an annuity of eight hundred a year was settled on my mother, and all his estates charged with the payment of ten thousand pounds to each of my brothers, and two to me. This will the present Lord disputed; and the contending parties prepared for law, the circumstance of the case rendering it necessary that this contention should be carried on as well in England as in France.

The spirits and health of my mother gradually declined. The friendship, the unwearied kindness of Montgomery,
alone

alone supported her: but neither his attention or mine could cure the malady of the mind, or bind up the wounds of a broken heart.

I will not detain you with relating the various expedients for accommodation which were in the course of the first month proposed by the relations of the family, who knew the tenderness the late Lord Pevensey had for my mother, that he considered her as his wife; and that her conduct could not have been more unexceptionable had she really been so. Still lingering in France, and still visiting an house into which his cruelty had introduced great misery, the proceedings of Lord Pevensey wore a very extraordinary appearance. My mother was now confined almost entirely to her room; and Montgomery concealed from her his uneasiness at what he remarked: but to me he spoke more freely, and told me that he was very sure his lordship had other designs than he suffered immediately to appear. In a few days the truth of his conjecture became evident. I was alone in a small room at the end of the house, where I had a harpsichord which I had removed thither since my mother's illness. She was asleep. Montgomery, on whom my imagination had long been accustomed to dwell with inexpressible delight, had been detained two days from us. Those days had appeared two ages to me; and his absence, combined with the uneasiness of our situation, and the state of my mother's health, depressed my spirits, and I sought to soothe them by music. A little melancholy air, which I often sung to Montgomery was before me: it expressed my feelings; and I was lost in the pleasure of expressing them, when the door from the garden opened, and Lord Pevensey stalked, in his formal manner, into the room.

I arose instantly from my seat; but he took my hand, and with an air of familiarity, bade me sit down again. Then drawing a chair close to me, he looked in my face, and cried—'Sweet Caroline! she will not refuse to sing to me! She does not hate me, and will perhaps be the lovely mediatrix who shall adjust all differences between me and her mamma.

'I have no power, sir, to adjust differences,' answered I, much alarmed at his look and manner.'—'Indeed you have my charming girl,' cried he, attempt-

ing very rudely to kiss me ; ‘ and if you will only be sensible of the same friendship for me, as your mother had for my brother, every thing he left in her possession shall be her’s. Nay, I will make you sole mistress of my fortune, and she shall enjoy all the claims with her beloved Montgomery.’

“ I cannot describe what I felt at that moment, I knew not what I said, in the first emotion of terror and anger ; I flew to the door, but it was fastened. I then attempted to reach that which led to the garden, but he caught me in his arms. I shrieked, I struggled to disengage myself, while the wretch exclaimed—‘ Violent airs these, for the daughter of Mrs. Douglas to give herself ! Pretty affectation in a girl who has been brought up on the wages of prostitution !’ I heard this cruel insult, but unable to answer, I could only redouble my cries. The monster endeavoured to argue with me ; but incapable of hearing, I tried only to escape him, when the door was broke open with great force, and Montgomery burst into the room.

Without staying to enquire into the cause of my shrieks, he flew at Lord Pevensey, whom he pinioned in a moment to the wainscot. A scene followed so terrifying, that I cannot do it justice. Lord Pevensey, far from apologizing for his conduct, had the brutish audacity to repeat to Montgomery his insulting sarcasm against my mother ; and dared to intimate that he himself had taken the place of the deceased Lord. The agony into which I was thrown by the violence of Montgomery’s passion, was the only thing capable of restraining it. Seeing me to all appearance dying on the floor where I had fallen, he quitted his adversary, and came to raise and restore me. Lord Pevensey took that opportunity to depart, threatening however personal vengeance against Montgomery, and that he would redouble every attempt to ruin my mother, whom he again insulted with such epithets, that Montgomery was with difficulty withheld from following him, and demanding an immediate reparation. Dreadful as this scene had been, it was succeeded by one which would have made me forget all its bitterness, had not other consequences followed. When Lord Pevensey was departed, Montgomery returned back to me ; and while I thanked him as

well

well as I was able, for the protection he had afforded me, he confessed, with agitation almost equal to mine, that from the first moment he had seen me, he had loved me: that his affection which had since increased every hour, had made him extremely attentive to every thing that related to me; and that he had been long convinced of the designs of Lord Pevensey, and foreseen that to obtain me, he would affect delays and hold out hopes of compromise. 'I'll however as I thought of him,' continued he, 'I could not have believed that his villainy would have gone such lengths, or have been so unguardedly betrayed. Now we have every thing to apprehend that money or chicanery can execute.'

This was no time for reserve or affectation. I answered that I feared only what might affect his personal safety, that the threats of Lord Pevensey in that respect distracted me with terror, and that I should not have a moment's tranquillity till I saw a life secure which I very frankly confessed was infinitely dearer to me than my own.

It would be uninteresting perhaps to you, my dear Miss Chesterville, were I to describe the raptures of Montgomery on the discovery of my sentiments. A scene too tender to be related, followed; and we were recalled from the delightful avowal of mutual passion, by a message from my mother, who had been awakened by the confusion which had happened below, and whose servants had indiscreetly told her what they knew of its occasion. As she had been informed of so much, it was impossible to conceal from her any part of what had passed. Tho' Montgomery softened as much as he could the opprobrious speeches which Lord Pevensey had made relative to her, they sunk deeply into her mind: he saw how much she was affected, and ended the conversation as soon as he could. But when he had left us, my mother desired I would return to her and thus spoke to me.

'Caroline, I will attempt no longer to deceive you. I feel myself dying. A few days I am convinced will terminate my life and my sufferings. I leave my poor boys with few friends to contest the will of their father against all the weight of affluence and power. And you! oh child of my first affections, I leave you with all that fatal beauty

beauty of which my weak heart has been so foolishly proud, to encounter, not merely indigence, but the baseness of a world, where your mother's character, justified as I hope and believe it is in the sight of heaven, will expose you to the insolent addresses of the profligate; where you will be told, that as the mother deviated from the narrow path of rectitude, the daughter cannot pursue it. My errors will be urged to betray my Caroline to destruction; and when she reflects on the example of her mother, she will perhaps learn to desert her precepts.'

"The bitter anguish inflicted by these cruel reflections here stifled her voice. I was myself more dead than alive; yet as I hung trembling over her on the sofa on which she lay, I attempted to say something that might console her, and with difficulty articulated the name of Montgomery. 'Montgomery!' cried my mother, as soon as she recovered her speech—'oh! he is the worthiest, the most generous of human creatures! To him I have, in a will which this paper contains, given the care of my two boys. But you! oh! Caroline!—is a man of his age a guardian proper for a lovely young woman of your's? I have therefore addressed myself in another paper to your father's family, and have besought them to pity and protect my Caroline. The present you received from my deceased Lord on your last birth day, will preserve you at least from the indigence I once experienced—To Providence, to your own good principles and strong understanding, I commit the rest.'

I had not courage to say, that Montgomery desired only to have the strongest claim to become my protector, by receiving my hand. But in the evening, when I saw him, I told him all that had passed. Eagerly seizing on hopes so flattering to the ardour of his passion, he besought of me to allow him to go to my mother and propose our immediate marriage. She heard him with gratitude and delight; and though she knew he had nothing but his commission in the French service, and that being a Catholic, he could never rise to that rank in England, which his high birth would have entitled him otherwise to expect, she hesitated not to give her consent. 'Yes, my dear child,' said she, at the end of this affecting scene—'In his virtues you will

find fortune; in his honour and courage, protection. In leaving you to the care of such a man, I die contented.' She grew daily weaker; but was anxious even to a degree of impatience to see us united before her death. Montgomery therefore, to conquer every scruple and every difficulty, procured a clergyman of the church of England, who married us in her presence; and at my desire (who wished to shew Montgomery that I knew how to value his complaisance) the priest who officiated in his regiment performed the ceremony a second time.

But forms could do nothing towards uniting our hearts more closely; and the happiness of a marriage, where love only presided, was perhaps too great for humanity: for those halcyon days were greatly obscured by the encreasing illness of my mother; who declined rapidly for almost a fortnight, and then died in the arms of Montgomery, commending, with her last breath, her two boys to his protection. Her death, which long as I had expected it, appeared utterly insupportable now it arrived, threw me into a state of languor and dejection, from which I was suddenly roused by hearing that Lord Pevensey, who had quitted France immediately after his disgraceful dismission from the house, was now returned; and enraged to find that Montgomery was actually my husband, had determined to pursue, with all the eagerness rage and hatred could inspire, the process by which he hoped to deprive me and my brothers of our legacies. Nor was this all; the personal affront he had received from Montgomery, he could not bear, though he had deserved it; and he now sent him a challenge, which Montgomery readily accepted; but to evade the strictness of those laws which are in force in France against duelling, the place where they were to meet was fixed in the dominions of the Pope, a little beyond Avignon.

Montgomery, anxious only to conceal this from me, found a pretence for his journey; and telling me he had some military business to transact at Marseilles which would detain him for some days, he parted from me, concealing with courage truly heroic, the anguish he felt in knowing that we were perhaps to meet no more.

Providence yet preserved him to me. He dangerously wounded his adversary; and returned himself in safety.
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Then he related the cause of his absence; and the happiness I felt at his safety, was augmented, when a few days afterwards we received from Lord Pevensey, who believed himself dying, and was visited with the reproaches of a troubled conscience, an acknowledgment of the justice of my brothers claims to the provision made for them by their father, and an order to his procureur at Paris to put an end to every suit depending against us. In a few months Lord Pevensey recovered; we were put in possession of our rights; and my beloved Montgomery, to whom I owed every thing, studied not only how to make me happy, but to pursue as near as possible that line of conduct which my mother would have done had she lived. A war was raging with great violence between France and England, and I was unwilling to send the two dear boys to a country where it would be now difficult for me to see them. But as I knew it was the desire of my mother and my benefactor to have them brought up in the protestant religion, I sent them with their tutor to Geneva. I had hardly recovered the pain of this parting, before one much more grievous was inflicted. The regiment in which Montgomery had a company, was ordered into Germany. The situation I was then in made it seem madness to think of following him; but I was convinced that I should not survive his departure. He was to me, father, brother, lover, husband! I had no other earthly happiness, and without him the universe was to me nothing. At first his fears for my safety made him resist my importunities; but he was compelled at length to consent, and I followed him, residing wherever he was encamped; and however horrid the scenes were to which I thus became a witness, I feared nothing but for his life; that one dreadful apprehension having the effect of all violent passions, and making me forego, without missing them, every convenience to which I had been accustomed, and meet without apprehension a thousand dangers to which I was hourly exposed.

‘ In a small village on the banks of the Weser, near the camp of Mareschal de Contades, my dear Charles was born, towards the beginning of the campaign of 1759. But he had not above six weeks blessed my eyes, and those of his doating father, before that dear father went out to

the fatal field of Minden. I cannot describe what I felt during the action. My faculties were suspended by the most dreadful apprehensions that could agonize the human heart; this frightful suspense was terminated only by the certainty of all I dreaded. The English were victors; and the servant who had long attended on Montgomery had only time to tell me that he fell at the head of his company, his arm broken by a musket shot, and receiving a thrust from a bayonet in the breast. The man added, that with a party of soldiers who adored their captain, he had attempted to bring his master off the field; but that they were cut down by a body of Hessian horse; who driving every thing before them, had compelled him to abandon the enterprize. I believe that my senses for some hours forsook me during the horrors of a night too terrible to be described: the English took possession of the village, where I was; but fortunately for me, a young officer of that nation was the first, who in endeavouring to prevent the excesses of the troops, entered the house where I remained with my infant in my arms.

Roused by my fears for my child, I seemed suddenly to acquire courage. I demanded protection of the young officer, which with the generous ardour of the truly brave, he instantly granted me; and being himself compelled to quit me, he gave me a corporal's guard, recommended me to the men as an English woman; and having secured my safety, promised to return to me, when the confusion of the hour a little subsided. The stupor of my grief being thus shaken off for a moment, I recollected, that if I suffered myself to sink, my boy, deprived of the nourishment which sustained him, would perish miserably. I took therefore the sustenance my servants offered me; but I neither spoke nor shed tears; nor heeded any thing that was said to me; my mind dwelling on the plan I had formed to avail myself of the generosity of the English officer, and to engage him to assist me in finding Montgomery, whether living or dead. It was late before this gallant young man returned to me: the moment he entered, he enquired eagerly after my health and safety. I thanked him as well as I could for the preservation I owed to him; but added, that to give it higher value, he must yet add
another

another favour, and enable me to find the body of my husband, who had fallen in the field.

He seemed amazed at my design; and represented to me, that besides the terrifying circumstances attendant on such an undertaking, so unfit for my age and sex to encounter, my endeavours would very probably be fruitless. ‘Nor should you, Madam,’ added he, ‘so implicitly yield to grief: he, whose death you lament as certain, may be a prisoner.’

This ray of probability would have cheered for a moment the blackness of my despair, had not the particulars related by Montgomery’s servant, left me nothing to hope. I related these circumstances to the English officer, with that gloomy desperation which precludes the power of shedding tears. He saw the state of my mind, and generously resolved not only to gratify me, but himself to protect me with a party of his men.

With my little boy in my arms, for I refused to leave him as obstinately as to relinquish my project, I went forth on this dreadful errand; to a scene of death and desolation so terrible, that I will not shock you by an attempt to paint it: livid bodies covered with ghastly wounds, from whom the wretches who follow camps, making war more hideous, were yet stripping their bloody garments; heaps of human beings thus butchered by the hands of their fellow creatures, affected me with such a sensation of sick horror, that I was frequently on the point of fainting. But Montgomery among them! left to be the food of wolves or dogs—that beloved face, that form on which my eyes had so doated, disfigured and mangled by birds of prey!—This horrid image renewed from time to time my exhausted strength, and the pity of my noble conductor, more and more excited in my favour, suffered him not to tire in the mournful office of attending me.

We had however traversed in vain so much of the bloody field that my search seemed to be at length desperate; and my protector entreated me to consider, that by a longer perseverance I should injure my own health, and perhaps destroy my child, without a possibility of being of the least use to the lost object of my affection. It was now indeed night; but the moon shone with great lustre:

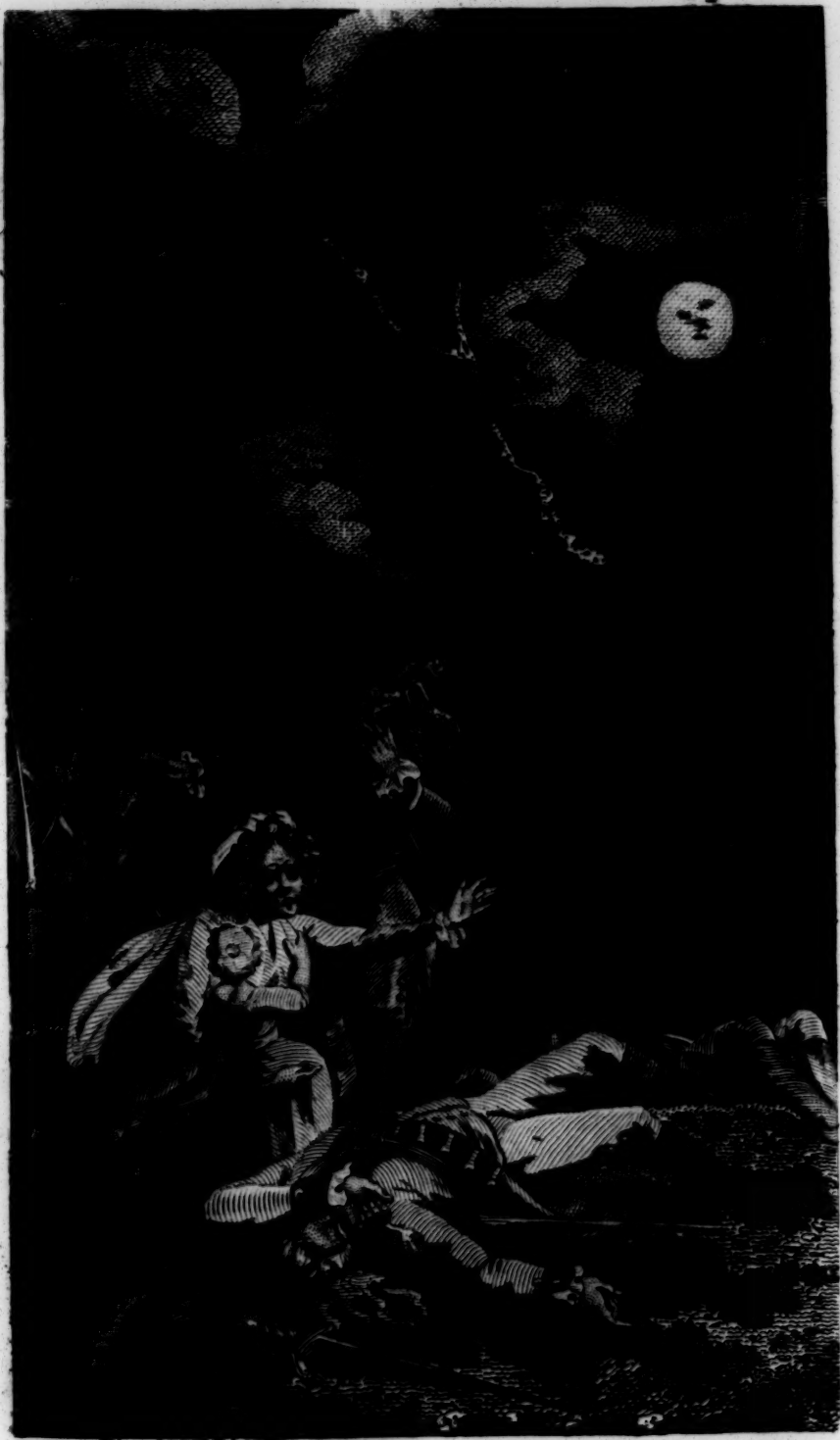
lustre: and just as he had agreed to indulge me with ten minutes longer, on condition that I would then desist, the rays of the moon fell on something white a few yards from me, which glittered extremely. An impulse for which I cannot now account, made me suddenly catch it up: it was part of the sleeve of a shirt, and in it was a button set with brilliants, that had once belonged to Lord Pevensey; and which, as the diamonds surrounded a cypher formed of her hair, had been, after his lordship's death, given by my mother to Montgomery.

This well known memorial convinced me of one fatal truth—that Montgomery was among the dead; but it revived the wretched hope of finding his body, which I imagined could not be far off. My conductor allowed that it was probable, and accounted for the remnant of his cloaths being found, by supposing that it had been torn, and dropped in a dispute for the spoil, which had happened among the plunderers of the deceased.

Animated by this melancholy certainty, I more narrowly examined every ghastly countenance near the spot; and at length, half concealed by the blood that had flowed from his arm, which was thrown across his face, I discovered those well known features, so dear to my agonized heart.

Then, that grief which had hitherto been silent and fullen, suspended perhaps by a latent hope of his being a prisoner, broke forth in cries and lamentations. I threw myself on the ground; spoke to Montgomery, as if he was yet capable of hearing me, and in the wildness of my phrenzy protested that I would never remove from the spot where he lay; but would remain there, and perish with my infant, by the side of my husband. The young officer, with all that humanity which characterises the truly brave of every nation, bore with my extravagance; and with the most patient pity attempted to sooth and appease me, by calling off my thoughts from the dead, to whom I could be no longer serviceable, and fixing them on my child, to whom my existence was so necessary: but a new idea had now struck me—I insisted upon it, that Montgomery was not dead; that I felt his heart palpitate; and that if I remained there and watched by him,

Mrs. Montgomery;



— Finding the Body of her Husband. —

Vide Page. 22.

he would recover. I laid my head close to his mouth; I fancied that, though feebly, he still breathed. My generous friend, who imputed all I said to the delirium of extravagant sorrow, yet condescended to humour, in hopes of alluaging it; but when in compliance with my earnest entreaty, he enquired into the reality of my hopes, he fancied, with mingled astonishment and pleasure, that he really found a slight pulse in the heart, and that the body had not the clayey coldness of death. Fearful, however, of indulging me in an hope, which if found fallacious, might drive me into madness, he only said, that though he thought it improbable that any life remained, yet that to satisfy me the body should be removed to the house where I lodged, where a surgeon should attend to examine it; and if, as he greatly feared, there was indeed no chance of the vital powers being reanimated, I should at least be gratified in seeing the last offices performed; and should, as long as I remained where I was left, receive, both in regard to executing that mournful duty, and to my own safety, every good office he could render me.

The guard which he had directed to follow us through the field, now approached on his signal; they were directed to raise the body he pointed out, and to carry it to the village from whence we came. Fatigue and terror were now equally unfelt; for though I had been too much agitated to discern those symptoms of life which my protector had really found, and had merely asserted it as an excuse to remain by the body of my husband, I was now sure that I should be indulged in my grief, and that Montgomery would receive the rites of sepulchre. The body was no sooner placed on a bed in the room I inhabited, than throwing among the soldiers my purse, unseen by their commander, I hastened to give myself up to the dreadful luxury of sorrow; I found the young Englishman already there, gazing attentively on the disfigured face, with looks rather of doubt than of despair. On my entrance he retired, saying. ‘ Though I would not have you, Madam, too sanguine in encouraging hopes which will make a painful uncertainty doubly cruel, yet I cannot wholly discourage them: that wound on the head, which seems

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to have been done by the hoof of an horse, gives me the most apprehension, for the rest appear not to have been mortal; but the surgeon, who shall attend you the moment he can be spared from his duty, will be better able than I am to tell you whether you have really any reason to flatter yourself.'

Before the surgeon arrived, I had, with the assistance of the French maid who attended me, washed the blood from the face, and from the various wounds he had received.—The ideas which had occurred only in the ravings of a disordered imagination, now became real hopes; a slight pulsation appeared in the artery of the temples; his heart certainly, though languid beat. Ah! imagine my transports, for words cannot paint them; imagine what I felt when the surgeon, who soon after arrived, declared that Montgomery was not dead. Far, however, was he from pronouncing that he would recover. Besides the fracture in his arm, which was a very bad one, a wound made by a bayonet in the breast, which was not very deep; and a violent wound on the head, where, however, the skull had escaped, he had lost so much blood, that it was almost impossible to suppose he could survive it; and his weakness was so excessive, that he remained wholly insensible, supported only by drops of nourishment which I conveyed into his mouth with a spoon; and the surgeon dared not proceed immediately to the necessary operation of setting his arm, lest the shock should dismiss the feeble spirit which seemed every moment ready to depart from its mangled abode,

Let me be brief in an account which I see has affected you too much. At the end of a week, Montgomery, restored from the grasp of death, recovered his recollection, and knew *me* and his boy; and as the surgeons could not conveniently attend him where he was, my generous friend had him removed, as soon as it was possible, into Minden, now in possession of the English. There, at the end of a month, he was out of danger; but yet confined to his bed; and there, at the termination of that period, he parted from his noble preserver (for whom he felt all the friendship his generosity and personal merit deserved), as he was then ordered to another part of Germany, and soon after

after returned to England. Before he went, he assisted Montgomery to procure his exchange, which was attended with some difficulty, because there were doubts of his being a British subject. Having, however, by the instruction of this excellent friend, procured sufficient testimony, of his being, though the son of Scottish parents, a subject of the French King's, his exchange as such was admitted, and at the end of five months we returned to Paris. But Montgomery returned a cripple; for his arm, which had been with difficulty, and only by the extraordinary skill of the English surgeon, saved from amputation, was rendered wholly useless, and he wore it always in a sling. The extraordinary circumstance of his escape from death, as well as his great military merit, procured him the notice of the King of France; who gave him, with a pension, considerable at that time, and in that service, the cross of St. Louis.

It was now that I reasonably hoped for some portion of happiness. Adoring Montgomery, having been the fortunate instrument in the hands of Providence to rescue him from death, with a lovely boy, on whom we both doated, and a fortune equal to our wants, (for, with what arose from the interest of Lord Pevensey's gift to me, and his pension, we had near four hundred pounds a year), I seemed to have nothing left to wish for; and some years did indeed pass, during which my felicity could hardly admit of increase. The early promise of merit which Charles's infancy gave, every year seemed to confirm: it was the principal pride and pleasure of his father to be his instructor in every liberal science, as well as in tactics; for born in a camp, he seemed a predestined soldier. Though brought up himself in the Catholic religion, Montgomery was so little of a bigot, that he suffered me to educate my son a Protestant; and that circumstance only had prevented his early entrance into the French army. Measures, however, were taken to procure him a commission among the Swiss in that service, when a violent and sudden illness deprived him of his parent and protector, and me of the most beloved of husbands, and the tenderest of friends.

Pardon me, my dearest Miss Chesterville! Though I have long been familiar with sorrow; though almost five

years have passed since this lamented event; I cannot always conquer these unavailing tears. But wherefore should I distress you? I have only to add, that at the death of my husband, great part of our income ceased; and though I solicited a continuance of at least part of his pension, I found that under a new reign his services had been superceded by newer claims. So many difficulties arose, and so uncertain seemed my success, that after an expensive application at Paris and Versailles for some months, I gave up all hope, and determined to go to England; which, notwithstanding my long separation from it, I still considered as my country.

On my arrival in London with my son, I made myself known to some of my own and Montgomery's relations, who were established in employments about the court; and they, having understood my situation, promised that they would immediately apply for a commission for my son in the army, where I was compelled to suffer him to be placed, not only because his own inclinations led him to prefer a military life, but because our income, now reduced to less than two hundred a year, did not enable me to support him without a profession.

Allured by these promises, and piqued at the neglect I had met with in France, I relinquished all thoughts of returning to that country. But if I found solicitation and attendance irksome there, these circumstances were at least equally painful in England; and after many months of fatiguing and incessant endeavours to obtain a confirmation of their promises, I was weary of the task, and went to my friends in Scotland. My relations at least were very numerous there; but many of them looked upon me and my son as foreigners and aliens, about whom it no longer concerned them to be interested. I staid, however, a few months among them; and then determining to fix on some cheap retirement, I found this cottage; to which, expending a small sum of money on it, I removed my books and effects, and I have ever since lived here with my son; regretting nothing but that his talents and his virtues are lost to society. Yet why should I regret it? He here still cultivates his excellent understanding; the virtues of his heart are preserved in all their purity; and his passions, naturally too warm
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and violent, have here no objects likely to render them too powerful for his reason. From the little I saw of modern young men of fashion during my short stay in London, perhaps I ought rather to rejoice that my son is thrown at a distance from the contagion of their example, and that with all their spirit, he is free from their vices. Far from murmuring at his lot, his whole study is to make me happy, by convincing me he is so himself. As we equally understand several languages, our reading is pretty extensive; and books are almost our only indulgence. Charles is a proficient in music. He understands tolerably every other science; and in drawing is almost a master; and by these resources he contrives to pass, without weariness, those hours when the weather forbids his going abroad.— We have been twice to spend a few weeks with my relations in Scotland; but shall I own to you that society, such as I generally meet with, serves only to make my return to this solitude more delightful; that my heart is now wedded to it; and that I have no wish for any other enjoyment than that I have found: indulging in this remote hermitage the tears which the memory of Montgomery render sacred: and fulfilling, at least as well as I am able, though not so well as I wish, my duty towards our beloved Charles.

HISTORY OF MR. TROPIC,
FROM CHARLES TOWNLY.

DESCENDED from a respectable family, I received an education which fitted me for an elevated station. Life promised me numberless joys. I was apparent heir to a splendid fortune, which had been bequeathed to my father by a friend, to whom he had rendered essential services. I had health, spirits, and good humour. My acquaintances

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quaintances all appeared to be my friends; and to crown all those flattering prospects, I obtained the affection of one of the most amiable of her sex, and our hands were united with my father's approbation. Three years after our marriage, we resided in the house of this best of parents, in which time we were blest with two lovely children—never was there a happier household—But what is human happiness!—A gentleman related to that friend who had left his fortune to my father, returned at this period from India, where he had amassed prodigious wealth. He had been absent from England many years previous to the death of our benefactor, who conceiving he had a right to dispose of his possessions, and being confirmed in this opinion by several eminent lawyers, with whom he had consulted, bequeathed them to my father, in preference to this relation from whom he had received many injuries. But what availed his precautions against the powerful influence of villainy, aided by wealth. Mr. Visapour, our opponent, instituted a suit against us, as being the heir at law of his cousin, and brought suborned evidence to prove the testator had been insane at the time he perfected the will in my father's favor. In fine, he not only obtained possession of the estate, but also a verdict for the recovery of assets, arrears, and costs of suit, for which he threw my worthy parent into prison, where, at that time, an infectious distemper raged. In vain I pleaded that it was to no purpose to heap afflictions on his venerable head; to extort satisfaction for demands he had no means of discharging.—In vain I offered to surrender myself to bondage if he were set at liberty. I could not obtain the least mitigation of his sufferings. Our enemy knew not compassion. My father, my kind, my revered father, caught the fatal contagion, and died.

Heaven, which freed him from calamity and tyranny, permitted that my wife, my infants, and myself should feel still further miseries.

Affection to those dear objects aroused me from the grief with which this heart-rending incident had overwhelmed me. I was sick of life, and would willingly have rested from care in the sepulchre where I saw my parents cold relics deposited, but those soft ties still clung round my heart,

heart, and chained it to a world with whose ways I was disgusted. I beheld the partner of my soul and my dear little ones wretched and helpless, stripped of every comfort, and driven from a home where the blessings of ease, affluence, and content had surrounded them, to encounter hourly distresses, and experience the scorn of an unfeeling world. It was too much for my fortitude; I flew from friend to friend for assistance; I found them all cold, inattentive, and unkind. No one opened an assylum to receive us, none interested themselves for us. We were soon neglected and abandoned by all. Nay, some censured us for our former extravagance, which was literally supporting our station of life in a manner becoming our fortune, and many mocked our misfortune, saying, it was just that those who had usurped the rights of others should be stripped of their borrowed feathers. One humane heart alone appeared to be endued with human feelings on our behalf. The bishop of the diocese in which the estate I was deprived of lay, having an only son, whom he was about to send on his travels, made choice of me as a proper person to accompany the young man. He sent for me, and not only proposed to allow me a handsome income during the time I should be employed as preceptor to his son, but also advised me to enter into orders immediately, and promised to give me a living which he expected would soon be in his gift, the present incumbent being aged and infirm. I gladly embraced the offer, and having long before taken my degree at Cambridge, put on the clerical habit, than which nothing could be better adapted to my inclinations. The parting from my beloved wife and little ones, even for a short time, was a severe trial, but it was to obtain a sustenance for them, and this consideration subdued my feelings. The Bishop settled them in a neat house, and I assigned over two-thirds of my income for their maintenance. I took leave of my reverend benefactor with tears of gratitude. Alas! it was an everlasting leave.—He died during the second year of my absence from England. My pupil was recalled home by his guardians, and immediately after our return, I was dismissed, and thus bereft of all my expectations.

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Again indigent, friendless, and forlorn, I, with my helpless family, was driven out to seek for bread. My late pupil, a dissipated thoughtless young man, but not void of good nature, paid me a visit, previous to his going to settle in a distant part of the country, (where his estate lay) and put a little pocket-book, enclosing a Bank-bill for fifty pounds, into my son's hand. With this, our whole worldly treasure, we set out in a waggon for this metropolis, where I hoped such talents as I possessed might be employed to obtain sustenance for lives ten thousand times dearer to me than my own, but I had the mortification to find them useless, indeed, generally speaking, patronage is a necessary passport to the press. I offered myself as a translator, a daily writer, a pamphleteer, all in vain. I experienced every day new insults, new disappointments: My misery was jested with, my pretensions derided, and often after spending the day in fruitless applications, have I returned to the mean little lodging which contained all my soul held dear, wearied so much with life, that death would have been a welcome relief.

The gift of my pupil was now, in spite of our strictest frugality, just on the point of being exhausted. Ruin and despair hovered over our desolate heads. Dignity of sentiment gave way to the necessity of my wife and offspring. The oppressor of my father resided in a magnificent dwelling near the street, in which I occupied a miserable garret. To him I determined to apply. I stifled my sense of the injury he had done us. I drew up a pathetic detail of the wretchedness of our circumstances. The feelings of the husband and the father gave energy to my pen, and in terms the most respectful and submissive I solicited his assistance to procure me some employment, whereby I might be enabled to support myself and family. With an aching heart and dejected pace I sought his abode. Nothing but splendor and luxury were visible there; even the domestics displayed the lavish magnificence of their master. Surely (thought I) the heart at ease must be accessible to the claims of pity, and they who experience the sweets of plenty and content, find an enlargement of happiness in diffusing a share of the blessings they possess to their indigent fellow creatures. I delivered my petition to one of
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the footmen, who indolently lolled in the great man's hall, and presented him with half a crown (the half of my worldly substance) to induce him to deliver it. The fellow desired me to call at the same hour the following day, and he would by that time prevail on his master's valet de chambre to present my letter, and if possible obtain a favorable answer. I suppose by your appearance (said he) you are soliciting subscriptions, and his honor generally comes down pretty handsomely on such like occasions, more especially if to be as the book is to be dedicated to himself; but, harkee friend, if you are a writer of sermons you're in the wrong box, for my master won't give you a doit. It was but the other day I heard him say, no man of taste would suffer his name to be made use of to countenance such stuff.

I pass an anxious and sleepless night; doubt, hope, fear, and expectation, with ten thousand nameless feelings, agitated my breast. In the morning my little son grew clamorous for bread. Alas! we had none. My last half-crown I was obliged to give our landlady the preceding day in part of payment of the sum due to her for rent, and my darlings had not tasted food in consequence. His sister, older than him by a year, endeavoured to sooth him. Fie, Henry, said the sweet innocent, will you awaken poor mamma? see, she is not crying now, but she will cry if you make her open her eyes. No, Emily, returned the boy, papa is here now, and she never cries till he is gone. I turned, and looked on the face of my sleeping wife. It was emaciated, and deadly pale. A torrent of tears gushed from my eyes; I threw myself on my knees in an agony of soul, which language cannot express—Almighty power (said I) if it is not impious in thy creature to wish to hasten the accomplishment of thy decrees, take, oh! take me from this scene of suffering to a state of eternal rest.—And she, the dear un murmuring partner of my distress, remove her from the accumulated horrors that surround us. I started up, and quitted the house with precipitation; my thoughts were wild, and my whole deportment disordered; at length, observing the passengers gaze at my frantic appearance, I turned towards the Park, and getting into an unfrequented walk, endeavoured to compose my spirits, and wait patiently for the issue of my application.

At the hour appointed I again presented myself in the great man's hall—my ambassador immediately recognized me, and advancing, presented me with a letter, which I hastily opened; its contents were couched as nearly as I can recollect, in the following terms:

SIR,

“Enclosed you have your very elaborate epistle; if you change the address, it will do for some other person, who may perhaps be weak enough to encourage vagrants in idleness. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

S. VISAPOUR.”

Surprise and indignation bereft me of the power of utterance. I tore the insulting scrawl to fragments, and casting them from my hands, immediately quitted the house.—Unmindful of the way I took, I again involuntarily bent my steps to the place I had quitted in the Park, and casting myself on the earth, remained a time in a state of mind I have not words to describe; from this agonizing reverie I was roused by the salutation of a person dressed in a ragged green frock, with some vestiges of a tarnished gold binding: He seemed young, and had, though shabby, an air of gentility, and a strong expression of good nature in his countenance. “You will forgive this abrupt address from a stranger, Sir, (said he) when you consider all mankind are brethren by the common ties of humanity; I was waiting in Mr. Visapour's hall, to solicit his subscription to some poems I am about to publish, and learning some particulars of your story, from one of the servants who had formerly known you, I took the liberty of pursuing you hither to offer my best services. Courage, my dear Sir, unpromising as my appearance is, I may perhaps have the happiness of being useful to you, and I entreat you will freely command me.

“Rise, Sir, (added he) I beseech you, and sit on this bench with me; you must not decline my services, nor treat me with reserve. I am a giddy and a poor fellow, but a very honest one; however, Sir, I will give you a particular account of myself, if you have patience to hear it, and afterwards we will proceed to discourse upon business.

My name, Sir, is Rymer; my father was an eminent haberdasher, and gave me a good education, but having the misfortune to shew distinguished abilities at school, and moreover, having written some poems which were handed about the country, and much admired, I became totally disqualified from succeeding my father in business, so he centered all his views in my younger brother, who was a good arithmetician, and spent his entire time behind the counter. The abilities I was supposed to possess procured me admission every where, and being not only a Wit and a Poet, but also a Beau; my time passed very gaily, and I was caressed in the genteel circles our neighbourhood afforded: At length my father died, and left the whole of his wealth to my brother, except one thousand pounds which he bequeathed to me, to support me until my abilities should put me in a way to do for myself. A poet is never mercenary; I wrote an elegy on my father, received my legacy from my brother, who deducted a proper allowance for prompt payment, it being, as he said, the way in trade, and putting myself into the most fashionable mourning, I began the world for myself. Things went on swimmingly for near a year from this period, and I can safely say, I was not left out of a convivial meeting, a ball, or a card party in our vicinity. A man of fine imagination cannot long escape the power of love. Miss Clackit, who always praised my verses, and held herself disengaged till I asked her to dance, became the sovereign lady of my affections; she acknowledged a mutual flame, and we vowed eternal constancy. One morning when we had been largely expatiating on the praise of disinterested attachments, I took occasion to explain the state of my circumstances more fully than I had ever done before. "And pray, Mr. Rymer, (said my charmer) have you not an uncle in the West Indies, from whom you are likely to inherit a considerable fortune?" Oh, said I, all hope from that quarter is at an end, for the old gentleman has married his clerk's daughter, and settled every thing, negroes, sugar-works, plantations, and all upon her; but love, my dear Miss Clackit, will so sharpen my wit and my diligence, that we can never want the means of living with elegance.

Miss Clackit smiled, and I went away the happiest man in the world. Judge then, Sir, how great was my surprise,

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when I went to pay my devotion to this idol of my wishes the next day, to be informed by the good lady her mother, that she was extremely sorry for my disappointment, but her daughter, being a prudent young woman, had that morning bestowed her fair hand on my brother the haberdasher, who had long been her admirer, although he had not leisure to dangle after her.

Nature had given me a temper which nothing could discompose, I wished my "sometime mistress, now my sister," much felicity; wrote a very pretty epithalamium on the happy occasion, and thought no more of the incident.—Soon after this time I found myself under the necessity of running in debt with my taylor and shoemaker, and was now and then obliged to borrow ten or twenty guineas from my acquaintances. Things proceeded from bad to worse, and finding the difficulty of borrowing encrease with the necessity of doing so, I sold my watch, my diamond ring, my dress buckles, and my inlaid hilted sword; in fine, my wardrobe moved off article by article, to the pawnbrokers, till I was reduced to this identical frock, which now makes such a shabby appearance, and instead of having my card-racks stuck full of invitations, I was left at full liberty to dine with Duke Humphrey as often as I pleased. All this while I had friends who said a thousand good things of me—every body allowed I was the best humoured inoffensive creature in the world, a little dissipated indeed, but no one was more ready to do an obliging thing, or lost their money at play with more unaffected cheerfulness; but this latter good quality I was soon deprived of, the opportunities of displaying, for after one ill-fated night, when I had lost more than I could pay, I was forgotten by all the ladies of my acquaintance in their evening invitations.—In short, Sir, finding my friends confined their kindness merely to verbal instances, and that a necessity of eating recurred every day, I thought it high time to do something for myself, being fully assured of my own abilities. I considered, that to acquire both wealth and fame, I had nothing to do only to repair to the proper scene to exert them. London was the obvious spot, and accordingly thither I determined to bend my course. After passing a sleepless night in revolving my plan, I arose, put on a pair of fashionable boots

I had taken from my shoemaker some time before, brushed up my frock, and had my hair dressed for the occasion. Thus equipped, I went about to visit all my friends, and acquainted them of my resolution. I had the pleasure of finding it met with general approbation, and received many good wishes for my success; among others I called on my brother, and being much pressed by him and my sister-in-law, staid dinner. When the cloth was removed, my brother thus addressed me: "Tom, now that I see you are willing to try to do for yourself, I will shew you how ready I am to assist you; here is a bank-bill for fifty pounds, and I wish you success in your undertaking." This was a welcome present to me, who had not fifty ducats in the world, besides it enabled me in some measure to discharge what I looked upon as an indispensible obligation; accordingly I that very evening summoned all my trades-people to meet me at a tavern, and when they were all assembled, addressed them in a concise speech, informing them of my situation and intended plan, and then producing the bill I had just got from my brother, offered to divide with them till I could fully discharge their respective demands. A murmur ensued, and after they had conferred together awhile apart from me, my taylor, a very well spoken man, advanced, and declared it was their unanimous determination not to straighten a gentleman, who in distress had shewn such principles of integrity, but to wait the time I could pay them with less inconvenience to myself. Struck with this proof of their consideration for me, I insisted at least on entertaining them for that evening, and ordered the best supper the house afforded. They were as joyous as if their bills had been paid, and I was merry as if I did not owe a penny in the world. We parted late, with much cordial shaking of hands, and when I called for an account of the charges of our repast, I found the whole had been discharged in my name by my friend the taylor.

To London then I came, Sir, fully assured I had nothing to do but make myself known to reap the harvest of bays and profit due to a first-rate genius. My imagination represented great men and great beauties courting immortality from my pen—all the learned and ingenious of the age soliciting my acquaintance and conversation; and booksellers

lers contending to obtain the preference in the purchase of my works. Alas! all this was merely imaginary. I went from bookfeller to bookfeller with my manuscripts; some refused to read them, being already overstocked with trash; some read and disapproved of them, because Pope and Milton had written better; others advised me to dispose of them to the pastry-cooks. My tragedy too, Sir, a work that had been extolled to the skies by all my friends in the country, and had even extorted tears from three ancient maiden sisters, to whom I read it on the same principle that Moliere read his productions to an old woman. My tragedy, after being returned unperused by the manager, was refused admittance to the press, because it had been rejected at the theatre. What was to be done? Eat I must, and had neither money nor credit. I pawned my frock, by which means my wardrobe was reduced to a waistcoat and furtout, but this was a temporary relief; in this exigence I composed a sheet of paragraphs, with which I proceeded to the printer of a periodical journal. Fortunately for me the best writer retained for this paper lay extremely ill in a fever, so my *coup d'essai* was most graciously received, and I was appointed to fill the place of the sick man. I went on swimmingly in this new employment, for a whole month; but these were Halcyon days, and much too good to be permanent; my predecessor in office recovered, and I was instantly dismissed.

Why should I expatiate on the many ills I suffered in the various characters of a coffee-house porter, a scene-shifter, or a professor of writing letters at twopence a-piece; or tell how I baffled the dæmons *hunger* and *thirst* by relating facetious stories in tap-houses, or making honorable love to my landlady, who distributes threads and tapes in a shop little bigger than a bird-cage, situated in a blind alley. I will hasten to the disastrous period, when having released my frock, I sallied out to solicit subscriptions for my poems. The very first day of my expedition, I met one of my friends, who had formerly lent me ten guineas, for which I had given him my note, payable on demand. This demand he made after the first salutation, I had it not in my power to comply, whereupon he dogged me home, and had me arrested the next morning before my eyes were well open. I
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was hurried away to a spunging-house, but not till my landlady had sily conveyed half a guinea into my hand, which was a lucky circumstance, as I had only fivepence of all this world's wealth in my possession. From the spunging-house I wrote to my creditor, making him the fairest promises imaginable; but he, without considering I had nothing else to give, informed me he could not possibly restore my liberty without more substantial satisfaction. I wrote to my brother, who answered by return of post, he was likely to have an increasing family to support, and could not squander his substance to uphold me in idleness; so finding I had no resource, and my money being expended to the last farthing, I summoned the commander in chief of the fortress, and told him he had as good remove me to prison, as I had nothing to defray any future expences I might incur, if I remained in his house; he appeared visibly affected, and after a few moments silence thus addressed me: " Lookee, Master, you've a merry heart, and tell a story well, that I'll say for you, besides you have had the civility to keep all my accounts *gratis* since you were brought here, which used to cost me something in the week, so do you see, in God's name, continue where you are, and you shall have a bed and share of what's going, till you can raise the wind to pay off your arrest." I thanked my host for this proof of benevolence, so uncommon in one of his profession, and told him I would accept of his kind offer, upon condition he would suffer me to make myself useful to him—He consented, and I am at this moment his clerk, accomptant, and prisoner, though permitted to come abroad to transact my affairs, upon parole of honor. And now, Sir, that you have had the patience to hear me speak so much of myself, and my own affairs, I will tell you how I think I can be the instrument of some good to you. A letter was sent this morning by the printer I already mentioned to you, to my late lodging, and forwarded to me by my little landlady, who, *entre nous*, is disconsolate for my absence. Here it is, Sir; it contains an offer of employing me to write articles for a Dictionary, a learned friend of his means to publish, at a guinea per week. If this suits you, I will agree with him; you shall furnish the articles and have all the emolument."

A proposal so disinterested coming from a person in circumstances apparently distressful, excited my utmost astonishment; spite of his *outré* appearance and strange loquacity, I could not help feeling both affection and respect for him. Sir, said I, the motive which dictated this benevolent offer will ever engage my esteem and gratitude, but sunk as I am to the lowest state of indigence, I cannot yet be so selfish as to avail myself of your good fortune, and deprive you of the means of making your situation more comfortable, or, perhaps, extricating yourself from the restriction under which you now labour—No, Sir, enjoy every advantage of the proposal thus made to you, and receive my best thanks for a conduct, which at once has reconciled me with human nature, and convinced me of the uncommon goodness of your heart. “My dear Sir, (returned Mr. Rymer) if you refuse to oblige me in this particular, you will mortify me more than you are aware of; you owe me no manner of thanks on the occasion; I really am not equal to the execution of a performance of this nature; the Muses, dear seducing nymphs as they are, ever have and ever will be my divinities, to them I dedicated my time, my thoughts, and my talents. Lord bless me, Sir, were I to set about such an abstruse task, I should infallibly be conning rhymes when I ought to be employed in tracing etymologies; besides, I am now in possession of a valuable employment; you must know, a colonel of the guards has conceived a violent penchant for a widow lady of distinguished poetical taste with a large jointure, and finding he had no chance of rivalling the pretensions of Sir Humphrey Stanza, unless he could celebrate her charms in better verses than his. Resolved his wealth should procure what his genius denied, he accordingly applied to his valet de chambre to look out for some unfortunate son of Phœbus, who would be satisfied to barter the offspring of his brain for money. With the valet I had the honor of being very well acquainted behind the scenes, when we both belonged to the Theatre, and having the good fortune to meet him in the critical moment he was in search of a person qualified for his master’s purpose, I was by him recommended and taken into pay. The colonel allows me handsomely for furnishing him weekly with poetical

poetical offerings to present at the widow's shrine. We have made Sir Humphrey look about him, distinguished as he fancied himself in the republic of letters, and will beat him off the field, I flatter myself, in spite of his utmost exertions; so you see, Sir, you have no reason to apprehend any ill consequence accruing to me from your compliance with my request. This post will prove a mine of wealth to me, for the widow's vanity will prolong the time of her reign as long as possible, and the colonel cannot dismiss me unless he relinquishes his suit, which is an event beyond the bounds of possibility, unless an inundation should sweep away her jointure lands in Kent, or an earthquake shake down her houses in Shrewsbury.

Thus urged I complied at length with the solicitations of my new friend, who thereupon delivered to me a paper, specifying the articles I was at first to proceed upon. This (said he when he presented them) is certainly not an employment worthy of great abilities; but, my dear Sir, men of genius must sometimes stoop to the opprobrium of science, and exert their powers to procure fame for others. The commanding officer often decks his brow with the laurel which has been reaped by the sword of the private soldier. And now, Sir, I will take my leave, as the constable of the castle by this time expects me, but first here is the guinea earnest sent with the proposal, which is undoubtedly your property, and I must beg to be favored with your address, as I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on you to-morrow, to carry your essay to the printer. I named the place of my residence, and Rymer hastily bowing, was out of sight in a moment.

It was not till some months after I learned, on conversing with the printer, that he had not sent any earnest whatsoever with the proposal, so this guinea was the bounty of this worthy creature himself, out of the first payment of his stipend from the colonel. Could I have imagined this, I would sooner have died than have accepted of it, but his address so well concealed the real state of the matter, that I took it as the immediate gift of heaven, and returned to my home with an heart overflowing with thanks to that providence of whose goodness I had been so impious as almost to despair.

The prospect of relief opened to me by Rymer's kindness, the supply thus unexpectedly given to our wants, and the cheerfulness involuntarily arising from his conversation, gave a new turn to my ideas, the alteration in my looks and manner diffused satisfaction to my dear wife, and my pretty darlings caught a gleam of joy, and made our dwelling echo with their lively prattle; we dined comfortably, and I related to the beloved partner of my distresses the adventures of the morning. Ever pious and resigned, she blest the goodness of that Almighty Power against whose inflictions she had never murmured; and thus raised from dejection by the humanity of a man who was himself struggling with a degree of indigence, which would have centered the views of a narrow soul in cold self-interest, we past the evening in a state of more sincere pleasure than our opulent oppressor could possibly know.

This benevolent creature came the next day, according to his promise, and was received like an old and dear friend—his cheerfulness was catching—he led off a dance with my little boy and girl, and set my wife laughing more heartily than I had observed her to do for many months before. He read to us an imitation of one of Petrarch's sonnets he had penned that morning, and addressed to the widow; it was really a very elegant one, and gave me a much higher opinion of his genius than I before entertained; he took the sheet I had written, according to the instructions given me, to the printer; it was so well approved of by Mr. Problem, under whose direction the compilation was to be published, that he requested a conversation with the person who had produced it. Rymer directly waited on him, and informed him I was the real and he only the nominal assistant—He also introduced me to him, and I was thus established in an employment which enabled me and my family to subsist. When this business was finished, Mr. Problem gave me more work in another branch of literature. He also recommended me as private tutor in some families of his acquaintance, and among others to Mr. Caveat to have a share in your education.

THE GARDEN OF PLEASURE,

FROM VICTORIA, BY S. HASWELL.

VICTORIA TO MISS HARTLEY.

YOU have been very good indeed, my dear Bell, to devote so much of your time to the amusement of your friend. I sincerely rejoice to find Miss Philimore so able to silence the tongues of the envious and malicious of her own sex, and to treat with justly merited contempt the unfeeling part of the other sex, who could insult and depreciate a wretched fallen woman; one whom they at least believed to be fallen. How cruel is it, that if one of us poor weak mortals only once step aside from the path of rectitude, we are never suffered to return. Penitence may make us acceptable in the sight of Heaven, but the world will never pardon us; while man may plunge in every idle vice, and yet be received in all companies, and too often caressed by the brave and worthy. Can you tell me why this is Bell? Are crimes less so when committed by men than women? Are not they allowed to be wiser than we? Ought they not then to be better? But, stop—why should I seek to know the hidden cause of these things? No doubt it is right, or it would not be suffered to be. Woman was the last work of the great Creator's hands:—

The fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works ! Creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to fight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !

MILTON.

Since so fair and unspotted, nature formed us, it is our duty to preserve as much as possible the brightness of our soul, and render it pure and holy to the hands of him that

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gave it. Reflecting on this subject last night before I retired to rest, my thoughts dwelt on it even after my senses were lost in slumber. Methought I was standing on a vast plain, at the entrance of which stood two large buildings like temples. The road to that on the right was rugged and steep; to the left a smooth and easy descent led to several spacious gates, which opened into a delightful garden. There was a vast multitude on the plain; thousands were hurrying towards the garden, while some few were toiling up the hill to the mansion on the right. I stood looking with surprise and wonder, but without the least desire to follow either party, when a youth, gaily attired, whose features resembled my dear unkind Finchley, took hold of my hand, and led me towards the most spacious of the gates. As I proceeded, two women, clad in white, drew near and attempted to dissuade me from going, and urged me to follow those who were entered on the road which led to the temple on the right hand, which, they said, was the abode of true happiness. One of these women was covered with a transparent veil, through which her features appeared enchantingly lovely; the other was younger than her companion, her features were expressive of the most tranquil joy, and in her bosom was a window which discovered her most secret thoughts. My guide spoke a few words to them, and they turned from us. After they were gone, I discovered the eldest was called Discretion, the youngest Filial Piety, and that they were inseparable companions. The gate was opened by a figure fantastically dressed, who seemed to strew flowers before us, and smiling, welcomed us to the habitation of Pleasure. As I wandered in the garden, I several times attempted to pluck the fruit which grew in profusion round me, but found them unsubstantial shadows that allured the eye, but eluded the hand extended to gather them. The flowers which, with variegated tints, sprang where ever I trod, had many of them thorns which pierced and hurt my feet. In the middle of the garden was a thick grove; I entered it to avoid the turbulent noisy mirth of the multitudes in the more open parts. I had not proceeded far before I saw a phantom resembling woman, seated on a bank of frost-

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nupt blossoms, and sickly yellow flowers. Her visage was fallow, and her haggard eyes, swifter than thought, flew round on every side; behind her stood a fiend of horrid aspect, with forked tongue, and long sharp fangs, who every moment whispered in her ear, and made her groan with agony; upon her bosom lay a serpent, that shed his baleful poison on her heart; before her stood a figure with a smiling face, but all below was foul deformity, who hid beneath a gorgeous flowing robe, daggers with double edge, and poison which took not life, but boiled and rankled in the tortured heart. I started from them, for I knew them to be fell Jealousy and Treachery. Terrified, I sought my guide, but he had left me. Alas! (said I) if this is the habitation of pleasure, I will leave it. With this resolution I proceeded to the gate at which I entered. I passed several which were smaller, over which was engraved in large letters, Vanity, Ambition, Avarice, and many other names I have forgot. When I approached the spacious gate, to my surprize I saw its name was Disobedience. This was the first gate that was ever opened; at this entered our deluded first parents: Folly opened it to all that entered, but Infamy shut it on the wretched victims. I would have gone out, but Female Pride, with high gigantic stride, thwarted my way, while Fame, in polluted garments, held me back. Sorrow and Remorse, Poverty and Shame, now seized upon me; the garden appeared a barren wilderness, and I stood trembling upon the brink of a dreadful pit, from whence issued moans most piteous, and heart-rending shrieks; my heart failed me; I was just sinking, when Penitence, with lowly, mean and sable weeds, supported me, while Hope, with voice sweeter than the seraph's song, bid me look up: I did so, and saw Heaven's choicest daughter, Charity, with hands extended ready to receive me; I caught the proffered blessing, and, raised by her, flew swift through fields of light, but the transition was so quick from despair to extreme joy, that my transports awoke me.

Though the vision fled with the shades of night, it left a deep impression on my mind. The horrid spectres and dismal pit are ever before me. Indeed I am very low-

spirited ; my health is but indifferent, and I am every day expecting to be confined. My husband's unkind silence is a dagger to my heart. Oh, Bell ! when shall I know peace again ? Who can heal the wounded mind ? Who can pour balmy comfort on a reproving conscience ? 'Tis Heavenly Charity alone, and may she descend to sooth and glad the aching heart of your

VICTORIA.

URGANDA AND FATIMA;

AN

EASTERN TALE.

IN one of the most beautiful vallies that lies upon the borders of the capital of the east lived Zegdad, an inoffensive shepherd—He had but one child, and having been early deprived of his wife, he lavished his whole stock of tenderness on Fatima. Though fortune had not been lavish of her gifts to the father of Fatima, yet he wanted not the necessaries or comforts of life—His cottage was clean, and furnished with every thing useful. His fields supplied them with food—his flock with raiment. Fatima was coarse in her person, but she was chearful and good-natured—she rose each morn with the feathered songsters, and chearfully performed the duties of her station—Her whole study was to please her father, and a smile from Zegdad was at any time ample recompence for the severest fatigue, and like a cordial served to revive her drooping spirits.—She would assist unasked in the most laborious employments, and when the labour of the day was past, she would lightly trip over the green turf with her young companions, while her father played on the flagelet. The mind of Fatima was calm as the delights of Paradise.

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One day her father sent her to the grand Vizier's with fruit for his favorite—She was conducted by an eunuch into the garden, where the beautiful Semira was reposing on a bed of roses, clad in all the pomp of eastern magnificence, while two slaves were fanning her to rest.

Fatima had never before seen ought but simplicity—she was filled with wonder and astonishment at the surprising beauty and grandeur of Semira, and as she gazed, envy and discontent crept into her hitherto guileless heart.

She returned home with a mind totally altered to what it was. Her rural pastimes no more delighted her—labour was now a trouble—she had been a witness to the ease and indolence of Semira. If at any time she caught a glimpse of her person in the stream, she turned from it with disgust. Her days were joyless, and her nights spent in bewailing her unhappy lot. One evening, deaf to the solicitations of her young companions, she retired to a thick grove, and inattentive to the distant sound of the flageolet, thus gave vent to her sorrow.

“ Oh, wretched Fatima, unhappy maid! why was I born to know so hard a fate, to eat the bread of labour, to sleep upon a rushy couch, while Semira is surrounded with splendor, is served by kneeling slaves, and sleeps on a bed of down! Why has nature denied me those ravishing beauties it has so bountifully lavished on her—her eyes are bright as the stars—her lips like half blown roses—her hand and arm like polished ivory! Oh, why was I not lovely as Semira, and favorite to the grand Vizier—in this low abject state my being is intolerable—I will no longer endure it, but in yon limpid stream lose the remembrance of myself and Semira.”

At this moment the Fairy Urganda stood before her.

“ Thy complaints are just, oh, Fatima! (said she) and if thou wilt relinquish thy home, and forsake thy father, thou shalt enjoy the utmost extent of thy wishes.” Fatima eagerly complied with the offered terms, and the Fairy immediately sprinkled her with water, at the same time pronouncing some mystic words, when she was transformed into a virgin of transcendant beauty, and found herself in the garden of a palace belonging to the grand Vizier.

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The lovely Semira had the day before offended her Lord, and was no longer a favorite. Fatima attracted the notice of the Vizier—he ordered her to be led into splendid apartments, clothed with costly robes, adorned with jewels, and appointed slaves to wait on her, and comply with all her wishes—and Fatima supplied the place of the degraded Semira. She now thought herself the happiest among the happy; but the Vizier was passionate, capricious, jealous, and extremely cruel, and it was not long before the disappointed Fatima discovered, that to be favorite to the grand Vizier was to live only in splendid slavery. “But tho’ (said she often to herself) though the grand Vizier’s favorite is miserable, how superlatively happy must be the favorite Sultana of my Lord the Emperor! Oh, could I but attain that envied station, how soon should the imperious Vizier suffer for his barbarity to me!” Again did the bosom of Fatima suffer all the miseries of discontent, the vaulted roofs, spacious gardens, and rich presents of the Vizier, no longer charmed her. She sighed for the ensigns of royalty, and her pillow was nightly bedewed with her tears. One evening she retired to an arbour at the extremity of the garden, and throwing herself on the banks where she had first seen Semira, thus poured forth her complaints—

“How wretched is the fate of Fatima—condemned to drag a hated being with a man who studies only his own gratification, and expects me to be the slave of his caprice and passion. Oh, could I but get from this detested place, I would fly to my Lord the Emperor, and bow myself low in the dust before him. My charms might captivate his royal heart, and I might reign the Empress of the east.”

As she spoke these words, a sudden light entered the arbour, and the Fairy Urganda again stood before her.

“Beautiful Fatima, (said she) forbear your complaints, the prophet permits you to enjoy your wish, then rise, and follow me.” The Fairy led her to the Emperor’s palace, and placed her among a number of beautiful slaves, from among which the emperor was next morning to chuse a favorite.

In the morning the Emperor passed through the apartment, and his choice fell on Fatima. She was clothed in

in the ensigns of royalty, led in state to the mosque, and in a few hours heard herself proclaimed Empress of the east.

But Fatima had to the idea of royalty annexed the ideas of youth and beauty, how surprised was she then to find the Emperor old, ugly, and deformed in his person, morose in his disposition, and jealous in the extreme—she shrunk from his embraces with horror, and contracted so settled an aversion to him, that not all the splendor that awaited her could in the smallest degree compensate for the many tedious hours she was obliged to devote to him.

Among the slaves that attended on Fatima was the artful Zynina, who had long, with envious eyes, beheld the love of the Emperor bestowed on others, and only watched an opportunity to ingratiate herself in his favour, by rendering him some piece of service—To this end she cultivated the friendship of the new Queen, and by degrees drew from her the reason of her tears and dejection. This intelligence was instantly conveyed to the Emperor, with the addition of Fatima's heart being dedicated to another. Osmin, willing to be convinced of the truth of Zynina's declaration, desired to be concealed in an apartment adjoining the Queen's, where he might easily overhear any thing that passed between her and the deceitful slave, who immediately returned to her mistress, and artfully renewed the conversation. Fatima, glad to unburthen her almost bursting heart, confessed her settled aversion to her Lord, and that death itself would be preferable to her present situation. "Then death be thy portion," cried the enraged Emperor furiously rushing into the apartment, and lifting his glittering simitar.

Fatima fell upon her knees, and, in agony of terror, exclaimed—"O that I was an humble cottager, and had never known the pangs that wait on greatness." At that moment she found herself clad in her former homely apparel, standing at the door of her father's cottage, when the Fairy appeared, and thus addressed her:

"Fatima, I have shewn you the vanity of human wishes—learn from hence to be content with the allotments of Providence. Whatever be your situation in life, submit

mit to it without repining, and know that our holy Prophet, who ordereth all things in this terrestrial world, knoweth what is best for mortals: Fulfil therefore the respective duties of thy station to the utmost of thy power: Envy not the superior lot of another, but humbly take the blessings within thy reach—enjoy them, and be thankful.

THE INCENDIARY.

AMONG the many evils that escaped from Pandora's box, to infest and plague mankind, I know of none that has done more mischief than envy.

Good Heavens! how depraved must be the heart that is pained by the prosperity, merit, or beauty of another, or rejoices in their debasement. Methinks, when I look round the world, I am ready to hail each member of society as my brother or sister; I rejoice in their success, acknowledge their merit, admire their beauty, lament their misfortunes, and shed the tear of sincere compassion over their vices. I would not possess a heart absorbed in selfish views for the universe; the man who lives only for himself is in my opinion a monster of ingratitude, his life is one continued blank, except marked by some act of inhumanity. If we must reckon that day lost in which we perform no good action, what must we think of a life past in a continued series of stupid inattention to the distressed, or injury of our fellow creatures. Hail, heaven-born charity, bright resplendant virtue, whose dazzling rays hide from the accusing Angel multitudes of offences. Blessed is the heart thou dost inhabit! Happy is the man whose actions are guided by thee.

By charity I do not mean the merely sharing with those that need the superabundant gifts of fortune. Tho' it is

certainly our duty to alleviate the misfortunes of others, yet by so doing, we do not fully discharge the duties of christianity. Charity is that benevolence of heart, that meekness of spirit, which leads us to judge favorably of the actions of others, never to propagate a story to the injury of a neighbour's character, but to stand forward the champion of innocence, and to defend those whom envy, malice, or revenge, have aspersed, conscious of its own rectitude, suspects not the integrity of another, ever ready to pour the balm of consolation into the heart wounded by sorrow; envies no person's superior lot, but takes the portion assigned by Providence with gratitude, uses it with prudence, and gives the overplus to the sons and daughters of poverty—looks round the world with a smile of complacency, and wishes every bosom as tranquil as its own.

Yet there are people in the world whose chief pleasure consist in vilifying, and aspering the characters even of their best friends; and sorry I am to say, those characters are too frequently found among the fair sex. Would they but consider, that while depressing the merits of another, they do not increase their own, but rather attract notice, and lead their acquaintance narrowly to scrutinize the conduct of a woman who is so severe upon their errors; it would certainly in some measure stop the unbounded license they give their tongues.

I do not know a more hateful character than Hecatissa: She has indulged this evil propensity till it has become a part of her nature, and she could no more entertain you for a few hours without a tale of slander, than she could walk over the glassy surface of the ocean. Many are the feeling hearts she has wounded—many a breach of friendship has taken its rise from her malevolent tongue—she cares not how dear the ties she endeavours to break—she will plant dissention between father and child, brother and sister, husband and wife, and exult in the misery she occasions, under the fairest semblance of friendship—she will steal upon the unsuspecting heart, and after being treated with unbounded confidence, like the ungrateful serpent, sting the breast that harbours her.

She was, when very young, by the treachery of a near relation, thrown into a distressing situation, from which the bounty and generosity of a widow lady relieved her. Not satisfied with merely administering to her present wants, she took her into her family, and made her companion to her daughter. The innocent Anna conceived a sincere friendship for her, and for many years they lived like sisters. Innumerable were the favors heaped on Hecatissa, who remained with the family till a worthy man, attracted by her person and specious manner, made honorable proposals and married her. She might now have been the happiest woman breathing; her husband was generous, humane, friendly, and good natured to excess; he presented her to his family, who received her cordially, and the poor, easy, good man thought that he had insured his own felicity, but Hecatissa soon shone forth in her own proper character—she disturbed the peace of her husband's family, assumed an unbecoming authority over all his actions, and by her artful ascendancy contracted his heart, and made him treat with disrespect the very family who had sheltered her unprotected youth. Her vile insinuations were aimed at the character of Anna; nor was she the only object of her malice—every woman who possessed superior endowments of person or mind, was to her a fit subject for slander, as she wished no person to be more fortunate or happy than herself. She listened to every malicious tale with avidity, repeated them with pleasure, and aggravated every circumstance which had the least appearance of vice or folly—she would stoop to such meanness, that rather than not compass a favorite point, she would tamper with servants to obtain the secrets of a family. She was once on a visit at the house of Serena—she found her beloved by her servants, respected by her friends, and tenderly esteemed by her husband. Vexed to see how superior she was in every respect to herself, she eagerly watched for some opportunity to lessen her merit—she wrested the most innocent and even laudable actions into guilt; she poisoned the minds of her servants, and traduced her reputation; assuming the appearance of humility and virtue—she endeavoured to throw on Serena the odium of every vice, which deformed her own character. But Serena was not
long

long enveloped in the cloud Hecatiffa had spread over her. She continued in the regular discharge of the duties of her station, paid no regard to the malicious slanders she daily heard, but pitying the woman who could so far forget truth and justice, as to blacken the character of one she professed a friendship for, treated her with the silent contempt her conduct merited.

No sensible person will scruple to affirm Hecatiffa is miserable. Hated and despised by all her acquaintance, her society is shunned like the pestilence; and tho', by her consummate art, she still imposes upon her husband, and retains his affection, her discontent and ill nature prevents her reaping any pleasure in his company—she is jealous, peevish and uneasy; in short she has such a legion of torments in her own bosom, that she often applies to a comforting cordial to raise her depressed spirits.

However despicable the character of Hecatiffa may appear, that of Prudelia is equally so. Prudelia is a woman who pays the nicest regard to propriety and decorum—she is ever prying into her neighbours conduct, and if their actions do not exactly agree with her scrupulous notions of rectitude, she hesitates not to conclude them abandoned, and lost to every sense of virtue.

Albert and Julia had been married near four years, during which time they had lived in mutual love and confidence, when their ill fortune took them to live in the same street with Prudelia. Albert followed the sea, of consequence Julia was often left for months together, the guardian of his honor, the mistress of her own actions. She was lively in her disposition, but her heart was the seat of pure innocence. Albert was gone his accustomed voyage when Prudelia undertook to scrutinize the conduct of Julia; she had visited her, she had been a witness to the innocent gaiety of her temper; she had even pretended to admire her vivacity and good humour: But she whispered among her friends, that she thought it was highly improper for a young woman, like her, whose husband was from home, to receive so much company, or be so frequent in her visits abroad—She watched every movement of Julia, was informed of all her visitor's names, knew what

time they came and went, and even what hours she retired to rest and arose.

Julia was a woman of nice feelings—she was tenacious of honor, and the bare idea of that honor being suspected was extremely painful to her—she was uneasy at the watchful eye Prudelia kept upon her actions, not that she feared to have them scrutinized, but because she did not think herself obliged to be accountable for her conduct to any person but her husband. She therefore grew distant and reserved, and whenever Prudelia called on her, gave little or no answer to her many artful questions concerning where she had been, or how she had spent her time.—About this time a brother of Julia's failed in business; he retired to an house in the environs of Westminster, to avoid the importunity of his creditors. Julia was tenderly attached to her brother—she exerted every power to serve his distressed family, and even parted with her plate, and some other valuables, to raise money to supply their present exigence. The attorney, who had the care of settling her brother's affairs, was frequently with her for an hour or two together, and often she went away with him in a coach, and was absent for several days, as the business which employed so large a share of her time required secrecy, she never mentioned it to Prudelia, nor did she, when going out, ever tell the servant where she was to be found. One morning the Attorney had breakfasted with her, and she was gone with him to her brother, when Albert unexpectedly returned. The servant could give no account where her mistress was, and Prudelia, who had seen him return, came over to invite him to dine with her family.

"I am sorry my Julia is from home (said he) but there was no possibility of her thinking to see me to day, as I am returned at least six weeks before the time appointed."

"Why, yes, (replied Prudelia, with a significant look) I fancy you will be a very unexpected guest."

"It will be an agreeable surprise though," said Albert.

"Perhaps so," said Prudelia, smiling contemptuously.

The smile, the significant look alarmed Albert —

"Have you any reason to think otherways, madam?" said he. "Surely Julia will be pleased with my return."

"O,

"O, most certainly she will, (replied she smiling again) but no doubt she would have liked a little more warning of your arrival."

"By Heavens, madam, (said Albert) your words distress me beyond measure; you cannot mean to glance an aspersión at the character of Julia! And yet what other motive can you have for those contemptuous smiles! Tell me, dear madam, the meaning of these ambiguous looks: But hold—if it is any thing to Julia's disadvantage, I shall not believe it, though uttered by an angel."

"Indeed, Sir, (said Prudelia, assuming a serious countenance, in which was blended a mixture of pity and anger) far be it from me to injure the reputation of any woman, or ever interfere between man and wife—you are united for life, and it is therefore your duty to bear with each other's foibles as well as you can."

"My Julia has no foibles, (replied Albert) or, if she has, I never discovered them."

"I do not pretend to say she has, my good friend, but I wish she would come home."

Albert joined the wish, and the day passed on without much farther conversation. As the evening advanced, he grew uneasy, and when the clock struck ten, he exclaimed impatiently, "Where can she be?"

"Patience, my good Sir, (said the artful Prudelia,) you may not perhaps see her these two or three hours."

"Julia was not used to keep such late hours," said he, pensively.

"Oh, that is nothing; new connections form new manners; she is never home much earlier—nay, it is very likely she may not be home to night."

"You seem to be aiming at something, madam, (said Albert) for Heaven's sake speak out, and deliver me from this torture of suspense."

This was the favorable moment for the vile incendiary. She prefaced her scandalous tale with the sorrow she felt at being obliged to give his worthy heart so much pain; said, had Julia returned in any tolerable time, she would have kept the affair to herself, but as she found he already began to suspect something was amiss, she thought it was best he should be informed of the whole, that he might take
his

his measures accordingly. She then informed him, that during his absence, Julia's extravagance had known no bounds; that she had paid no regard to her reputation, received the constant visits of one particular gentleman, and made frequent excursions into the country with him, where she staid for several days—That to supply her extravagance, and that of her paramour, she had parted with her watch, plate, and other valuables, and concluded with saying, her heart bled to think so worthy a man should be united to a woman who knew so little how to value her good fortune.

Albert listened with every mark of horror and astonishment. At length, starting from his seat, and stamping his foot with vehemence, he cried, " 'Tis every syllable as false as hell—my Julia can never have betrayed the honor I trusted to her care, or abused the confidence I reposed in her."—" 'Tis well, Sir, (replied Prudelia, with a look of offended pride) you doubt my veracity; however, you will find the whole neighbourhood are acquainted with her errors, as well as I am—nay, call your own servant; she can assert the truth of what I say."

The servant was called; she confirmed the infamous tale, and Albert vowed to be revenged on his innocent wife. Prudelia had judged rightly; Julia did not return that night; and though Albert went home, and retired to his apartment, he never attempted to lie down, but traversed the room in the utmost agitation of spirits during the whole night.

In the mean time Julia was enjoying with her brother's family the most exquisite satisfaction: His failure was occasioned by remittances not arriving in proper time for him to make good some obligations he had entered into. The money Julia had raised for him had prevented immediate bankruptcy, and that day several ships had arrived with remittances, which would again enable him to appear among his friends with credit. The whole family were together at his lodgings, and a smile of tranquillity sat on every countenance. "How very happy should I be, (said Julia, looking round her) if my Albert was joined in this loved company, I should then at one view behold all that

is most dear to me on earth. When supper was over, the evening was far advanced, Julia proposed staying with them all night, and walking home in the cool of the morning, she retired to rest with a heart lightened of its cares, offered up a prayer for her Albert's safety, and sunk into an undisturbed slumber, little thinking the miseries that awaited her in the morning.

At six o'clock she arose, and kissing her little sleeping niece, who had been her bed-fellow, stole softly down stairs, and walked leisurely towards home, enjoying the freshness of the morning as she walked through the park, and contemplating on the happy change in her brother's affairs.

It was near eight o'clock when she arrived at her own door. "My master is come home, madam," said the maid as she opened it.

"Home!" cried Julia in an accent of joyful surprise, and running eagerly up stairs, opened the door of his apartment, and would have thrown herself into his arms, but he pushed her from him with violence, and cried, "By Heavens this affected joy shall not cover your guilt."—Then looking at her sternly, he added, "How have you passed this night, degenerate ungrateful Julia?"

Julia had never been addressed by Albert before, but in a voice of the most soothing tenderness. She staggered to the nearest chair, and faintly exclaiming, "What horrid change is this," and burst into a violent flood of tears.

Albert had never seen his Julia weep before, but his heart wept with her, but he now took her surprise for a token of guilt, and imputed her tears to the effects of art; he therefore regarded them not, but walked about the room in full silence.

"Oh! Heavens, (said Julia) what have I done to deserve this; tell me, Albert, how have I forfeited your affection?"

"By betraying my honor, (said he fiercely) by becoming an abandoned wanton."

"Heaven is my witness, I have done neither, (said she; sinking on her knees;) Oh, Albert, kill me instantly, but do not suspect my fidelity. I will bless you with my last breath, and dying, declare I never entertained even a thought

thought to the prejudice of your honor, or the purity of the affection I bear to you."

"Curfed dissembler," said the enraged Albert, and he spurned her from him with his foot. She shrieked, and fell; her head struck the bed-post, and the blood gushed in a torrent from her forehead.

"Merciful Heaven, (cried he) I have murdered her." He caught her from the ground, but found neither sense nor breath remained. Frantic, he rang the bell for the servant, and sent for immediate assistance. A surgeon examined her head; the skull was fractured. After the wound was dressed, she opened her eyes, and fixed them upon her husband. "Albert, (said she) I know not who has poisoned your mind, or how you could suspect the fidelity of your Julia, believe me I am innocent—in my cabinet you will find papers that will unravel any seeming mystery in my late conduct. I die, but dying bless you, and thank you for all your kindness to me. Oh, my love, it is not the wound I received on my head, but that which you inflicted on my heart, that terminates my existence. I loved you too well, Albert, to feel the privation of your affection and live. My heart, unprepared to meet your unkindness, sunk under it, struggled and broke.

She attempted to throw her arms round his neck, but nature was exhausted—she could only say, "Oh, bless him, Heaven," and her spirit took its flight to the regions of eternal day. Albert's distress was too great for description, when he found he had, by his blind passion, terminated the existence of an innocent valuable woman, whom he loved with the most fervent affection. A deep melancholy seized him, nor could all the attentions of his friends rouse him from the torpid stupor he had sunk into. He grew worse and worse, and ended his days in a mad-house.

As there are too many Prudelas in the world, we cannot be too cautious how we believe a malevolent assertion, or give way to suspicion and jealousy.

AN EVENING'S RAMBLE,

BY MRS. PARSONS.

SIR William Rusport being on a visit to a friend, whose estate was in Glamorganshire, frequently accustomed himself of an evening to strole round the grounds, and through the woods which surrounded the delightful retreat he resided at. One day when a large party of gentlemen had dined with his friend, and were entertained with that conviviality which sometimes inspires mirth and humour rather too boisterous. Sir William took an opportunity, silently to withdraw himself, and enjoy his favourite ramble, which he thought more conducive to pleasure and health, than sitting attached to the bottle with noisy companions. Having a long evening before him, and a volume of Shakespeare in his pocket, he strolled on, sometimes throwing himself on the grass and reading, and sometimes admiring the beauty of the prospects around him. After walking above three hours, he began to feel himself a little tired, and in a part of the country he had never seen before, towards the entrance of a thick wood; prudence dictated it was time to return back, but fatigue, and a small share of curiosity prompted him to explore the wood, with a view to see if there was no cottage or resting place, where he might recover his spirits which were insensibly exhausted; and as it was a fine moon-light night, he had no apprehensions of not finding his way back. He walked on therefore through a small and difficult path-way for some time, and was surprised at the extent of the wood, he saw no appearance of its being frequented, or any other

chance of procuring rest, than by seating himself on the stump of a tree, which he observed a little to the left; thither he repaired, and began to blame himself for having lengthened his walk to such a distance, without considering he had the same ground to retrace back again; looking very earnestly round him, he thought at some little distance in the wood, he perceived an opening which seemed to have a winding path, he arose, and with some difficulty made his way through the trees to the spot which had engaged his attention, and walking through several windings of the path, was at last agreeably surprised with observing some smoke at a little distance, curling round the trees, which he supposed must issue from some cottage not far off: the idea gave him spirits to proceed, and in a short time he could plainly perceive a small dwelling, which being enveloped by the thickness of the wood, would have been imperceptible to all eyes, but to those of curiosity. With difficulty he arrived at the house, low and mean was its appearance, he judged it belonged to some poor wood-cutter, and was not displeased with the opportunity of accommodating himself, and assisting its wretched inhabitants. Observing the door open, he walked up and saw a neat little stone passage which led quite through to another door, which was likewise open into a small garden; he stopped, and not chusing to intrude without giving some notice, knocked pretty loudly at the door, a very decent old woman came out of a room on one side, evidently confused and affrighted, seeing him, she stopped and screamed, before he could speak to dissipate her fears, a young woman run in from the garden, and seeing the cause which had produced the scream that alarmed her, appeared equally surprised and shocked. Sir William who expected far different inhabitants, was vexed at his intrusion, and addressing them both, "I am extremely sorry, said he, if I have given you any alarm; I have been rambling in the wood, till fatigue induced me to explore a winding path, in the hope of finding some friendly cottage to rest myself." "Such accommodation as this place can afford Sir, (answered the young woman) you are extremely welcome to, though I little expected this humble retreat could ever have been discovered," saying this she opened a door, and conducted

ducted him into a small room, plainly but very neatly furnished, and one side filled with shelves of books; the young woman herself was also dressed in a very plain garb, but nicely clean, her person was genteel, her face very agreeable, and grew interesting from an air of softness and melancholy, which it was easy to see had possession of her mind.

Sir William being seated, she bid the old woman bring some milk, bread, and strawberries, I have no other refreshment to offer you Sir, (said she) as we had only some pease for dinner, and not expecting such a guest, we did not spare them. As she pronounced those last words with a half smile, he replied, I ought indeed Madam to have apologized for this intrusion, but I have told you the simple truth, and shall never forgive myself, if I have broke in upon your plan of retirement, or occasioned you any pain by my presence. "I own, answered she, that I flattered myself with living here unknown and unobserved, but I fear there is no place so retired, but chance or curiosity may discover it." "I know not (said Sir William) if I should congratulate, or blame myself for such a discovery, but I confess I am greatly surprised to find a lady of your appearance in such a miserable looking cottage, nor did I expect a room like this could be found in it." "Your wonder is very natural, and your curiosity I dare say equals it, (replied she) but particular circumstances in life, often occasions situations we cannot account for; in this humble dwelling I have been taught the most difficult, though most useful of all lessons, I have learnt to know myself, I have had leisure to contemplate and repent of all my follies, and to dislike a world which is governed by prejudices, and inhabited by the basest and most selfish men, and the most frivolous, contemptible, and wicked women." "At your age, (replied Sir William) to affect misanthropy and fly the world, to have known from experience the follies and vices of mankind, is indeed surprising, and I am sure you will pardon me, if I own, greatly excites my curiosity, as to the motives which have induced you to bury yourself here." "You must excuse me sir, (said she) if I cannot consent to mortify myself so
much

much, as to reveal my own follies to a stranger, I have been guilty of no actual crimes, but the most unpardonable folly which has subjected me to the censures of the world, and my own contempt; I can make no atonement to society, I can never forgive myself, but I enjoy peace and more serenity here than ever I expected, and did not cruel remembrance sometimes bring objects to my view I ought never to think of, in this lonely place, I might dose out the remainder of my life undisturbed." Sir William was too polite to urge his curiosity further, he expressed his regret that any cause of uneasiness should have driven a lady from society, who seemed qualified to be an ornament to it, and delicately hinted that if pecuniary difficulties had any share in her determination, that could be very easily obviated. She politely thanked him, but assured him, she still had much more than was sufficient for her wants, and was able to contribute towards the wants of others.

As it began to grow late, Sir William arose to take leave, at the same time expressing his wish he might be permitted to pay his respects to her again, before he left the country, and assuring her of an inviolable secrecy. The lady politely thanked him for his attention, and neither assented to, or denied his request, but told him Agnes would shew him a nearer way out of the wood than the one he came, as otherwise he would be very late: he accepted the offer, and they parted with much civility, and some regret on the part of Sir William.

The night was far advanced when he reached the house of his friend, and he found the family much alarmed at his absence; he was greatly fatigued and answered their anxious enquiries, by only saying he had lost himself in a distant wood, and found it difficult to regain the road. He hastened to bed, but not to rest, the fair recluse occupied his thoughts, she was not beautiful indeed, but amiable and interesting, she had said, "she had no crimes to answer for, she must then be a victim to the crimes of others, and as such, an object of much compassion; he resolved to conceal her retreat, and in a day or two to re-visit

visit her, in hopes of gaining her confidence, and affording her consolation.

The following day, Sir William found insupportably long, he dared not so soon repeat his visit to the wood, yet involuntarily turned his steps towards it, and was with difficulty prevented from pursuing his walk by the apprehension of her displeasure; he was restless and uneasy, and longed impatiently for the following morning; but when that wished for time arrived, he met with an unexpected disappointment. Whilst he was sitting with the family at breakfast, they were broke in upon by four or five neighbouring gentlemen, who insisted Sir William and his friend should join their party, on a pleasurable tour about ten miles off; he resisted their entreaties for some time, but his friend joining in the request, and not being able to form any reasonable objection, he was obliged to comply, and with evident reluctance prepared to attend them.—The day was fine, the views delightful and the gentlemen with whom they dined, entertained them with true British hospitality; but the baronet's mind was not tuned to enjoy any thing, and he was highly rejoiced when they prepared to return. At night he told his friend, that he intended taking a ramble the next day alone, and begged the family would not wait dinner for him; the gentleman replied, as he wished his guests to be perfectly at liberty to amuse themselves, he should certainly comply with his desire.

At a very early hour the following morning Sir William pursued his way through the wood, his heart beat with impatience when he discovered the little dwelling through the trees: on advancing he observed the windows and doors were all fast, he knocked pretty loudly, not a soul came to the door, nor the least sound issued from the house, astonished at this silence, he forced his way thro' a thicket hedge round to the back part, got over the little fence that enclosed the garden, and looking through a small window, saw only an empty room, which appeared in disorder, as having had its furniture removed; nothing could equal his vexation at this disappointment of his curiosity, he formed a thousand conjectures as to the cause, cursed his intrusion which had most probably induced

this poor young woman to forsake her asylum; he again returned to the front door, repeated his knocks, but to no manner of purpose, and after vainly wasting an hour in fruitless efforts and conjectures, he was compelled to return home utterly dissatisfied. When he entered the house, a servant delivered him a letter, which he said a boy had brought and left for him in the morning, hastily breaking it open, he found the following contents :

SIR,

I think I owe so much to the generous interest you appeared to feel for the situation of an unhappy young woman, as to apologize for the necessity I am under of withdrawing myself from your further notice, and of quitting that humble habitation, which I thought sufficiently retired to guard against all observation. Do not blame yourself, sir, for an accident which might, and I doubt not would, have happened to others less discreet than Sir Wm. Rulport, therefore I am thankful for the present inconvenience, as it has probably preserved me from much greater ones. By the time you receive this letter, I shall be embarked for France, with a design of ending my days in a convent, the only place in which I can hope to remain unknown, but though from the very slight knowledge of you, I might stand excused, if I had departed without further notice, I feel myself so much obliged by your polite attention, and most delicate offers of service to an unfortunate person, whom a less generous mind might have supposed a guilty one, that I will not scruple to satisfy your curiosity, and acknowledge all my errors.

My name is of little consequence, my birth and fortune was genteel, neither my person or temper disagreeable, and I received many offers of marriage, but my heart remained untouched until I was turned of twenty, about that time a gentleman paid his addresses to me, and as I felt a great preference in his favour, we were soon married with the approbation of all our friends—for a few months we were truly happy, but my husband having contracted a
large

large circle of acquaintance, began to absent himself continually, and very frequently for days and nights together; I was at first extremely unhappy, but one day he came home to dinner, and brought with him a very elegant man, whom he recommended to me as his particular friend; this gentleman's polite and attentive desire to oblige and amuse me, engaged my gratitude; he became a daily visitor, my husband appeared satisfied with his visits, and I own, I felt gratified in having him as an attendant abroad, and a companion at home. Things went on in this manner for some weeks, my concern for the coldness of my husband daily lessened, the assiduity and complaisance of his friend amply atoned, I am sorry to say, for his neglect; this gentleman now dined and supped almost every day with me, I indulged him in a hundred little freedoms, without considering their dangerous tendency, and he grew so necessary to my happiness, I foolishly regretted the hours of separation; my husband was sometimes of our party, but as he had formed other connections, he was entirely careless with respect to my conduct.

One evening he came home early and told me, he had agreed to make one in a party to France, for six weeks, and should set off the following day; I made no objection, nay so entirely were my affections alienated from him, I secretly rejoiced at his absence. He fulfilled his engagements, and my companion was now with me all the day, and every day; he would call me a thousand childish endearing names, take a number of little unwarrantable freedoms in a gay manner, and which therefore to avoid offending him, I never resented; but in a short time, this lively friend grew a very tyrant, obliged me to shut my doors against all my acquaintance, grew capricious, and at times cruel and insulting, took upon him to regulate all my actions, and even common expences, yet so great was my folly, I have wept a thousand tears without having spirit to resent his behaviour. One evening he complained of a cold and sore throat, and I, apprehensive of a fever, persuaded him to have a bed made up at my house, he consented, and I attended him with the utmost assiduity, the next day he appeared better, but I foolishly said nothing of his returning to his own lodgings, and he remained

mained at my house. You will scarcely believe Sir, that this violent and improper intimacy subsisted without any real criminality, yet I assure you that was really the case. In consequence of this connection, my friends and acquaintances gradually dropt off, and only one female remained who payed me any attention; one morning this lady called upon me, when I happened to be alone, and after some common conversation, she said, my dear Marianne will you permit me to open my heart to you? I have long wished for an opportunity such as the present. I requested she would speak freely.—Well then my dear (resumed she) I believe you are perfectly acquainted with the sincerity of my regard for you long before Mr. ——— had the honour of your acquaintance, how comes it then that all your former friends decline visiting you? why is it that even I sometimes find it difficult to be admitted? and why have you permitted this man to usurp a power over your whole conduct, direct every action of your life, and even *sleep* in your house when the master of it is absent—seeing me confused—be not displeased with me, continued she, I alone, of all your acquaintance, feel interested for you; alas! the rest of the world have given you up, but I will not, if possible, forego the opinion I have of your principles, tell me then, my dear incautious friend, what is the nature of this attachment, which like Aaron's rod have swallowed up all the regards due to yourself and others? When this lady was silent, I was inexpressibly confused, I had never dared ask myself the questions she proposed, after some hesitation, I repeated to her every thing I have related to you, but rising in my temper, I added, that conscious of my own innocence, I despised the censures of the world, and esteemed Mr. ——— as my *best friend*. “Best friend,” repeated she indignantly—he is your bitterest enemy, would your best friend subject you to the reproaches and contempt of the world? would he take a pride, an insolent pleasure in shewing his influence over you, and by ridiculous freedoms before almost strangers, make you despised, and liable to be insulted by others; What is become of the husband you once loved? I know you will answer that he has neglected and left you, but my
dear

dear Marianne is that sufficient to justify you to the eyes of the world, for losing all respect, all reverence to yourself; will you suffer your character to be torn in pieces? can you bear to be despised.—Hold, madam, cried I, interrupting her, no friendship can warrant such liberties, I live to my own heart, I know my innocence, and hate the censorious world, and those officious people who give advice unasked.—I have done, said she, rising, I will not again obtrude advice, you have already forfeited the esteem of valuable persons, you have driven your friends from you, and all to gratify the vanity of a worthless man, who, for an attachment more gratifying to his pride, would as easily desert you.

She quitted the apartment, and left me in a situation not to be described, I wished to follow my own inclinations, to brave the world, and appear to despise its censures; but my own heart condemned me, though I strove to silence the monitor, and affect gaiety. When Mr. ——— came in, I repeated the conversation, he cursed my officious friend, renewed his endearments, and pressed me to accompany him to Ranelagh, I consented, and we repaired thither at the usual hour, I saw many of my former acquaintance, but in return for several salutes, met only contemptuous looks, and averted heads, not a female joined me, many gentlemen indeed surrounded me, and some of them behaved with a freedom of manners which hurt me: we retired to a box, two gentlemen with us, Mr. ——— took an opportunity to leave me, as he said, for a few minutes; he passed the box twice with two ladies. Much mortified—I asked one of the gentlemen, who was very attentive to me, if he knew those ladies—“ ’Tis Lady M—— and her sister,” replied he coldly.—Lady M—— I have heard of as a demirep of fashion; she was handsome, and had a large jointure; I was piqued, he was absent more than an hour, and then returned in high spirits. “What? still sitting! (cried he,) Why, gentlemen, you appear dull, and your companion out of spirits; fine fellows to entertain a lady.” “We are glad,” replied one of them, “you are come to enliven the party; you are a happy man to engross this lady’s attention so much, that all our endeavours to amuse her have been

ineffectual." He cast a conscious glance of triumph on me, but quickly replied, "I should be proud indeed could I flatter myself with deserving the compliment, but I am persuaded the lady has too much discernment not to be gratified by your attentions, which you will have an opportunity of continuing, for I am come to entreat you will excuse my absence, as very particular business compels me to leave Ranelagh immediately." "I am ready to leave the room with you," I replied hastily, and almost suffocated with vexation. "By no means," returned he, "I cannot consent to abridge your evening's amusement, nor have I time to attend you, however I may regret the loss of such an honor." With these words, and a general bow, he instantly left us. 'Tis impossible to describe the agony I felt, left with almost strangers in a manner so unusual and contemptuous. I looked at the gentlemen, but was incapable of speaking. One of them observing my agitation, addressed me with the utmost politeness. "No one, madam, but Mr. — would forego the happiness of attending you for any other consideration, but though he is insensible, permit me to offer my services to amuse you here, and wait on you home." I tried to recover myself, but was so much disordered, that I could only bow to his compliment, and declare my intention of going home." He took my hand to conduct me through the room; the other gentleman bowed and left us. I threw myself into my coach, and peremptorily refused his offer of accompanying me.

When I returned to my house, and reflected on the behaviour of the man I thought my best friend, I found, by the pangs I felt, my regard for him far exceeded the bounds of friendship, and that jealousy tortured me almost to distraction. I remained up all night in the vain hope of his return—He never came, and at ten o'clock I was so ill, I was obliged to go to bed, where I lay till four in the afternoon in terrifying slumbers, and a burning fever.

My woman seeing me awake, but very restless, entreated me to have some advice. I hastily asked if Mr. M— was at home—"He has been here, madam, I was told, and ordered all his cloaths away." "How!" exclaimed I, "carried away his cloaths?" "Yes," replied she, "and

“ and left this letter, which the footman gave me.” — Almost senseless, I snatched it from her, and tore it open. The contents are engraven on my memory, and were as follows:

MADAM,

“ Not wishing to disturb your rest, I take this method of returning my warmest acknowledgements for all the favors you have conferred on me. I am this day about setting off for the Continent, and probably shall be absent for a year or two, but shall ever remember with gratitude the kindness of the charming Mrs. —, as a proof of which permit me to observe, “ Platonic love is platonic nonsense ;” a man either finds his inclinations or his vanity gratified by an attachment. I own myself proud of your preference, but would advise you, in your next friendship, to be less kind and more discreet, or the gratification of vanity may not be the only favors you confer. I remain, with the sincerest good wishes,

Madam,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

M. —.”

’Tis impossible to describe the rage this horrid insulting letter threw me into. I no longer doubted his having formed an attachment to Lady M——, and remembered the words of my friend, “ that for his interest or pleasure he would desert me.” My eyes were opened in an instant to the impropriety of my conduct, which had subjected me to the contempt of the very man for whose sake I had forfeited every friend, the good opinion of the world, and irretrievably ruined my character. My constitution was unequal to the conflicts I endured: I lost my senses, and for eight days was insensible of all that passed. The first object that struck me when my reason returned, was that lady, that only friend, whose advice I had rejected and despised. I uttered an exclamation at seeing her—she pressed

my hand, "Compose yourself, my dear Marianne, thank God you are restored, and will soon I hope be well."—My head was still so confused, I recollected but very little of what had past; however, as I got strength, a painful remembrance obtruded, which this amiable woman endeavoured to render as light as possible. She told me she had heard of Mr. M— being gone to Italy with Lady M—, and that I was dangerously ill. My situation awakened all her former tenderness—she flew to my house, and found me senseless—she never quitted me till health was restored, and proved in that trying moment the sincerity of her friendship. I could now bear to hear all her remonstrances, and grew every hour more convinced of the follies of my conduct. I wrote my husband, entreated permission to join him, or that he would return to England. I was persuaded by my friend to venture abroad, and in defiance of the censures of the world, she accompanied me; but, good God, how severe was my punishment! The contempt, the disdain which in my giddy thoughtless moments appeared of little consequence, now mortified and wounded my soul beyond expression! Even my amiable companion found herself involved in my disgrace, and was unable to turn the current of prejudice against me: I was therefore unable to go out, and at home had only disagreeable reflections, which hourly tormented me.

I soon received a letter from my husband, which decided my destiny. After upbraiding me in the severest terms for my crimes, he cast me off for ever, required me to quit his house, and with two hundred a year that was my pin money, retire to some lonely place, repent my evil conduct, and never trouble him more. Thus despised by the world, forsaken by the man for whose sake I had sacrificed happiness and reputation, disowned by my husband, and every hour doing an injury to that benevolent friend who discriminated between follies and crimes, and who herself began to suffer malignant remarks for her intimacy with me—In such a state, what could I do but bid adieu to a world, from whence I could derive neither comfort nor pleasure. I soon settled my affairs, and bidding farewell to my only friend, I came down into Wales, and boarded at a farm-house in the next village. Hearing one day

day this lonely hut talked of as being haunted, with some difficulty I prevailed on an old woman, who lived in the family, to accompany me, and the instant I saw it, resolved to make it my habitation. In time my old woman grew reconciled to it, and until chance, Sir, brought you to my little cottage, for two years I had never seen a human being but her. You see now that I am an outcast from society, and justly punished for my contempt of the world's opinion, for follies which were inexcusable, and for neglecting to pay that attention to appearances, which, as members of society, it is our duty to observe. The approbation of our own hearts is the most essential, but that cannot be obtained but by refraining from error, and the esteem of the world our secondary consideration, which no one ever yet despised without severely smarting for her folly. Thus, Sir, you have my story before you, and from the humanity of your disposition, I think you will be pleased to reflect, that your curiosity has in some degree been of service to me, since it restores me to society, tho' it cuts me off from the world for ever, for I enter the convent as my last place of rest. You have my leave to make use of this letter as you please; it may serve as a lesson to the gay and thoughtless, how they suffer any man to an improper degree of intimacy, which lessens their own consequence, and most surely incurs contempt. It will teach the wife, that however imprudent or unworthy a husband conducts himself, it ought never to induce her, by improper connections to lose sight of the respect and reverence due to herself. — There are male coquets and male jilts, wretches, who pride themselves on the ruin of a woman's reputation, and soon become tyrants, if they cease to be slaves. You have my best and sincerest wishes for your happiness, and I remain

Your much obliged humble servant,

MARIANNE."

Sir William Rusport was exceedingly agitated by this letter, but as it satisfied his curiosity, and deprived him of all hope of ever seeing again the fair writer, he quickly grew reconciled to his disappointment, and giving the letter

ter to his friends, related the events of his evening's ramble, and acknowledged, that upon the whole he was not displeased with himself, as a convent was a far more eligible situation for the unfortunate recluse, than that lonely hut, where she might be exposed to a thousand inconveniencies.

ANECDOTE OF ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.

IT was his Lordship's custom to have a saddle-horse attend his carriage, that, in case of fatigue from sitting, he might take the refreshment of a ride. As he was thus going to his episcopal residence, and was got a mile or two before his carriage, a decent well-looking young man came up to him, and with a trembling hand and faltering tongue presenting a pistol to his Lordship's breast, demanded his money. The Archbishop, with great composure, turned about, and looking stedfastly at him, desired he would remove that dangerous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition.

"Sir! sir!" with great agitation, cried the youth, "no words—'tis not a time—your money instantly."—"Hear me, young man, said the Archbishop, "You see I am a very old man, and my life is of very little consequence; your's seems far otherwise. I am named Sharpe, and am Archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind; tell me what money you want, and who you are, and I'll not injure you, but prove a friend. Here, take this —, and now ingeniously tell me how much you want to make you independent of so destructive a business as you are now engaged in." "O, sir!" replied the man, "I detest the business as much as you. I am—but—but—at home there are creditors who will not stay: fifty pounds, my Lord, indeed, would do what no tongue besides my own can tell." "Well, sir, I take it on your word; and, upon my honour, if you will, in a day or two, call on me at —, what I have now given shall be made up that sum."

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The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off; and at the time appointed actually waited on the Archbishop, and assured his Lordship his words had left impressions which nothing could ever efface.

Nothing more of him transpired for a year and a half or more; when one morning a person knocked at his Grace's gate, and with a peculiar earnestness desired to see him. The Archbishop ordered the stranger to be brought in; he entered the room where his Lordship was, but had scarce advanced a few steps before his countenance changed; his knees tottered, and he sunk almost breathless on the floor; on recovering, he requested his Lordship for an audience in private. The apartment being cleared, "My Lord, said he, you cannot have forgotten the circumstances at such a time and place; gratitude will never suffer them to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my Lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, in happiness to millions.—O, my Lord, (tears for a while preventing his utterance) 'tis you! 'tis you that have saved me, body and soul!—'tis you that have saved a dear and much-loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I tendered dearer than my life. Here are the fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to testify what I feel. Your God is your witness; your deed itself is your glory; and may Heaven, and all its blessings, be your present and everlasting reward!

"I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your Lordship knew him, I am sure. His name was —. My marriage alienated his affection, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury. A month since my brother died a bachelor, and intestate. What was his, is become mine; and, by your astonishing goodness, I am now at once the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of my species."

STORY OF MONTMORENCY,

FROM ALAN FITZ-OSBORNE, BY MISS FULLER.

SPRUNG from a noble and illustrious lineage, (said he) the sentiments of honor seemed congenial to my birth, and I possessed them. But too early left to my own guidance, they were not chastened by moderation, or tempered by discretion. I lost both my parents in the years of childhood, and a distant kinsman took charge of my education. At the age of twenty, I became my own master by his death.

This guardian, who had been himself renowned in arms, took care to instil into the young heart of his pupil an ardent love of glory, and a contempt of danger: But his lessons reached no further; he sought not to eradicate from my breast the seeds of pride and revenge, but encouraged the first as laudable, and the last as just. No sooner was I freed from all restraint by his decease, than I quitted the mansion of my ancestors for the court, where I expected to meet a reception suitable to my birth.

Nor was I mistaken. Henry treated me with observance and respect, and admitted me as the companion of his pleasures. Intoxicated by favor, and full of my own importance, I rejected the counsels of friends with disdain, and plunging into all manner of dissoluteness and extravagance, soon wasted my patrimony, and impaired my health.

Thy noble fire awoke me from the lethargy of vice. He first acquired my esteem, and then attained my confidence. He painted to me in true colours the folly of my conduct, he changed my heart, he reformed my manners; I was no longer the same Montmorency.

Following his advice, I had discarded the shameless croud of parasites who had preyed upon my fortunes. I again visited

sited my long forsaken mansion. I relieved the wants of my needy vassals ; I spread peace and happiness throughout my domains.

Some differences at that time arose, between the King of Scotland and Henry. Our monarch thought himself injured, and dispatched a body of forces to invade the territories of his neighbour.

I recollected the lesson of my kinsman ; I joined these forces, and Fitz-Osborne was again my companion. The Scotch levied an army to oppose us. We hastened to meet them, and an obstinate engagement ensued. Night coming on, each party concluded itself victorious ; we, however, maintained the field. Next morn saluted us with a spectacle of horror. Eager to give burial to the bodies of our friends, we demanded and obtained a truce, of which our enemies were equally desirous with ourselves.

As Fitz-Osborne and I passed through the field, our ears were suddenly assailed by wailings of affliction in a female voice. We turned our heads, and beheld two women bending over a bleeding corse. We advanced towards them. She who seemed most afflicted, raised her face for a moment. With what new emotions did that transient glance affect my soul ! I gazed—I panted—I continued immoveable.

Fitz-Osborne approached them. He addressed her whom I have mentioned. “ Lady,” said he, in a respectful tone, “ this scene of carnage ill accords with the softness of thy sex. Avoid it—shock not thy sight with objects so afflicting.”

“ Ah ! (returned she, wildly,) hadst thou a brother ?—Dost thou mourn him dead ?” “ O, Malcolm, dear Malcolm,” continued she, sinking on the corse, “ they would have me quit thee—they have taken thy life, and they would have me desert thee !”

My torpor vanished at these sounds, I advanced, and, unknowing what I did, threw myself beside her.

She regarded me with a look of surprise—“ Dost thou lament my brother,” demanded she. “ Gentle lady, (said I, taking her hand) I lament thy Malcolm, because thou lamentest him.”

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"Ah! (cried she, shrieking) perhaps thou wert his murderer—perhaps thy sword pierced his bosom. Begone, barbarian! insult not my griefs." At that moment some Scottish soldiers approached. On seeing the corse, they set forth loud cries. "Our generous Lord, the brave Malcolm!" exclaimed they with one voice.

They stooped, took up the body, and placed it on their bucklers. The lady covered her face, and leaning on the woman who attended her, followed them in silent sorrow.

Impelled by a new born and violent passion, I rushed after the soldiers—"Tell me, (cried I) in pity tell me, who is this beauteous maiden?"

"Sister to him, whose breathless corse we bear—the chief of Glencairn." "And her name?" "Amana."

They hastened on, and I returned to Fitz-Osborne. He penetrated my soul. I fought not to conceal its emotions. He poured the balm of friendship into my wound. He soothed—he inspired me with hope. I welcomed it with transport; indulged its flatteries, and was happy.

The truce ended, both sides engaged again. We were victorious in several encounters. We put the enemy to flight, and ravaged the surrounding lands. Yet my heart revolted at the employment. It was the country of Amana. I fancied her present. I fancied her enquiring, "if these were the fruits of my love?"

The idea unnerved my arm. I wished ardently for peace. Fortune seemed propitious to that wish. The Scottish King, alarmed by our depredations and success, dispatched commissioners to Henry, in order to implore a cessation, and negotiate a treaty. We were recalled, our monarch satisfied, and our soldiers enriched with plunder.

I alone was discontented. Relieved from one anxiety, my heart now became a prey to a thousand new ones.—How should I see Amana? How inform her of my passion? Or, were that possible, would she return it—would she hear the tale with sympathy—might not her affections be engaged already beyond recal? Or might she not regard in me the enemy of her country, not the slave of her charms? Such were my reflections, and such my fears: I communicated them to Fitz-Osborne. Insensible himself

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to the pains or pleasure of love, he could not conceive my apprehensions; he considered them as absurd. But they had taken too deep a root to be overcome by reasoning or ridicule. He therefore took another method; counselled me to go to Scotland to seek out Amana, and to offer her my hand.

"Alas!" returned I, "will not such conduct be presumption? What title have I to her favor? I have not merited it by my services. Shall I say to her, Behold the spoiler of thy native land. Behold him who has embued his hands in the blood of thy countrymen; reward him with thy love. No, dear friend, dear Fitz-Osborne, I am fated to unhappiness—to despair; I cannot counteract my destiny; I cannot abate its rigor!"

Thy fire interrupted me with a smile—"Hear the voice of reason," said he, "and cease to torment thyself with fancied ills. If the soul of Amana is just and noble, she will rather applaud thy valour, than resent thy hostilities. If she thinks not thus, she is unworthy to be the wife of Montmorency. Try her by this test: If she is kind, be happy; if unkind, forget her. Let not thy spirit be depressed by the caprice of a woman. Let me again know my friend."

I sighed—"Fitz-Osborne, thou lovest not! Forget her—Can I do so? Ah! that counsel was dictated by an unfeeling heart!"

"Not an unfeeling, but a free and a friendly one," replied thy fire; "reflect a little—thou wilt know it better."

I pressed his hand—"Forgive me, Fitz-Osborne; forgive my petulence, and despise me not."

He returned the pressure—it was enough—I was at ease. He renewed his counsel, and I resolved to follow it; but it was necessary I should first visit my own habitation, and a young and only sister, who received her education in a neighbouring monastery.

Emma (so was she called) beheld me with transport. I contemplated her opening beauties with a fraternal delight; yet my hand—my cruel hand—

Montmorency paused—he raised his eyes; he sunk them again on the ground. A groan of agony burst from his lips; he could not proceed. His emotions affected Alan

with pity, and a horror of, he knew not what. He continued silent, however, and the old man at length resumed his narration. "After embracing this fair blossom, (said he) and commending her to the care of the holy sisterhood, I pursued my way to Scotland."

I gained the capital, and used every means to get intelligence of her who had enslaved my heart. My enquiries were answered with success; I was told she resided in the castle of her brother, which, with his possessions, had fallen to her by his death; that she had rejected the vows of a numerous croud of suitors, who paid homage to her charms, and lived in a total seclusion from all society, save her domestics and her vassals.

This information at once gave me hope and fear. — While I was pleased with her reserve, I dreaded her insensibility. "Alas!" said I to myself, "may not Montmorency add one more to the list of the rejected."

This apprehension, however, prevented me not from trying my fortune. I bethought me of a stratagem to gain admittance to her presence, and lost no time in the execution. The castle of Glencairn was well known; I obtained a direction to it, and set off with a beating heart, attended by five trusty domestics.

On descrying the stately turrets, I felt new emotion. — Now was the time for my stratagem. I contrived to fall off my horse, and alarmed my domestics by feigned complaints of pain; I declared myself unable to mount again—they were perplexed—they knew not what to do; I redoubled my complaints, and increased their anxiety.

At length some peasants appeared; my servants demanded whether I could get an asylum in the castle.

"We know not," they replied, "our mistress sees no strangers—but she is charitable and generous—we will try." They hastened to the castle, and returned in a short time with some of Amana's domestics. "Our Lady (said they) will fulfil the laws of hospitality; she has commanded us to bear thee to her mansion."

The joy of my soul was so excessive at these words, that I had nearly betrayed myself, but sensible that all depended on that discovery, I restrained my agitation, and, continuing

ing my artifice, pretended to arise with difficulty and uneasiness.

I was borne to the castle, and conveyed to a magnificent apartment, where my compassionate attendants laid me on a couch, and prepared to administer remedies for an ill that did not exist.

But I had soon no longer need to feign disease. My transports—the joyful agitation of my spirits, were too much for my health; a fever seized me, which continued some days, during that time I had every assistance which kindness and pity could procure—But I required more—I required to see Amana herself, and that was impossible.

The fever quitted me, I recovered my strength, but still pretended imbecility.

One day I ventured to hint my wishes to a woman whom Amana had sent to enquire of my health: “I am better, (said I) but I cannot be at ease while my gratitude is restrained—while I am prevented from pouring out its effusions at her feet who has inspired it.”

The woman retired—she came back shortly, “I have told thy desire to my mistress, (said she) Amana consents to see thee.”

“O, Heaven!” cried I, transported, “she consents!” I paused—I recollected myself—I composed my countenance; I thanked this messenger in a calm tone, and bade her conduct me to the presence of her lady; she led me to a spacious saloon, where sat the lovely Amana, clad in a mourning habit.

Her posture was pensive, and her looks were melancholy, she seemed buried in thought, and observed not my entrance. But that posture—that melancholy—that pensiveness, teemed with a thousand graces, I was lost in admiration—I hardly breathed; at length—“It is she!” cried I, in a tone of rapture.

Amana started! she saw me, and I fell at her feet.

“Charitable lady, (cried I) accept the acknowledgements of him thou hast preserved—he devotes to thee a life, which he owes solely to thy care, and he beseeches thee to command his services.”

“Stranger, (replied Amana) I am informed of thy quality—thou art noble, and gratitude finds most room in
noble

noble hearts. But thou art mistaken—to Heaven, not to me, these thanks are due; I have only practised the common duties of humanity, and thou owest me no acknowledgements. But a sudden recollection strikes me; I am not unacquainted with thy features; I have seen thee before—where I know not; I pray thee to assist my memory.”

“Beauteous lady, (cried I) and dost thou recal the image of Montmorency?—O happiness!—thine, lady, has never quitted my bosom: it has continued there since the first day that gave thee to my enraptured eyes. A day, fatal and bloody—yet one which in shewing to me thee, was the first and most important of my life, for then—then only did I begin to exist.”

I had taken her hand, she drew it away with an air of offended modesty; “Thy situation,” said she in a reserved tone, “precludes resentment; but I would have thee learn the observance due to my sex and rank.” She arose, and would have quitted me.

I caught her robe—“Stay, Lady, (cried I) this unfortunate shall no more offend thee. He will conceal the workings of his soul—he will bear far from thee his sighs and complaints. Adorable lady! afflict him not with thy anger—kill him not with thy disdain!”

She stopped; she regarded me with a milder air:—“Prove the sincerity of thy words, (said she) by thy deportment. Force me not to commit a breach of the laws of hospitality, or to regret I have observed them.”

“Kind lady! (exclaimed I) beauteous lady!—yes, I will obey thee—I will be mindful of thy caution—I will impose a restraint upon my rebellious tongue—though my heart burst in the conflict—I will not speak—it is better that I expire, than that I incur thy resentment.”

She again assumed an air of severity. I was sensible of my error, and by submissive looks strove to deprecate her anger. I obtained her pardon: We entered into conversation, and I became still more and more enamoured.

She spoke of her brother with tears. I could not behold her weep without fresh agitation. But I restrained it—I mourned with her the loss of Malcolm. She was pleased, consoled, and beheld me with more complacency,



though not with less reserve. We separated not till night, when I entered my chamber, my bosom panted with love and hope: I threw myself on my couch, yet thought not of repose. I was too happy. In fine, many more days passed on, in delightful converse with her whom my soul adored.

I could no longer affect indisposition; nor did I even think of affecting it. Joy had banished dissimulation;—pleasure spoke in my countenance, and revelled in my heart.

The grief of Amana too became less violent. Her reserve disappeared insensibly, and she seemed to forget my indiscretion. Yet, ever observant of modesty and decorum, her women were always present at our interviews, and auditors of our conversations.

One evening I took up a lute which lay in the saloon.—Amana inquired if I was skilled in music. I bowed, touched the lute, and accompanied it with my voice. I chose a tender and melancholy air. Amana trembled; a tear stole down her cheek, and she uttered the name of Malcolm.

The sweetness and the woe of her accent struck me sensibly. I changed to a more lively measure, and breathed the most impassioned sounds. I spoke of love, its hopes, its apprehensions, its delights. I painted the torments of a despairing lover; the notes became more melancholy. I looked at Amana, she blushed, and averted her eyes.

No longer master of myself, I cast away the lute. I flew towards her. I pressed her hand, I devoured it with kisses. She recovered from her confusion, and frowning, asked, if thus I kept my promise. Then, with a mingled air of haughtiness and modesty, quitted the saloon before I had power to prevent her.

What were now my sensations! The pangs I had just described, were all my own. I cursed my precipitation; I accused her of cruelty; and in a moment after retracted the charge. “No, (cried I) I have nothing to blame but my own blind impetuosity—my presumption—fatal impetuosity!—fatal presumption!—ye are justly repaid with the hatred of Amana;—with her detestation—her contempt!”

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"I continued my exclamations, and repeated my complaint." That woman who had procured me admission to Amana's presence was moved with pity at my situation.—She approached me—"Noble Montmorency, (cried she) encourage not despair. Believe a friend who assures thee, that the severity of Amana springs only from the modesty natural to her sex, and not from the dictates of hatred."

"Ah!" (cried I) abuse me not with thy flatteries. I have been rash—insolent—impudent—I deserve her hate, and should I not meet it?

"And yet thou dost not, (said she, smiling)—were I allowed to reveal the secrets of my mistress, I might tell thee more." I grasped her hand, "What couldst thou tell me?" said I eagerly. She smiled again. "Ah! cried I, inspire me not with delusive hopes—can Amana—O, no—she cannot love Montmorency!"

"And yet Montmorency deserves to be loved," replied this woman, "he is young, illustrious, noble and brave. Why shouldst thou say she cannot love him?"

"Ah! flatterer," said I, trying to restrain my rising joy. "grant that thy words are true—grant that she did love me? Does she so still? Has not my presumption"—

"It was wrong, answered she, but do not therefore despair—we will unite our forces—we will dispose her to forgiveness by submission and prudence." "My preserver!" exclaimed I, putting a ring of value on her finger. "No," said she, drawing it off, "my heart is not mercenary, pardon me, noble Montmorency, I cannot accept thy gift."

I implored, I entreated her acceptance of the ring, and at length prevailed. "Well," cried she gaily, in going from me, "we will soften this haughty Amana. We will subdue her reserve."

While I waited for the performance of this woman's promise, numerous and conflicting ideas possessed my soul. If Amana loves me, whispered I to myself, gracious Heaven, if Amana loves me!—I stopped.

"Wretched Montmorency, resumed I, delude not thy imagination with vain hopes. Does love wear the form of hate? Does it wear frowns, disdain, aversion? Ah, no! yet

yet Amana frowned—her eyes beamed killing scorn. Alas, she loves me not! yet perhaps maidenly reserve and modesty obliged her to assume that appearance. Good God! were that possible!”

Thus, by turns, a prey to exquisite joy and cold despair, I wasted the hours till I beheld my confidant again. She entered; I flew towards her; I caught her hand; I looked in her face with an air of anxiety, but could not speak.

“Let Montmorency hope,” cried she smiling.

The words, the smile, filled my breast with unutterable transport. “Yes, he will hope! exclaimed I, he will welcome the truant to his bosom, it shall never more desert him! But say, declare, does Amana, does she pity, does she love Montmorency? O, repeat her expressions—give to my delighted ear the rapturous sound! Thou art my good angel; I will worship thee.”

“Thy adoration is misplaced,” answered she with a smile, “hadst thou not had a more powerful pleader with Amana, my solicitations were useless.”

“Ah! speak, tell me, who was this generous advocate?”

“Even her own heart.”

“Good Heaven!—Is such happiness reserved for Montmorency?”

“Yes, returned my confidant, but there are some conditions which thou must first fulfil. I spoke to Amana; I represented to her thy situation and thy torments; she heard me with downcast looks and blushes. I augured good success from these appearances. I pursued my work, and at length forced her to confess that thou wert most dear to her heart. Interrupt me not,” continued she, seeing me about to speak, “hear out my recital. “What wouldst thou have me to do?” said Amana, in return to my importunities, “thou hast wrested my secret from me, but thinkest thou I am so shameless, so lost to discretion and to pride, as to say to Montmorency, I love thee. No, Catherine, I know better what is due to the dignity of my birth and the honor of my sex. I have yet preserved both from the charge of lightness and the rude breath of slander—let me do it still—let me not give my discarded suitors a pretext to accuse me. Would they not exclaim with justice, ‘Is this the relentless, the cold Amana? she who rejected our vows—who was deaf to our complaint? Yet

No. I.

M

she,

she, who on the knowledge of a few days, gives up her insensibility, her prudence—entertains an ardent passion for a stranger, and confesses her love, unrestrained by modesty and shame?" So would they say, and shall I incur such reproaches? No, Catherine—Let Montmorency first deserve before he wins me. Let me be assured of his constancy before I lose my own freedom. One year I exact for the trial of his faith; if he is worthy of my favor, he will not repine at the test I put him to. He must quit my castle now, and enter not again within its walls till the time of his probation is accomplished. When he returns, the hand and the affection of Amana shall be wholly his." Catherine ceased to speak at these words.

"O, promise of delight and felicity! exclaimed I, Montmorency will not repine at the length of the race while the goal is in view. He will approve his faith and his constancy unblemished, by the strictness of his obedience. But say, kind confederate, can I not see the arbitress of my destiny once more? Think of the pains of absence—Let me alleviate them by recalling her last glances, her last words. Good Catherine, wilt thou not obtain for me this poor request?"

"We have but to try," answered she, passing out. — With difficulty did I oblige myself not to follow her; but the dread of Amana's displeasure, a dread worse than death, reigned in my steps.

I was shortly summoned to the presence of her whom my soul valued above health or life. What were my emotions? I cast myself at her feet in a delirium of pleasure — I uttered a thousand extravagancies, while her sweetly blushing cheek and averted eye added to my raptures. — Ah! that moment—could I then think—but hold my bursting heart—thou art not yet sufficiently agonized—thou hast not yet atoned." Montmorency paused again, he uttered a groan of anguish, and resumed his narration.

"Sovereign of my affections and of my thoughts," said I, when I had regained some degree of composure, "behold me ready to obey thy behests—see, by the promptness of my obedience, thy power over Montmorency. He murmurs not at thy rigour, but he blesses thy condescension."

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

L Y D I A,

FROM ROWSON'S POEMS.

STAY, gentle youth, the hapless Lydia cry'd,
And deign a wretched virgin's steps to guide;
For here, distress'd, forlorn, and lost, I stray,
Sorrow the sad companion of my way.
Oh, kindly guide me to some humble shed,
Where my dear father may repose his head.
O'erwhelm'd with woe on the cold ground he lies,
Waiting for death to seal his weary'd eyes.
May Heav'n avert that blow. As thus she spoke,
Forth from her eyes a briny torrent broke.
Those chrystals stealing down her palid cheek,
Which, far more eloquent than words could speak,
Seem'd like the drops shook by an April gale
From off a drooping lily of the vale.
The youth was melted; he possessed a heart,
Where ev'ry social virtue bore a part.
He saw not Lydia's charms; content to know
A fellow-creature was oppress'd with woe.
No selfish views his gen'rous mind possess'd;
'Twas charity alone inspir'd his breast.
' In yonder grot (he cry'd) an hermit dwells,
' Who all his race in piety excells.

' Once

' Once he appear'd the favorite of fate,
 ' Had a long train of friends, and large estate;
 ' A kind companion all his joys to share,
 ' Beauteous as light, and innocent as fair.
 ' An infant daughter, too, kind Heav'n bestow'd;
 ' With earthly happiness his cup o'erflow'd.
 ' But mark the sad vicissitudes of life,
 ' In the same day he lost both child and wife.
 ' The wanton sporting by the river's side,
 ' Slip'd, and fell headlong in the whirling tide.
 ' To catch her falling child his wife essay'd,
 ' And, shrieking, called all nature to her aid.
 ' In vain she call'd; no aid, alas! was nigh:
 ' Mute with despair at once she ceas'd to cry.
 ' Maternal pangs her throbbing heart distends,
 ' Till by one sudden burst her mis'ry ends,
 ' Nature was rack'd, each trembling nerve was tore;
 ' Her tight-drawn heartstrings cou'd support no more.
 ' She fainted, fell; the blood her cheeks forsook,
 ' And death of her fair form possession took.
 ' Since then Horatio bade the world farewell,
 ' And lives recluse within yon rock-hewn cell.
 ' His boundless wealth in charity is giv'n;
 ' His days are spent in pray'r, and praise to Heav'n.
 ' Of roots, or fruit, his frugal meal he makes,
 ' And in the limpid brook his thirst he flakes.
 ' Yet in his cell he keeps an ample store
 ' T'relieve the wand'ring stranger, or the poor,
 ' To him I will conduct you, do not fear;
 ' To tell your grief, he ever has a tear
 ' For human woe; nor did he e'er deny
 ' To wipe that tear from off another's eye."
 In social converse thus they reach'd the shade
 Where, on the ground, poor Lydia's fire was laid.
 His head the hand of time had silver'd o'er;
 His face the recent marks of sorrow bore.
 Upon his hand his furrow'd cheek did rest,
 And frequent sighs broke from his anxious breast.
 His garments were disfigur'd much, and torn,
 Yet shew'd they had in better days been worn.

The faded scarlet told, and tarnish'd lace
In glory's lists, he once had held a place.
Close at his feet, in watchful posture, lay,
Companion of his fate, poor faithful Tray.
Full fifteen years he'd with his master been,
And days of sweet prosperity had seen.
Prosperity was gone, and with it friends;
Still honest Tray his adverse fate attends:
For selfish views his master ne'er forsook,
But grateful from his hand each morsel took.
' Rife, my dear father, I have succour found,"
She cry'd, and help'd to raise him from the ground.
He took her hand, arose, and faintly smil'd;
Then ask'd—" And have you found a friend, my child?
' I fear 'tis a mistake; for who will be
' A friend to such a poor old man as me?
' You, my dear girl, may meet a thousand friends;
' But mark to what their boasted friendship tends.
' To blot your soul, your beauteous image mar,
' And make us far more wretched than we are.
' No, Lydia, no; I have no more to crave
' Than here to glide, unnotic'd, to the grave,
' While you are by to take my parting breath,
' And cheer with smiles the gloomy bed of death,
' To leave you rich in innocence and truth."
He said, and look'd indignant on the youth.
His sensibility now took the alarm;
' Sire, (he reply'd) I meant your child no harm;
' Nor love, nor sordid views, inspir'd my mind,
' But charity alone to all mankind:
' And if you fear me, I'll no more intrude,
' But at a distance guide you thro' the wood."
As thus he spoke, a sudden gleam of joy
Beam'd in the old man's face and Lydia's eye.
Toward the cell he now directs their way;
Their footsteps follow'd still by faithful Tray.
Lydia her fire supported on one side;
In his right hand he held a staff well try'd.
The winding wood the youth safe led them thro';
Just shew'd the cell, and modestly withdrew.

Horatio

Horatio now, his ev'ning pray'rs o'er,
 Was tasting the cool zephyrs at the door.
 He saw his guests approach, and rose to meet,
 And thus, in courteous guise, the strangers greet.
 ' Ye are welcome, friends. Here, rest awhile, I pray ;
 ' In this lone wild, I fear, you've lost your way.'"
 Then brought them matted seats, and took great care,
 With boughs, to shield them from the dewy air,
 And spread his humble board with wholesome fare. }
 Lydia partook, but yet her greatest treat
 Was to behold her aged father eat.
 She felt oppress'd, and turn'd her head side,
 The starting drop of gratitude to hide.
 Their hunger satisfy'd, their thanks express'd,
 Horatio thus his mournful guests address'd :
 ' You seem unhappy: Pray, now tell me true;
 ' Is there within my pow'r ought I can do
 ' To ease your hearts? If 'twill not give you pain
 ' To trace past scenes of sorrow o'er again,
 ' Your circumstances candidly confess,
 ' And teach me how those sorrows to redress.'"
 He ceas'd, but rising tears their utterance choak ;
 At length, with timid voice, thus Lydia spoke :
 ' We are indeed unhappy. Yester even'
 ' From our poor cottage was my father driv'n.
 ' In two long wars he'd fought his country's cause,
 ' Guarded her liberties, enforc'd her laws.
 ' Full fifty years his sov'reign's liv'ry worn,
 ' All danger's brav'd, and ev'ry hardship borne.
 ' Disbanded late, of all support bereft,
 ' Nought but integrity and honor left ;
 ' His wants once told he found he lost a friend,
 ' For few would give, and fewer far would lend.
 ' Of ev'ry thing of value we dispos'd,
 ' And now to galling poverty expos'd.
 ' Our mansion ruthless creditors surround,
 ' Merciless seizing upon all they found ;
 ' They even took my poor old father's bed,
 ' Nor left him where to lay his aged head.
 ' He had no friend who would protection yield,
 ' But made his resting place the open field.

' Among some little toys I strove to save,
 ' A locket which my dying mother gave;
 ' She bade me take it, wear it next my heart,
 ' Nor ever while I'd live with it to part;
 ' Yet that I now must sell, or bear to see
 ' My father perishing with penury."

Here Lydia ceas'd, and from her bosom drew

A locket, gold, enamel'd round with blue;

Within a plated lock of auburn hair

Had been preserved with most attentive care.

Horatio from her hand the locket took;

With hope and fear by turns his frame was shook;

Then eager ask'd, ' Where was this trinket found?

' For with these very hands I ty'd it round

' My daughter's neck the morning she was drown'd."

The old man heard, and his dim languid eye

Once more was lighten'd with a beam of joy.

Without his staff he sprung from off his seat,

As tho' renew'd by youth's returning heat,

He caught Horatio's hand—" My friend, (said he)

' Your daughter is not drown'd; this, this is she.

' I on yon sedgey bank was us'd to stray,

' Carelessly angling for the finny prey,

' When at a distance I one morn espy'd,

' Brought by the rapid current of the tide,

' A child. My dog sprang eager in the wave,

' And snatch'd the infant from a wat'ry grave.

' I took her instant as she reach'd the shore;

' Around her neck that locket then she wore.

' Charmed with the prize, for children I had none,

' I took the little stranger for my own.

' My wife, well pleas'd, the gentle task did share,

' With careful hand the tender plant to rear,

' While her affection amply paid our care."

Haratio stood: still wond'ring and amaz'd,

With scrutinizing eye on Lydia gaz'd,

Then cry'd: " It must be so: methinks I trace

' Thy mother's features in that lovely face."

Then snatch'd her to his breast, and wept, and smil'd,

Mourn'd for the mother lost, and blest the new-found child.

ZARA AND SEBASTIAN,

[*In Imitation of the old Spanish Ballad.*]

FROM MISS PEARSON'S POEMS.

ON Algiers' majestic turrets,
Softly shone the lamp of night,
Softly roll'd the flumb'ring ocean,
Silver'd with a milder light.

Thro' the brave Sebastian's prison,
Slowly moves a languid beam,
On the floor he lies in sorrow,
Tears adown his bosom stream.

Yet in Seville's holy battles,
Glory fill'd his youthful breast,
Many a haughty Moorish chieftain
Bow'd to him his lofty crest.

But the brave are still most tender,
Tho' in storms like rocks of snow,
Which defy the wint'ry tempests,
Yet at Spring's soft breathings flow.

Where the gentle Guadalquiver *,
Thro' an ancient forest sweeps,
There in sadness lives his lady,
There his lovely infant weeps.

Busy

* The river which runs west through Andalusia, passing by Seville.

Busy mem'ry paints his pleasures,
 Ere the Moor enslav'd his arm,
 Love pourtrays a thousand dangers,
 That his blooming bride alarm.

' Dear Elvira must we never,
 ' Never meet again ! he cried,
 ' Ever must this gloomy dungeon,
 ' Keep Sebastian from thy side ?—

' Ha ! the keys that lead to freedom,
 ' By my careless guardian lie,
 ' I will seize this precious moment,
 ' From these cruel walls to fly.

' O be still my drowsy keeper,
 ' Seal his lids propitious Sleep !
 ' Lock the portals of his senses,
 ' While I seek the briny deep.

' Heaven guide my wand'ring footsteps !
 ' Yield pale moon thy purest ray !
 ' While I gain the lofty rampart,
 ' And the heaving waste survey.

' From yon palace, rob'd in silver,
 ' Lo ! a pensive beauty breaks,
 ' Here she hies dishevell'd, weeping !—
 ' Hark ! to me she softly speaks,

' Gracious Alla ! do I see thee,
 ' From thy savage keeper fly ?
 ' Turn, oh ! turn thee, vent'rous captive,
 ' Else by torture thou wilt die ;

' For my father hates thy country,
 ' Great and cruel are thy foes ;
 ' Yet one tender, anxious bosom,
 ' Pants to sooth thee to repose.

THE NOVELIST; OR,

‘ Long I’ve lov’d thee, gallant Christian,
 ‘ Oft I’ve from my maidens stole,
 ‘ Near thy grated cell to wander,
 ‘ And disclose my tender soul.

‘ On that day when first they brought thee,
 ‘ In these hated walls to lie,
 ‘ I beheld thy silent sorrows,
 ‘ I beheld thy downcast eye.

‘ Since that hour that saw thee captive,
 ‘ I have sigh’d in chains of thine,
 ‘ Love possess’d my pitying spirit,
 ‘ And thy woes have all been mine.”

‘ Much I grieve for thee, bright damsel,”
 Soft the wond’ring youth replied,
 ‘ For beyond this world of waters,
 ‘ Lives my dear, my wedded bride.

‘ I can ne’er return thy kindness,
 ‘ Rich and lovely as thou art :
 ‘ For some gallant, Moorish captain,
 ‘ Keep the treasure of thy heart.

‘ Tho’ from this detested city,
 ‘ I dare scarcely hope to fly,
 ‘ Dear Elvira’s beauteous image,
 ‘ Only with her love can die.”

Deeply sigh’d the wounded virgin,
 Sad she droop’d her lovely head ;
 O’er the platform slowly moving,
 Thus the hapless beauty said :

‘ Mild as yonder gliding planet,
 ‘ Is the love with which I glow,
 ‘ Never shall it wrong thy lady,
 ‘ Never shall it work thee woe.

AMUSING COMPANION.

91

‘ Though I deem thy smiles as grateful
 ‘ As the ev’ning’s silent rain,
 ‘ Pleasant as the tow’ring palm-tree,
 ‘ Waving o’er the sandy plain;

‘ Though I deem thy converse soothing
 ‘ As the sweet sounds that descend,
 ‘ When our prophet bids his angels
 ‘ Over dying virtue bend;

‘ I commend thy stedfast spirit,
 ‘ Even while my tender heart,
 ‘ Swells with new, with keener anguish,
 ‘ At the tale thy lips impart.

‘ Yet I still will make thee happy,
 ‘ Though I ne’er must hope for peace,
 ‘ I will loose these tyrant fetters,
 ‘ And attempt thy wish’d release.

‘ Many long, and happy seasons,
 ‘ Are perhaps in store for thee;
 ‘ But, alas! the form of pleasure,
 ‘ Zara’s eyes must never see.

‘ Near the beach behold that vessel,
 ‘ Gently bid the captain stay,
 ‘ Let him see this golden signet,
 ‘ And thy wishes he’ll obey.

‘ Swiftly fly then, lovely Christian!
 ‘ Alla guard thee o’er the sea!
 ‘ Bid thy fair, thy blest Elvira,
 ‘ Shed one pitying tear for me.

‘ Thanks! replied the grateful hero,—
 ‘ Time this kindness ne’er shall blot,
 ‘ In Elvira’s pure oraisons,
 ‘ Zara ne’er shall be forget.

‘ Fare thee well thou gen’rous beauty,
 ‘ May some noble warrior’s love,
 ‘ Win from grief thy drooping spirit,
 ‘ And all thoughts of me remove!’

Now the morning’s weaken’d breezes,
 Wanton’d in the spreading sails;
 To the shores of Spain they bore him,
 To Seville’s delightful vales.

Slow the weeping maid departed,
 Oft she ling’ring turn’d her view,
 Where along the bright’ning waters,
 Fast the less’ning vessel flew.

REVIEW OF NOVELS.

ERRORS OF EDUCATION, in 3 vols. by *Mrs. Parsons*.
Price 9s. sewed. Lane.

THIS performance has great merit; it abounds with good sense and liberal sentiments; the scenes are natural, pathetic, and interesting.

Sir William Beaumont, a young Baronet of large fortune, having received, by the mistaken tenderness of his mother, a very private education, and been confined entirely in the country, till he attained the age of twenty-one; visits the metropolis in company with his mother—He enters it a perfect stranger to the follies and vices with which it abounds, and unfortunately falls in company with a set of sharpers. He is repeatedly warned of the danger of the connection, but from an unaccountable pride and obstinacy of disposition, and yet being extremely easy with those who flatter his self-love, he rejects the advice of his real friends, and attaches himself to Colonel Minors and his associates, by whom he is led into innumerable errors, and at length deprived of the best part of his fortune.

He

He forms an acquaintance with a Miss Rivers, to whom, imagining himself greatly in love, he pays his addresses, but being entirely directed by the advice of Minors, drops his first honorable designs, and wishes to obtain her for a mistress. Chance, and the imprudence of her mother, throws the young lady entirely in his power, and, in one unfortunate moment, she is plunged in inevitable ruin.—She still retained a strong sense of honor, and though love had for a moment triumphed, virtue still held the first place in her heart—she resolutely flies the presence of her seducer, and, in retirement, falls a sacrifice to bitter repentance and disappointed hope. Her death awakens Sir William from his dream of folly; he resolves to pay all his debts, and take a trip to the continent. This scheme is put in execution, but when there, he suffers passion again to take the lead, and silence the dictates of reason. A variety of interesting events take place during his residence abroad, where intemperance, dissipation, and misfortune so entirely undermine his constitution, that he returns to his native land, only just in time for his mother to close his eyes.

There are, in the course of the work, many pleasing and striking characters introduced, which are well supported, and keep the attention awake. Mrs. Rivers in particular we mention as a natural and well supported character—her conduct is indeed execrable, and yet we fear there are too many mothers who act exactly in the same manner, and from a foolish hope of aggrandizing their daughters by marriage, throw them in the way of temptation; and should the poor girls fall martyrs to their sensibility, the unfeeling mother will reprobate them for the very errors their own misconduct has occasioned: But Mrs. Parsons makes a remark on this subject so just, that we cannot resist a desire to quote it, wishing it may be impressed on the minds of every parent, who, with little or no fortune, educates and dresses her daughters in a stile of elegance, and eagerly exhibits them at every place of fashionable amusement.—“Whenever,” says Colonel Minors to Sir William Beaumont, “Whenever you see a girl brought up in a stile of dress and fashion, which she has no fortune to support; whenever I see an imprudent mother exhibiting her daughter at every public place, and encouraging young fellows to buz about her without any proper restriction; depend upon

upon it, the girl is a coquet or jilt, or any thing a young man of fortune may chose to make of her, and the mother little better than a procuress, who is on the watch to make the best bargain she can for her daughter."

The language is correct and elegant, and the whole story conducted in such a stile, as blends instruction with amusement, and while it engages the attention, cannot fail to amend the heart.

A

SCHOOL FOR WIDOWS, 3 vols. by Clara Reeves.

Price 9s. sewed. Hookham.

NOT only a school for widows, but for wives; for surely the example of Mrs. Darnford is worthy the imitation of every woman, both as wife and widow. There is a strain of rational piety runs through this lady's letters, which is extremely pleasing to a reflecting mind. In Mrs. Strickland's narrative, the *Old English Baron* visibly makes his appearance. The ancient mansion, Gothic hall, and antique portraits have greatly the air of romance, and from the introduction, we were led to expect a tale of something supernatural; however, we were agreeably disappointed; as the events recounted in no one part overstep "the modesty of nature." The account Captain Maurice gives of himself, excited a sensation of horror, and for the honor of human nature, we are led to hope that both his character and that of Don Antonio are either entirely fictitious, or greatly exaggerated.

The story of the Marnley family is extremely pathetic and interesting. We felt ourselves greatly affected by the natural stile of simplicity in which it is delivered by old Balderston, and we must confess, the work appeared to us the more pleasing, as it contained but few *Lords* and *Ladies*, and no improbable romantic love tales. The stories contained in this work are so complex and interwoven with each other, it is impossible to give a sketch. However we sincerely recommend it to the perusal of our female friends. And it is greatly to be wished that novelists in general would follow the example of the fair author of the *School for Widows*, and by taking their scenes from
nature,

nature, place their characters in such situations, and conduct them through *real afflictions* in such a manner, as to make their examples worthy imitation, rather than by drawing improbable characters, and creating imaginary troubles, bewilder the mind, and pervert the understanding.

LAKE OF WINDERMERE, 2 vols. by the Editor of the
Letters of Maria, 5s. sewed. Lane.

THERE is an entire new thought struck out in this novel.—Edward Umphreville, the hero of the tale, being privately married to a very amiable woman, whom he became acquainted with in America during the war, to save his father from pecuniary distresses, marries another woman publicly, who is possessed of a large fortune. The agonized state of his mind is naturally and pathetically described, also the distress of his first wife, Cecilia, who, on discovering a letter written by Mrs. Umphreville, and imagining the marriage to be prior to her own, she heroically resolves to quit him for ever, and retire to a cottage on the borders of the Lake of Windermere, where, by a lucky accident, she is discovered by a brother, whom she had supposed dead. Umphreville loses his second wife, and by the discovery of his former marriage, the estate also, and unable to refund the monies he had expended, is thrown into prison. Montgomery, the brother of Cecilia, visits him there, a reconciliation takes place between Cecilia and Umphreville, and just in that affecting moment, an old gentleman of the name of Clarendon, famous for acts of benevolence, enters the prison with a view to seek and relieve wretchedness, and in Cecilia and her brother, discovers the children of a son whom he had driven to extremities by harsh treatment, and whose loss he had never ceased to lament. A general eclaireissement ensues, and all parties are made happy.

There are several affecting episodes introduced in the course of the work, and we can perceive in the author
traits

traits of a rising genius. Though it evidently appears to have been wrote in a hurry, as there are some few inaccuracies which could not otherwise have escaped observation.

MONIMIA, *a Dramatic Tale*, 2 vols. 5s. sewed. Lane.

OF this we can say but little—Indeed some parts of it seem to be almost copied from the last article; it might have been rendered interesting, but there are so many characters and incidents thrown promiscuously together, without dwelling long enough on any to enable us to say what is the real and main design of the work, that it neither awakens attention, or creates the least interest in the bosom of the reader.

GEORGIANA NEVILE; OR, THE DISINTERESTED ORPHAN, 2 vols. 5s. sewed. Hookham.

WE are informed in the title, that this is the first literary attempt of a young lady, as such we are inclined to give all the indulgence in our power; but indeed, my good young lady, we sincerely hope you have no great dependence on your novel, and that you have a more permanent support than what would proceed from the labours of your pen, as we fear that would be but very slender. The language is harsh, and abounds with grammatical errors, the sentiments trite and common, and the whole story dull and uninteresting. We were neither tempted to laugh or cry, except a smile being once called forth by the eccentricities of Mr. Preston.

Let us advise you, dear madam, if you are independent, to thank Heaven for its bounties, and leave scribbling to such poor souls as we are. If not blessed with the goods of fortune, throw aside the pen, and take up the needle, or follow some other female avocation, which we dare answer you will find more beneficial.

HISTORY OF MELISSA.BY CUMBERLAND.

MELISSA was the daughter of a weak indulgent mother, who was left a young widow with two children: she a had handsome person, a tolerable fortune, and good natural parts; uncontrouled in her education, she was permitted to indulge herself in studies of a romantic turn, and before she compleated her sixteenth year, was to be found in all the circles of prating sentimentalists, who fill the silly heads of young women with female friendship and platonic love.

The ordinary pleasures and accomplishments of her own sex were below the notice of Melissa; from the tumult of a noisy country-dance she revolted with horror, as from the orgies of Bacchus; a soul of her seraphic cast could not descend to the vulgar employment of the needle, and the ornaments of dress claimed no share in the attention of a being so engaged in studies of a sublimer sort: She loved music, but they were plaintive Lydian airs, with dying cadences, warbled by some female friend at the side of a rivulet, or under the shade of an arbour; and if the summer zephyrs murmured to the melody, it was so much the bet-

ter for Melissa; then she would sit rapt in pensive pleasure with the hand of her friend fast closed in her's, and call it the soul's harmony: To these nymph-like retirements that filthy satyr man was never admitted; he was not thought or spoken of but with terror and aversion. When the strain was finished, she would break out into some poetic rhapsody upon friendship, contemplation, night, or some such subject, which her memory supplied her with very readily on such occasions.

In the mean time the impertinence of suitors occasionally interrupted the more refined enjoyments of Melissa's soul: One of these was a gentleman of good birth, considerable fortune, and an unexceptionable character; but the florid health of the robust creature was an insuperable objection, and having casually let fall a hint that he was fond of hunting, she dismissed him to his vulgar sports with a becoming disdain: Her second suitor was a handsome young officer, the cadet of a noble house; this attack was carried on very briskly, and Melissa was only saved from the horrors of matrimony, by luckily discovering that her lover was so devoid of taste and understanding, as to profess a preference for that rake Tom Jones before the moral Sir Charles Grandison; such a sin against sentiment would have been enough to have undone him for ever with Melissa, if no other objection had arisen; but this being followed up with many like instances of bad taste in the belles-lettres, he was peremptorily discarded. A third offer came from a man of high rank and fortune, and was pressed upon by her mother with much earnest solicitation; for in fact it was a very advantageous proposal; the lover was polite, good-natured, generous, and of an amiable character, but in the unguarded warmth of his heart, he let fall the distant expression of a hope, that he might have an heir to his estate and titles; the sensuality of which idea was such a gross affront to the delicate Melissa, that he, like the others, was sent off with a refusal.

The report of these rebuffs set Melissa free from any future solicitations, and it appeared as if she was destined to enjoy a sabbath of virginity for the rest of her days: So many years elapsed, that she now began to tread the down-
hill

hill path of life, grew flatterly and took snuff. Still the gentle passion of friendship did not abate; her attachment for Parthenissa grew closer than ever, and if by evil accident these tender companions were separated for a day, eight sides of letter-paper could not contain the effusions of their affection.

I should have told the reader that Melissa had a sister some years younger than herself, brought up from her childhood by a maiden aunt, who was, what the polite world calls in contempt, a good sort of woman, so that poor Maria was educated accordingly, and justly held in sovereign contempt, for her vulgar endowments, by Melissa. There were other trifling reasons which helped to put her out of favor with her more accomplished sister; for, as I have already hinted, she was several years younger, and in some opinions rather handsomer; they seldom met, however, and never corresponded, for Maria had no stile, and little sentiment. She dressed her own caps, mended her own linen, and took charge of her aunt's household. It was therefore with some degree of surprize, that Melissa received the news of Maria's being on the point of marrying a nobleman, and that surprize was probably enhanced upon hearing that this noble person was the very man, who some years ago had vainly aspired to solicit the impregnable Melissa herself. If she turned pale upon the receipt of this intelligence, eat no dinner that day, and took no sleep that night, candour will impute it to the excess of Melissa's sensibility, and the kind interest she took in the happy prospect of her sister's marriage; but a censorious world gives strange interpretations, and some people were ready enough to say ill-natured things on the occasion; the behaviour of that amiable lady soon confuted such insinuations; for she immediately set out for her aunt's, where Maria was receiving his lordship's visits every day, and where Melissa's presence must have greatly added to the felicity of both parties.

Her preparations for this visit were such as she had never made before; for tho' in general she was rather negligent of her dress, she put her art to the utmost stretch on this occasion, and left no effort untried that might do

credit to her sister, by setting off her own appearance in his lordship's eyes upon the meeting. Whilst she gave her person full display, she did not spare her wit; and to make up for the taciturnity of Maria, kept my Lord in full discourse all the time he staid; she likewise, from her love of information, set Maria right in many particulars, which that young lady, through want of education, was ignorant of, and plainly shewed the lover, that there was some understanding in the family on her part at least, whatever the deficiency might be where he had fixed his choice.

Whether it was owing to these sisterly endeavours of Melissa, or to what other cause does not appear, but it should seem as if my lord's attention to Maria grew stronger in proportion as Melissa strove to attract it towards herself; and upon her hinting, with some degree of raillery, at what had formerly passed between them, his lordship looked her steadily in the face for some moments, then turned his eyes upon her sister, and silently walked out of the room.

As it is not to be suspected that Melissa, with a soul superior to all vulgar passions, could be envious of so mean a rival as Maria, it is not easy to account for the sudden change of her behaviour to the noble suitor on his next visit to her sister: Instead of those studied attentions she had paid him at their first meeting, she now industriously took no notice of him, and sat rapt in her own happy meditations; till upon his presenting to her sister a magnificent suit of jewels, the lustre of those sparkling gems so dazzled her sight, that the tears started in her eyes, the colour fled from her cheeks, and she hurried out of the room in evident perturbation of spirit.

Upon entering her bed-chamber, she discovered on her toilette a packet from her beloved Parthenissa. Nothing was ever so seasonable; she snatched it up with eagerness, hastily broke it open, kissed it, and began to read.—This valuable manuscript was rather of the longest; it set out, with a great deal of ingenious ridicule, at the expence of the fond couple on the point of marriage; then digressed into an animated description of the more refined enjoyments of female friendship, and concluded as follows:

‘ After

‘ After all I have been saying, how shall I gain credit with Melissa, and what will she think of her friend, when I tell her, that I have at last met with one of the male sex, who is not absolutely disagreeable; perhaps I might even add, that Count Ranceval is so amiable a man, that were I possessed of Melissa’s charms—but whether am I running? He is rich, generous, and of noble rank. And what are these but feathers, you will say? True, yet such feathers have their weight in the world’s scale. Well, but Melissa is above the world. No matter; still it is a galling thing to yield precedence to a chit like Maria:—What though nature has endowed you with pre-eminence of talents, though your soul moves in a superior sphere to her’s, still you know respect will follow rank; but Countess Ranceval would set all to rights, and keep your natural superiority unquestioned—So now the mischief’s out; you have my heart upon my paper.

‘ You will wonder what should bring a noble stranger into so obscure a corner of the world as our’s. Health, my dear, is the Count’s pretence. He may give Melissa probably a better reason, but this is the ostensible one; and certainly he is of a slim and delicate habit; he seems to be all soul and sentiment; nothing earthy or corporeal about him: A compleat master of the English language, and well versed in our English authors, particularly the dramatic ones, of whose works he is passionately fond. If our Dorsetshire downs and gentle exercise restores his health, he is soon to leave us, unless Melissa’s company should detain him, for his father, the old Count, writes pressing letters for him to return to Strasbourg, of which city he is a native, and of the first family in it. He lodges in our house with my uncle, with one valet-de-chambre only, having left his servants in town, as our family could not receive his suite.

‘ He is impatient to be known to you, and I suppose you think I have said all the fine things in the world to make him so; not I, believe me; on the contrary, I have not spared for abuse, whenever you was talked of, for I have let him fully into your character; I have fairly warned him what he is to look for, if he presumes to make
love

love to you; for that you are the most inexorable, exceptions, determined spinster in England. Now, as I know you love a little contradiction at your heart, you have a fair opportunity to come hither without delay, and disprove all I have been saying of you: But if you had rather be the bride-maid to Lady L. than the bride of Count Ranceval, stay where you are, and enjoy the elegant pastime of throwing the stocking and drawing plumb-cake through the wedding-ring.

Farewell. Your's ever,

PARTHENISSA."

If the gentle spirits of Melissa were somewhat fluttered by what had passed before she took up this letter from her friend, they were considerably more so, when she laid it down: After pondering for a time in deep meditation on its contents, she started up, took several turns in her chamber, sat down again, then adjusted her dress, then ran to the glass, looked at herself, put her cap in order, and at last rang the bell with great violence for her servants. Her first resolution had been to order her chaise instantly to be made ready and return home; these were the natural dictates of friendship; but, upon her woman's entering the room, a second thought struck her, and alarmed her delicacy, lest Parthenissa should impute her immediate compliance to any other, than the pure motives of affection and good-nature. This thought exceedingly embarrassed her; however, after several contradictory resolutions, she finally directed her servant to order the equipage, and put things in train for her departure without delay.

The bustle which this sudden order of Melissa occasioned in the family, soon brought Maria into her chamber, who, with much anxiety, enquired into the cause of her hasty departure; Melissa having again fallen into a profound reverie, gave no answer to this enquiry; upon which Maria repeated it, adding that she hoped her mother was well, and that the letter brought no bad news from home — "My mother is well, and the letter brings

brings no bad news from home," answered Melissa. — "Then I hope, sister, says Maria, nothing has happened here to give you any offence." Melissa looked her steadily in the face, and after some time, relaxed her features into that sort of smile, which conscious superiority sometimes deigns to bestow upon importunate insignificance. — Maria, in whose composition the inflammable particles did not predominate, answered this smile of insult no otherwise than by a blush of sensibility, and with a faltering voice said—"If it is I who am in fault, sister, I am heartily sorry for it, and entreat you to believe that nothing can be further from my intentions, than to give you just cause of offence at any time." "Lord, child," replied Melissa, with infinite composure, how vanity has turned thy poor head upside down: I dare say you think it mighty pretty to practise the airs of a great lady, and to be gracious to your inferiors; but have the goodness to stay till I am your inferior; perhaps that may never be the case; perhaps—but I shall say no more upon the subject; it is not your childish triumph in displaying a parcel of baubles, that can move me; no—you might recollect, methinks, that those diamonds had been mine, if I would have taken them with the incumbrance appertaining to them—but I look higher, be assured, so I wish your ladyship a good morning, for I see my chaise is waiting." Having thus said, the accomplished Melissa, without staying for an answer, flounced out of the room, took a hasty leave of her aunt below stairs, and, throwing herself into her chaise, drove from the door without further ceremony.

The amiable Melissa having performed the duties of a sister in the manner above related, eagerly flew to enjoy the delights of a friend, and upon her return home, immediately betook herself to her beloved Parthenissa. It so happened that she found the young lady *tete-à-tete* with Count Ranceval. Melissa, upon discovering a stranger with her friend, started back, blushed, and hastily exclaimed—"Bless me! Parthenissa, I thought you had been alone." She was now retiring, when Parthenissa, by gentle compulsion, obliged her to return. The conversation soon grew interesting, in the course of which many fine things

things were said by the Count, of which nothing was original but the application, for they were mostly to be found in the prompter's library. Whilst Melissa was amusing her friend with an account of what had passed at her aunt's, the Count sat for some time silent with his eyes fixed upon her, and drawing up a deep sigh, that seemed to throw a delicate frame into great convulsion, exclaimed—"My God!"—Upon this explosion of the soul, Melissa, tho' in the midst of a narrative, in which she had not neglected doing justice to her own sweetness of temper and sisterly affection, stopt short, and casting a look of infinite sensibility on the sighing Count, eagerly asked if he was well. The Count, instead of answering her question, turned himself to Parthenissa, and in the most moving tone of voice said—"You told me she was fair—

" True she is fair; oh ! how divinely fair !
 " But still the lovely maid improves her charms
 " With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 " And sanctity of manners."

Here *Cato's* soul stood in his way, and stopt the further progress of his speech.

Whilst this was passing, his valet entered the room, and delivered a packet into his hands, bowing very devoutly and saying—"My Lord Count, a courier is arrived from Strasbourg, who brings you letters from his excellency your father." The Count snatched them from his hand with extacy, and ordered a liberal reward to the courier on the spot. Melissa now rose from her seat and would have retired, but he implored her to stay, if it were only to gratify her benevolence in an occasion of felicitating him, should he be so happy as to find his honored parent in good health. He now opened the letter, throwing the *envelope* carelessly on the table; Parthenissa took it up, and examining the seal, bade Melissa take notice of the coat of arms, which indeed was most splendidly engraven with trophies, mantle, and every proper badge of high nobility; whilst Count Ranceval was reading, he threw aside some inclosed papers, one of which fell upon the floor; Parthenissa stooped and took it up. The Count, whose attention had been drawn

drawn off by the letter he was perusing, was exceedingly shocked in point of politeness, when that young lady presented it to him, and with many apologies for his inattention, begged she would accept the paper she had had the trouble of taking up, declaring, in the most peremptory manner, that he could never forgive himself upon any other terms. Parthenissa opened the paper, and looking at it, exclaimed—"Heavens! Count Ranceval, what do you mean? It is a bill for a thousand pounds."—"I am sorry for it, madam, said the generous Count, I wish it had been one of the others, to have been more worthy your acceptance; but I hope you will make no difficulty of receiving such a trifle at my hands; there is but one good thing in the world, which I abound in, and that is the only one you have not; therefore I must insist upon your accepting what I can so easily spare, and can never more worthily employ." The Count now rose from his seat, and in the most graceful manner imaginable forced the paper into Parthenissa's hand, holding them both fast closed within his own. A struggle now ensued between the generosity of one party, and the modesty of the other, which was so obstinately maintained on each side, that it was impossible to foresee which would prevail, when the Count, recollecting himself on a sudden, struck upon a new expedient for overcoming this amiable young lady's delicacy, by delivering the paper to Melissa, and beseeching her to stand his advocate on the occasion. "From you, divine Melissa, says the generous foreigner, she will not refuse this trifle in dispute between us: To whom should I refer my cause, but to that angelic being, to whom I have surrendered my heart, and at whose feet I dedicate my life, fortune, happiness, and all things valuable in this world, with a devotion that no suppliant ever felt before!"

As he was uttering these words, he threw himself on his knees, snatched the hand of Melissa, pressed it eagerly to his lips, and smothered it with ardent kisses; then applying his handkerchief to his eyes, dropped his head upon Melissa's knee, and in a trembling voice cried out—"Speak, loveliest of thy sex, pronounce my fate, determine me for life or death; for, by the Power that made me, I will not survive the sentence of despair."—"Oh, generous youth!

oh, noble Count! (replied the amiable Melissa) you confound me; you distress me: What must I reply?" — "Bless me with hope; encourage me to live; or let me fall at once," said the enamoured youth. Melissa paused; the tears started in her eyes; her heart was softened, and her tongue refused to utter the fatal sentence of death; she was silent. In this awful moment of suspense, the lovely Parthenissa, whose gentle heart overflowed with gratitude to her benefactor, dropt on her knee also, and, clasping Melissa round the waist, with tears, beseeched her, for the love of Heaven, to save a noble youth, who doated on her to distraction. "Think of his virtues, think of his affection, (said the beauteous pleader;) "Can that soft heart, so full of pity, suffer him to die? Does not such generosity deserve to live? Am I not bound to speak in his behalf? Where can Melissa find a man so worthy of her choice? — Shall the insipid Maria start into nobility, and move in a superior sphere, whilst her accomplished sister lives in humble solitude beneath her? No, no, the world demands Melissa. Shall Maria glitter in the circles of the great, shall she blaze with diamonds, whilst my lovely friend —? But why do I talk this language to Melissa, whose soul looks down upon these vanities with just contempt? — There are nobler motives, there are worthier reasons, that plead the cause of love on this occasion. Rise, Count Ranceval, this moment rise, receive a blessing to your arms, embrace your happiness; she yields! she's yours! I see that she consents." Obedient to the word, the enraptured lover rose, and throwing his arms round the unresisting fair one, clasped her to his heart, and whilst he held her thus in close embrace, exclaimed—"Oh, paradise of sweets! Oh, soul of bliss! Oh, heavenly, charming maid! and art thou mine? Speak to me, lovely creature! art thou mine?" — "For ever!" answered the blushing Melissa, and dropt her head upon his neck. "Hear it, earth, sea and Heaven! Hear it, sun, moon, and stars!" — cried the enraptured lover—

Hear

“ Hear it, ye days and nights, and all ye hours ;
“ That fly away with down upon your feet,
“ As if your business were to count my passion----
“ I'll love thee all the day, and every day,
“ And every day shall be but as the first,
“ So eager am I still to love thee more.”

This rhapsody was seconded by another embrace more ardent than the former: Parthenissa then took her turn, and saluting her friend, cried out—“ Joy to you, my dearest Countess; all joy befall you both.” “ Now, (says Count Ranceval) my beloved Melissa has a right in every thing I possess, and her friend will no longer oppose the tender of that trifling sum; it is an earnest, that seals our engagement; the form that is to follow, cannot make us one more firmly than honour now unites us; and considering you now as the daughter-in-law of this noble father, I must beg leave to shew you what his letter further contains.” He then produced bills of exchange, which the old Count had remitted for very considerable sums. “ The purpose of this remittance, says he, is to purchase a set of jewels in addition to the family stock of a newer fashion, with a recommendation to bestow them upon some English woman, if I should be happy enough to engage the affection of such an one in this kingdom, and behold how the description of my father's wish tallies with the adorable person, who has now honored me with her hand!” He then read the following paragraph from his father's letter, translating it as he went on:—

‘ If you should chuse a wife in England, (which I know it is your wish to do) I charge you to be as attentive to the charms of her mind, as to those of her person. Let her temper be sweet, her manners elegant, her nature modest, and her wit brilliant, but not satyrical. Above all things chuse no woman who has not a sensibility of soul, in which the delicacy of the sex consists. If you are fortunate enough to match with such an one, bring your spouse to Strasbourg, and I will jointure her in my rich barony of Lavaques. In the mean time I remit you the inclosed bills for five thousand pounds sterling, to lay out in such jewels and bijouterie, as befits a person of your

rank and fortune to bestow upon the lady of your heart, in a country where those things are in perfection. As for the lady's fortune, I make no stipulations on that score; but it is an indispensable condition that she be a woman well born, thoroughly accomplished, and above all, of the protestant communion, according to the religious principles of our noble house.'

When the Count had read this paragraph, turning to Melissa, he said, "Behold the full completion of my father's model in this lovely person!"

The union of this happy couple being thus decided upon, no time was to be lost in carrying it into effect, for the Count was hastening homewards, and Melissa had no objection to be before-hand with her sister. Of her mother there was no doubt to be had, or, if there was, her fortune was in her own power, and she of full age to chuse for herself. Secrecy, however, was resolved upon for various reasons, and the joy of surprising Maria was not amongst the least. The uncle of Parthenissa, who was an attorney, was instructed to make a short deed, referring it to the old Count at Strasbourg to complete Melissa's settlement, when she arrived at that city. This worthy gentleman was accordingly let into the secret, and at the same time undertook to get the licence, and to prepare the parson of Melissa's parish for the ceremony. The adjusting of so many particulars drew the business into such length, that the evening was now far spent, and as Melissa was in the habit of sharing occasionally the bed of her beloved friend, she dispatched a messenger to her mother, signifying that she should sleep at Parthenissa's that night.

When this matter was settled, Parthenissa quitted the room to give her orders for supper, and the happy lovers were left to themselves for no inconsiderable time. The enamoured Count lost not a moment of this previous interval, and with the help of Dryden, Otway, and Rowe, kept up his rhapsodies with great spirit. Now it was that love, which Melissa had so long kept at distance, took full revenge, and, like a griping creditor, exacted his arrears with ample interest from his vanquished debtor.—When Parthenissa returned, she strove to make her presence

fence as little interruption as possible to these tender endearments, by rallying Melissa on her prudery, and frequently reminding her, that contracted lovers were in effect man and wife; in short, nothing could be more considerate and accommodating than this amiable friend.

An elegant but small repast was now served, at which no domestic was admitted; the Count was in the happiest flow of spirits; Melissa's heart could not resist the festivity of the moment, and all was love and gaiety, till night was far spent, and the hour reminded them of separation.—Parthenissa again retired to prepare her chamber, and Melissa was again left with her lover. How it came to pass that Parthenissa omitted so necessary a point of ceremony, as that of informing Melissa when her chamber was ready, I cannot pretend to account, but so it was, and that young lady, with a negligence, which friendship is sometimes apt to contract, retired to her repose, and never thought more of poor Melissa, who was left in a situation very new to her, to say no worse of it, but who had sweetness of temper, nevertheless to let her friend off with a very gentle reproof, when after a long time past in expectation of her coming, she was at length obliged to submit to the impropriety of suffering Count Ranceval to conduct her to her bed-chamber door.

The next day produced the licence, and Melissa was, or appeared to be, as impatient to conclude the ceremony as Count Ranceval himself. This is to be imputed to the timid sensibility of her nature, which rather wished to precipitate an awful act, than to remain in terror and suspense. Awful as it was to Melissa, it was auspicious to the happy Count, for it put him in possession of his amiable bride. The mother was let into the secret, and with joy consented to give Melissa away, and receive the Countess Ranceval in return.

The matter passed in secret as to the neighbourhood, and Parthenissa's uncle, to accommodate the parties, sat up all night to complete the deed, which gave the Count possession of the lady's fortune, and referred her for a settlement to be made a Strasbourg, in the barony of Lavasques.

A very happy company were now assembled at dinner, consisting of the bride and bridegroom, Parthenissa, her uncle, and the old lady, when a coach and six drove to the door, and, as if fortune had determined to complete the domestic felicity of this family in the same moment. — Maria, who was now Lady L——, followed by her aunt and his lordship, ran into the room, and falling on her knee, asked a blessing of her mother, whilst Lord L—— presented himself as her son-in-law, having driven from the church door to her house to pay his duty on this occasion, meaning to return directly, for which purpose the equipage was ordered to wait.

Whilst Maria approached to embrace Melissa, and to present to her a very fine bridal favor, embroidered with pearls, Count Ranceval whispered his lovely bride, that he must hastily retire, being suddenly seized with a violent attack of the tooth-ach. Being a perfect man of fashion, he contrived to retire without disturbing the company, and putting up his handkerchief to his face to prevent the cold air affecting the part in pain, ran up to his lady's bed-chamber, whilst Parthenissa and her uncle very considerately retired from a family party, in which they were no longer interested.

Melissa received the bridal favor from Maria with a condescending inclination of her body, without rising from her seat. — “You must permit me, sister, (says she) to transfer your present to the noble personage, who has just left the room; for having now the honor and happiness to share the name and the title of Count Ranceval, I have no longer any separate property; neither can I, with any becoming decorum, as Countess Ranceval and a bride myself, wear the pretty bauble you have given me, and which I can assure you I will return with interest, as soon as I go to London in my way to Strasbourg, where the Count's immense possessions principally lie.”

“Good heavens! (exclaimed Maria) how delighted am I to hear you have married a man of such rank and fortune! What a blessing to my mother, to me, to my lord!” — So saying, she threw her arms around her neck, and embraced her, she next embraced her mother, and
turning

turning to Lord L——, said, "My Lord, you will congratulate the Countess." "I hope so, (replied Lord L——) every thing that contributes to the happiness of this house will be matter of congratulation for me; but let me ask where Count Ranceval is; I shall be proud to pay my compliments to him, and, by the glimpse I had of his person, think I have had the honor of seeing him before." "Very likely, (answered Melissa) the Count has been some time in London." "I think so, said Lord L——, but I am impatient to make my bow to him." "I hope he will soon come down, replied Melissa, but he is suddenly seized with a dreadful tooth-ach, and gone up stairs in great pain." "Alas, poor Count, said Lord L——, 'tis a horrid agony, and what I am very subject to myself, but I have a nostrum in my pocket which is very safe, and never fails to give ease; permit, me dear sister, to walk up stairs with you, and relieve the Count from his distress."

So saying, he followed Melissa up stairs, and was accompanied by the whole party. Upon their entering the chamber, Count Ranceval made a slight bow to the company, and again put up his handkerchief to his face: As soon as Lord L—— approached him, he said, "I believe I can soon cure this gentleman." Whereupon, snatching the handkerchief from his cheek, with one kick, pretty forcibly bestowed upon the seat of dishonor, he laid the puffy Count sprawling on the floor. The ladies, with one consent, gave a shriek, that brought the whole family to the door. Melissa ran with agony to the fallen hero, who hid his face between his hands, whilst Lord L—— cried out, "Take no pity on him, madam, for the rascal was my footman."— This produced a second scream from Melissa, who, turning to Lord L—— with a look of horror, exclaimed, "What do I hear! Count Ranceval a footman! What then am I!" By this time the Count had recollected himself sufficiently to make reply, "My lawful wife; and as such I demand you: let me see who will venture to oppose it." This menace would have been followed with a second chastisement from my lord, had not Maria interposed, and taking her sister tenderly by the hand, with a look of pity and benevolence, asked her if she was actually married.—

"Irrecoverably

“Irrecoverably,” said Melissa, and burst into tears.—
“Yes, yes, (resumed the impostor) I believe all things are pretty safe in that quarter; I have not taken my measures by halves.” “Rascal! villain!” exclaimed my lord, and was again with difficulty held back by his lady from laying hands on him. “Have patience, I conjure you, said Maria; if it be so, it is past redemption; leave me with my sister, take my poor mother out of the room, and if this gentleman will give me leave to converse a few minutes with my sister—” “Gentleman!” said Lord L—, and immediately taking him by the collar, dragged him out of the chamber, followed by the mother and the aunt. A scene now ensued between the sisters, in which, as I feel my pen unable to render justice to the divine benevolence of Maria, I will charitably drop the curtain over the fall of pride. There was no need for any negotiation with the Count, for he and his accomplice Parthenissa, with the lawyer her uncle, set off for London with their credentials to take possession of Melissa’s fortune in the funds, which the lawyer had but too effectually secured, having, in a pretended counterpart of the deed he read to Melissa and her mother, inserted the real name of the impostor. Melissa has as yet had no further trouble from her husband, and lives in retirement in a small house belonging to Lord L—, under his protection: She experiences daily instances of the bounty of Maria, and here, if envy, (which yet rankles at her heart) would permit her, reflection might teach her “how superior virtue shines in its natural simplicity, and how contemptible pride appears, though disguised under the mask of false delicacy and affected refinement.”

 RACHEL; A TALE,

 BY CUMBERLAND.

*Neque lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.*

WE have heard so much of the tragical effects of jealousy, that I was not a little pleased with an account lately given me of a gentleman, who has been happily cured of his jealousy, without any of those melancholy circumstances which too frequently result from that fatal passion, even when it is groundless: As this gentleman's jealousy was of that description, I am the rather tempted to relate the story (under proper caution as to names and persons) because there is a moral justice in its catastrophe, which is pleasing even in fiction, but more particularly so when we meet it in the real occurrences of life.

Sir Paul Testy, in his forty-eighth year, married the beautiful Louisa in her eighteenth. There are some parents, who seem to think a good settlement can atone for any disparity of age, and Louisa's were of this sort. Sir Paul had a maiden sister several years younger than himself, who had kept his house for some time before his marriage with Louisa, and as this lady was in fact an admirable œconomist, and also in possession of a very considerable independent fortune, the prudent baronet took his measures for her continuance in his family, where, under pretence

of assisting the inexperience of his young bride, she still maintained her government in as absolute authority as ever. As Miss Rachel would have been better pleased with her brother had he chosen a wife with less beauty and more fortune than Louisa brought into the family, it may well be doubted if she would have remained with him after his marriage, had she not been pretty far advanced in an affair of the heart with a certain young gentleman, whose attentions, though in fact directed to her purse, she was willing to believe had been honorably addressed to her person. This young gentleman, whom I shall call Lionel, was undoubtedly an object well deserving the regards of any lady in Miss Rachel's predicament. With a fine person and engaging address he had the recommendation of high birth, being a younger son of the Lord Mortimer, a venerable old peer, who resided at his family mansion within a few miles of Sir Paul, and lived upon the most friendly terms with him in a frequent intercourse of visits. Lionel had given this worthy father great uneasiness from his early dissipation and extravagance—Considerable sums had been paid for him to clear his debts, but the old lord's estate being a moderate one, and entailed upon his eldest son, Lionel had been obliged to sell out of the army, and was now living at-home upon the bounty of his father on a reduced and slender allowance.

It is not to be wondered at that Lionel, who felt his own embarrassments too sensibly to neglect any fair means of getting rid of them, should be willing to repair his shattered fortunes by an advantageous match; and though Miss Rachel was not exactly the lady he would have chosen, yet he very justly considered that his circumstances did not entitle him to chuse for himself; he was also strongly urged to the measure by his father, to whose wishes he held himself bound to conform, not only on the score of duty, but of atonement likewise. At this time the affair was in so promising a train, that there is little doubt but it would have been brought to a conclusion between the parties, had not Sir Paul's marriage taken place as it did; but as Miss Rachel, for reasons which are sufficiently explained, determined upon remaining with her brother, the intercourse between the lovers was renewed, as soon as Sir
Peter

Peter had brought home his bride, and was sufficiently settled to receive the visits of his friends and neighbours on the occasion.

Now it was that the unhappy Rachel became a victim to the most tormenting of all human passions: Her sister-in-law had a thousand charms, and she soon discovered, or fancied she discovered, that Lionel's attentions were directed toward a fairer object than herself. She had now the strongest of all motives for keeping a watchful eye upon Louisa's behaviour, and it is the property of jealousy to magnify and discolour every thing it looks upon; for some time, however, she kept herself under prudent restraint—A hint now and then, cautiously introduced in the way of advice, was all she ventured upon; but these hints were so little attended to by Louisa, whose innocent gaiety lent no ear to such remonstrances, that they were occasionally repeated in a graver tone. As these grew more and more peevish, Louisa began to take a little mischievous pleasure in teasing, and was piqued into a behaviour, which probably she would never have indulged herself in towards Lionel, had not Rachel's jealousy provoked her to it—still it was innocent, but so far imprudent, as it gave a handle to Rachel's malice, who now began to sow the seeds of discontent in her brother's irritable bosom.

In one of those sparring dialogues, which now frequently passed between the sisters, Rachel, after descanting upon the old topic with some degree of asperity, concluded her lecture with many professions of zeal for Louisa's happiness, and observed to her as an apology for the freedom of her advice, that she had a right to some little experience of the world more than had yet fallen to the other's lot: To which Louisa replied with some tartness—"True! for you have lived more years in it than I have." "A few, perhaps," answered Rachel. "As few, or as many, as you chuse to acknowledge," added Louisa: "It is one amongst a variety of advantages over me, which you are too generous to boast of, and I too humble to repine at."—"Be that as it may," said the elder damsel, "you will give me leave to observe, that you have a double call upon you for discretion; you are a married woman."

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"Perhaps

"Perhaps that very circumstance may be a proof of my indiscretion."

"How so, madam! I may venture to say my brother, Sir Paul, was no unseasonable match for your ladyship; at least I can witness some pains were employed on your part to obtain him."

"Well, my dear sister, (replied Louisa with an affected nonchalance) after so much pains, is it not natural I should wish to repose myself a little?" "Indiscretion admits of no repose; health, honor, happiness are sacrificed by its effects; it saps the reputation of a wife; it shakes the affections of a husband."

"Be content! (cried Louisa) if you will give no cause for disturbing the affections of the husband, I will take care none shall be given for attaining the reputation of the wife."

At this moment Sir Paul entered the room, and perceiving, by the countenances of the ladies, that they were not perfectly in good-humour with each other, eagerly demanded of Louisa why she looked so grave.

"I would look grave if I could, (she replied) out of compliment to my company; but I have so light a conscience and so gay a heart, that I cannot look gravity in the face without laughing at it."

This was delivered with so pointed a glance at Rachel, that it was not possible to mistake the application, and she had no sooner left the room, than an explanation took place between the brother and sister, in the course of which Rachel artfully contrived to infuse such a copious portion of her own poisonous jealousy into the bosom of Sir Paul, that upon the arrival of Lord Mortimer, which was at this crisis announced to him, he took a sudden determination to give him to understand how necessary it was become to his domestic happiness, that Lionel should be induced to discontinue his visits in his family.

Under these impressions, and in a very awkward state of mind, Sir Paul repaired to his library, where Lord Mortimer was expecting him in a situation of no less embarrassment, having conned over a speech for the purpose of introducing a proposal for an alliance between the families, and with a view to sound how Sir Paul might stand affected

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ed towards a match between his son Lionel and Miss Rachel.

As soon as the first ceremonies were over, which were not very speedily dismissed, as both parties were strict observers of the old rules of breeding, his lordship began, after this manner, to wind about by way of reconnoitring his ground, and having composed his features with much gravity and deliberation, began to open his honorable trenches as follows—"In very truth, Sir Paul, I protest to you there are few things in life can give me more pleasure than to find my son Lionel so assiduous in his visits to this family."

The baronet, whose mind at this moment was not capable of adverting to any other idea but what had reference to his own jealousy, stared with amazement at this unexpected address, and was staggered how to reply to it. At last, with much hesitation, in a tone of ill-counterfeited raillery, he replied, that he truly believed there was one person in his family to whom Mr. Lionel's visits were particularly acceptable; and as this was a subject very near his heart, nay, that alone upon which the honor and happiness of him and his family depended, he assured his lordship that it was with avidity he embraced the opportunity of coming to an explanation, which he hoped would be as confidential on his lordship's part, as it should be on his own. There was something in the manner of Sir Paul's delivery, as well as in the matter of the speech itself, which alarmed the hereditary pride of the old peer, who, drawing himself up with great dignity, observed to Sir Paul, that for his son Lionel he had this to say, that want of honor was never amongst his failings; nay, it was never to be charged with impunity against any member of his family, and that to prevent any imputation of this sort from being grounded upon his son's assiduities to a certain lady, he had now sought this interview and explanation with his good friend and neighbour.

This was so kind a lift in Sir Paul's conception towards his favorite point, that he immediately exclaimed—"I see your lordship is not unapprised of what is too conspicuous to be overlooked by any body who is familiar in this house;

but as I know your Lordship is a man of the nicest honour in your person, I should hold myself essentially bound to you, if you would prevail upon your son to adopt the like principles towards a certain lady under this roof, and caution him to desist from those assiduities, which you yourself have noticed, and which, to confess the truth to you, I cannot be a witness to without very great uneasiness and discontent."

Upon these words the peer started from his seat as nimbly as age would permit him, and with great firmness replied, "Sir Paul Testy, if this be your wish and desire, let me assure you, it shall be mine also—my son's visits in this family will never be repeated—set your heart at rest; Lionel Mortimer will give you and your's no further disturbance."

"My Lord, (answered the Baronet) I am penetrated with the sense of your very honorable proceedings, and the warmth with which you have expressed yourself on a subject so closely interwoven with my peace of mind; you have eased my heart of it's burthen, and I shall ever be most grateful to you for it."

"Sir, (replied the peer) there is more than enough said on the subject; I dare say my son will sur vive his disappointment."—"I dare say he will, (said Sir Paul) I cannot doubt the success of Mr. Lionel's attentions; I have only to hope he will direct them to some other object."

Lord Mortimer now muttered something which Sir Paul did not hear, nor perhaps attended to, and took a hasty leave. When it is explained to the reader that Miss Rachel had never, even in the most distant manner, hinted the situation of her heart to her brother, on the contrary had industriously concealed it from him, this *malentendu* will not appear out of nature, and probability. Lionel, whose little gallantries with Louisa had not gone far enough seriously to engage his heart, was sufficiently tired of his mercenary attachment to Miss Rachel; so that he patiently submitted to his dismissal, and readily obeyed his father's commands, by a total discontinuance of his visits to Sir Paul: To the ladies of the family this behavior appear-

ed altogether mysterious; Sir Paul kept the secret to himself, and watched Louisa very narrowly. When he found she took no other notice of Lionel's neglect, than by slightly remarking that she supposed he was more agreeably engaged, he began to dismiss his jealousy, and regain his spirits.

It was far otherwise with the unhappy Rachel; her heart was on the rack; for though she naturally suspected her brother's jealousy of being the cause of Lionel's absence, yet she could not account for his silence towards herself in any other way than by supposing that Louisa had totally drawn off his affections from her, and this was agony not to be supported—Day after day passed in anxious expectation of a letter to explain his cruel neglect, but none came; all communication with the whole family of Lord Mortimer was at a stand, no intelligence could be obtained from that quarter, and to all such enquiries as she ventured to try upon her brother, he answered so drily, that she could gather nothing from him. In the mean time, as he became hourly better reconciled to Louisa, so he grew more and more cool to the miserable Rachel, who now too late discovered the fatal consequences of interfering between husband and wife, and heartily reproached herself for her officiousness in aggravating his jealousy.

Whilst she was tormenting herself with these reflections, and when Louisa seemed to have forgotten that ever such a person as Lionel existed, a report was circulated that he was about to be married to a certain lady of great rank and fortune, and that he had gone up with Lord Mortimer to town for that purpose. There wanted only this blow to make Rachel's agonies complete. In a state of mind little short of phrensy she betook herself to her chamber, and there shutting herself up, gave full vent to her passion, in a letter fully charged with complaints and reproaches, which she committed to a trusty messenger, with strict injunctions to deliver it into Lionel's own hand, and return with his answer. This commission was faithfully performed, and the following is the answer she received in return:—

“MADAM,

“MADAM,

“I am no less astonished than affected by your letter: If your brother has not long since informed you of his conference with my father, and the result of it, he has acted as unjustly by you, as he has by Lord Mortimer and myself. When my father waited upon Sir Paul for the express purpose of making known to him the hopes I had the ambition to entertain of rendering myself acceptable to you upon a proposal of marriage, he received at once so short and peremptory a dismissal on my behalf, that, painful as it was to my feelings, I had no part to act but silently to submit and withdraw myself from a family, where I was so unacceptable an intruder.

“When I confirm the truth of the report you have heard, and inform you that my marriage took place this very morning, you will pardon me if I add no more, than that I have the honor to be,

Madam, Your most obedient

and most humble servant,

LIONEL MORTIMER.”

Every hope being extinguished by the receipt of this letter, the disconsolate Rachel became henceforth one of the most miserable of human beings. After venting a torrent of rage against her brother, she turned her back upon his house for ever, and undetermined where to fix, whilst at intervals she can scarce be said to be in possession of her senses, she is still wandering from place to place in search of that repose which is not to be found, and wherever she goes, exhibits a melancholy spectacle of disappointed envy and self-tormenting spleen.

STORY OF MONTMORENCY.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 82.]

THE confusion of Amana subsided; she regarded me with a look of complacency and firmness. "Thou mayest rather, (said she in a frank tone) despise my lightness than condemn my rigour. Stay, said she, seeing me about to interrupt her, I know myself undeserving of disdain, and therefore I fear it not. In proving thy faith I satisfy my pride, and if thou comest unhurt from the trial, Amana can give thee her favour without dishonor, and without a blush."

"Say only, dear lady, continued I, that thy wishes go with me." "Thou art too importunate," replied Amana, covering her face with her hand. "One word only to soften the pangs of absence." "I confess then, (said she turning her head a little) that if thou failest, Amana will not be too happy."

"Enough, dear lady—that transporting hint shall be as an amulet to preserve my fidelity—Farewell—may the blessed hosts of saints and angels guard and watch over thee until I behold thee again." I arose, pressed her snowy hand, no more reluctant, to my lips, and quitted her presence.

I then gave orders to my servants to prepare for our departure. All things were quickly ready, and I went in search of my confidante. "Dear Catherine, said I, to thee I commit the trust of my love—represent it incessant-

ly to Amana—suffer her not to forget me—keep off all intruding suitors—let them not deprive me of the prize of constancy.” “Beware of suspicion, (replied Catherine) assure thyself of my care, and Amana’s truth. We separated—I departed instantly from the castle of Glencairn; and though some regret found place amongst my sensations, they were far from being painful or unpleasant.

Instead of returning immediately to my own country, I visited Edinburgh. My name was neither unknown nor obscure, and the length of my sojourn at the castle of Glencairn had rendered the cause suspected; every one hailed me as the chosen servant of Amana. Though I gloried in my love, I respected her reputation, and sought to stifle those reports in their birth. But fame, ever communicative and busy, carried them even to the ear of the Scottish Monarch. He condescended to congratulate me on my approaching good fortune, and to felicitate himself on acquiring half the fealty of Montmorency.

Not content with this goodness, he would even order gallant shews for my entertainment—feasts, balls and tournaments took place.

I entered the lists, bearing a shield, with the device of an armed warrior, holding a flaming heart, and underneath was written the motto of—“By this I conquer!”

The chief of Montrose offered himself as my first antagonist. Before we turned our horses for the encounter, he whispered in my ear, “Remember we fight for Amana!” “Be it so, (cried I, joyfully) let us see who is most deserving of her smiles.”

We had time for no more—the trumpet sounded a charge—we rushed against each other with a rude shock, which unfixed us both in our saddles. We recovered ourselves—we darted our lances—that of Montrose broke in a thousand pieces against my shield. At the same instant, pursuing my advantage, I unhorsed him. The spectators set up loud shouts, and the judges of the field declared me victor.

My adversary, burning with rage and shame, started up, and drew his sword. “If thou art a man, (said he) let us meet hand and hand—let us condemn this play of infants,
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and end our combat as becomes knighthood." I accept thy offer, said I, leaping off my horse, and drawing my sword also.

The judges interposed, and would have prevented us but I, running towards the King, and bending one knee, besought him to suffer us to engage.

"Valiant Montmorency," (cried he) "I prize thy life, yet will I not refuse thy request. Montrose deserves chastisement for being the aggressor. Go—and conquer."

I bowed, and turned to my adversary. "Well," (cried he) "mistaking the cause of my retreat, has thy request speeded? Have thy fears prevailed?" "Let this speak for me," said I, putting myself in a posture of defence.

The judges retired. We began our encounter. Montrose, eager for my life, was thrown off his guard by fury. He laid himself open to my strokes, and thought not of defence. In the heat of the fight his foot slipped, and he fell backward. I turned the point of my sword to the earth, and assisted him to rise.

"Thou art a generous enemy, said he, but thus I thank thee." So saying, he rushed upon me with fresh rage.

I was now equally inflamed with himself—we closed.—At the moment he thought to have pierced my bosom, I wrested the weapon from his hand.—"My life is at thy disposal," said he, in a tone of confusion—"I scorn it, execute vengeance." "Thou knowest not Montmorency," cried I, delivering him his sword. "Come—if thy anger is not yet glutted, let us engage again."

"Never!—never!" exclaimed he, letting the weapon drop. "Valorous knight! thou hast conquered the soul of Montrose. Wilt thou accept his friendship as readily as thou didst his defiance?"

He opened his arms; I rushed into them; we embraced. The spectators repeated their shouts. "Thou only art worthy of Amana," said he, in a low voice; "accursed be he who presumes to interrupt your loves!"

The Monarch commanded us to approach; we obeyed, and prostrated ourselves before him. "Gallant men," cried he, ye have equally manifested your valour and your generosity. Thou, Montmorency, art a true knight, and

Montrose falls not far below thee. Arise, and receive the rewards of your bravery."

We arose. He pointed his finger to a fair troop of ladies, who were seated beside the lists. Two of the most eminent for rank and beauty bound wreaths of laurel around our brows. We kissed their hands, and were about to retire, when she who had crowned me took an embroidered scarf from her shoulders, and threw it over my arm.

"Brave knight, cried she, wear this, tho' Amana possess thy thoughts." That sound, and the action of her who spoke, made me regard her with more attention than before.

She was young, and an extraordinary beauty. But that beauty had not the modest sweetness of Amana; it was bold and assuming. She bore my glances with an unblushing aspect, and seemed to accept them as a just homage to her charms. Her assured air disgusted me, but I concealed my dislike under an appearance of respect, and making a low obeisance retired.

The tournament continued some hours, and was concluded by a feast, at which all the principal nobles and ladies of the court assisted. I found her whom I have mentioned to be the daughter of Lord Ruthven, who had fallen in the same engagement which had brought me acquainted with Amana. Sole heiress of his extensive possessions, and uncontrouled by any other guide than her own will, prosperity had corrupted her manners and her heart.

The King obliged me to sit near him. He looked at this lady and at the scarf—"Ah!" said he, in a low voice, "I fear the sister of Malcolm is forgotten." The supposition stung my soul; I was tempted to tear off the scarf, and fling it from me with contempt: But reason came to my aid, and restrained me from an act so rude and slighting. I determined, however, to wear this suspected ornament no more.

Next day I appeared without it. The King observing me, "Thou art still constant," said he, smiling. I bowed. Nothing farther passed at that time.

I continued a month at Edinburgh, and then thought of returning to England, I took leave of the King, and my friends,

friends, among whom Montrose was chief. The evening before my departure, a page put the following billet into my hands :—

“ Montmorency, thou art believed brave and resolute. Prove thyself both, by following the bearer of this wherever he shall conduct thee.”

I considered for a moment, and my resolution was taken. “ Lead on, (said I to the page) Montmorency is incapable of fear.”

“ There is no cause to fear,” was the reply. He turned his steps, I followed. We passed through various windings, and at length came to the gate of a magnificent house. My conductor went in. I accompanied him. We entered a sumptuous apartment, and he left me.

In a few minutes a lady appeared, covered with a long veil. Before I had time to express my astonishment, she raised the veil, and encreased it. It was the daughter of Ruthven !

“ Thou art surprised, said she, and perhaps wilt be more so at my discourse. But if thy soul be truly noble, thou wilt esteem me for despising the little arts of my sex, and admire that frankness, which scorning disguise and affectation, reveals the feelings of my heart.”

She held out her hand, mine met it not. I turned from her. “ Englishman, (cried she) assume not this air of haughtiness till thou hast heard me.”

I felt confused—“ Perhaps, said I to myself, my own vanity has led me into a mistake of her meaning.” That thought contributed to alter my behaviour. “ Lady, (said I, approaching her) I pray thee pardon my rudeness. I attend thy commands.” “ Alas !” replied she, in a softer tone, “ mine are requests—not commands.” She seated herself, and obliged me to follow her example.—My doubts returned. She attempted to put on a look of modesty, but her features would not allow it.

“ I mean, said she, to acquaint thee with a secret that concerns my peace. Thou wilt wonder, that to thee, a stranger, I intrust it ; but it is from thee alone I expect assistance and redress.” My doubts vanished once more.

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" I love, continued she, I love an insensible, an ingrate. But stay, perhaps I accuse him without reason—perhaps he knows not the passion with which he has inspired me. Ah! if ignorance alone ———"

She paused, but finding I continued silent, went on—

" Thou shalt plead for me, noble Montmorency. He is thy friend. Tell him—O tell him!—that my peace, my happiness depends on his sensibility—that the first moment I beheld him, kindled such a flame in my breast, as even his coldness cannot extinguish—that I die if he is unkind, and will feel more than mortal felicity if he returns my love: Awake his compassion; represent to him my torments; paint them as exquisite, inexpressible:—thou needest not fear being too extravagant in thy colouring. Call interest to thy aid. Thou mayest tell him that the daughter of Ruthven is not to be despised—that her wealth is almost inexhaustible, her rank illustrious, Heaven has bestowed on her too a moderate share of beauty. Of that say nothing; he has already seen it—he can judge."

" And to whom, said I, am I to make this communication? Is it to Montrose?" " O, no—to a much nearer friend." " Good God! exclaimed I, sure thou canst not mean Fitz-Osborne?" I know him not," answered the daughter of Ruthven.

" And yet I have no nearer friend," said I, perplexed.—" Ah! insulting blindness! exclaimed she, learn then to whom thou must plead—Not to Montrose—not to Fitz-Osborne—not to any other but Montmorency."

I started suddenly from my seat.—" Proud Englishman, cried she, dost thou scorn me? " No, lady, replied I, far from scorning, I render thee my thanks for a goodness unmerited and undeserved. But I can no more. Another is already mistress of my soul. To her my vows are paid, and I cannot retract them."

" Amana—the prudish Amana? canst thou prefer her to the daughter of Ruthven?" said she, haughtily. " Yes, thou dost chuse her severity, rather than my love! Capricious! ungrateful! Go, continued she, go crouch at the feet of Amana—deprecate her disdain. Go—thou dost not indeed merit my affection; but thou hast well deserved my hate. Begone! and dread its effects!"

I bowed—I advanced to the gate, and opened it immediately. A few moments carried me back to my lodgings. I entered them triumphantly. “I have sacrificed at the shrine of constancy!” said I, in a joyful tone. The reflection delighted me. Amana was present to my mind.—I thought I heard her applaud the fidelity of her knight.—I painted to myself the chaste reservedness of her deportment: I compared it with the boldness of Lady Ruthven. My heart found no similitude between them. One excited my admiration, the other my disgust.

Next morn I quitted Edinburgh with my retinue. On arriving in England, I flew to Fitz-Osborne, and acquainted him with the progress of my love. He participated in my satisfaction, and encouraged my hopes. After spending some weeks in the sweets of unreserved friendship, I repaired to my own habitation. I was welcomed by my vassals with sincere demonstrations of affection.

My Emma was not forgotten. I visited the monastery, and beheld her more blooming and more lovely than before. Nor was her mind less charming than her person, it was ingenious, artless and unsuspecting: A graceful and captivating simplicity, the offspring of innocent and modest worth, accompanied all her motions.

I resolved to wear out the time of my probation in the society of this dear sister, but my determination was changed by an incident, at once unexpected and delightful.

In returning one day from the cloyster, a domestic gave me the following billet:—

“Amana is not unacquainted with thy gallantry, or thy generosity; she has heard of Montrose and the daughter of Ruthven; her heart approves and thanks thee. But thou must quit idleness and obscurity; where there is no temptation, there can be no resistance. Hie thee to court, expose thyself to the attraction of its beauties, see if thou canst view them with a steady eye, and an unshaken soul. Go and prosper—be resolute—be constant, and thy reward is certain.”

I perused this paper several times before my transports would suffer me to inquire how it came. At length I acquired

quired composure enough to do so, and my domestic replied, that a page in a Scottish habit, mounted on a fleet courser, had given him the billet; and as soon as he had performed that office, he rushed away with the speed of the wind. I instantly dispatched messengers in quest of this page. They returned unsuccessful; he had left no trace of his course.

"It is no matter, said I, Amana has commanded—It remains only for her servant to obey. Yes, he will court temptation; he will brave the fiery ordeal, and come off unhurt; the idea of Amana shall be his protection—his shield, and his defence."

I hastened to court; I beheld its brightest fair ones, and remained still constant to my first enslaver.

Walter Fitz-Osborne was then high in favour with the King—I could have loved him, but his behaviour precluded even esteem. Ambitious and designing, he united the meanness of a parasite with the insolence of pride.—I mourned his infatuation, but could not prevent it at less than the price of our friendship. Strange! that though possessing every virtue himself, he could not perceive the deficiency in Walter. But why do I say strange? Noble minds are the least suspicious, and the most liable to imposition from the unworthy and the artful.

I was soon enabled to give a fresh proof of my faith to Amana. The daughter of the Earl of Chester beheld me with favorable eyes. Her fire offered her to me in marriage, with a considerable portion. She was young, fair and gentle; but I rejected her.

My year was now nearly concluded, and I looked forward to approaching happiness with joyful expectation; it terminated. I returned to my castle, took a hasty leave of Emma, and set off for Scotland.

How shall I describe my sensations, my transports on beholding again the mansion of Glencairn! Near thirty years of bitter pain and remorse have not obliterated them from my memory. If they were then exquisite, how were they increased by the sight of Amana! no longer cool or reserved, but blushing, kind, acknowledging.

Why should I dwell on a scene, the recollection of which renders my present misery more intolerable! We were united

united in the presence of her friends and kinsmen. The Scottish King desired to become a spectator of our felicity, and we repaired to Edinburgh, in pursuance of his invitation. That monarch solemnized our arrival with various sports and entertainments. My Amana was the delight and admiration of all who beheld her; she was my treasure and happiness—the solace of my life—the supreme good of my existence.

Lady Ruthven had left the city on the first intelligence of our nuptials; I rejoiced at her absence, and my compassionate Amana sighed for the cause. The only bar to my happiness was the disappointment of Montrose, and the pangs I judged he felt in consequence.

He removed this bar. He desired me to introduce him to the presence of my wife, and to see, by his behaviour, whether friendship had conquered love. I complied. He addressed Amana with a free and disengaged aspect.

“Beauteous lady, said he, thou hast chosen well. In preferring Montmorency to Montrose, thou hast proved thy discernment. The rejected repines not; he approves thy judgment, applauds thy choice—Ye are worthy of each other. May the curse of Heaven pursue that daring person, who shall attempt to interrupt your loves! For Montrose, he will not cease to consider your felicity as his own, and to pray for its duration.”

Amana bowed and smiled.

“Generous friend! exclaimed I, hear too the words of Montmorency. May that moment which impairs his confidence in thee, be last of his happiness! May that Heaven which thou namest, punish his doubts with misery most acute!

My wife shuddered; a tear trickled from her eye; it was the fatal preface of misfortune. I heeded it not then, save as it afflicted her.

“Soul of my life, cried I, tenderly, why art thou disturbed? The imprecation is unimportant, if I incur it not, and of that I am well assured; banish then these clouds of sorrow from thy brow, smile as thou were wont upon thy Montmorency.” Amana brightened; she forgot the imprecation, and I was happy.

Montrose saw us every day while we continued in Edinburgh; he was the partner of all our pleasures, and confident of all our thoughts.

It was at length time to depart. I was eager to present a sister to my Emma, and a mistress to my vassals. The King gave us great marks of his goodness on our taking leave. After obliging my wife to accept many costly presents, he desired her not to forget she was yet a Scottish subject.

"Thou goest, cried he, to acquire new friends, but be not unmindful of those thou quittest. Love thy spouse, but forget not thy father and thy King!" He extended his hand; Amana kissed it respectfully.

"Montmorency, resumed the monarch, cherish thy spouse, and preserve some remembrance of Scotland. Thou must do more—thou ~~must~~ visit us frequently, for art thou not already half a Scot?"

I bowed, and assured him of compliance. We retired, and prepared for our departure. Montrose seemed strongly affected. He pressed my hand frequently, and bade me adieu with a faltering voice.

Behold me now on my return to England. We crossed the Tweed, and Amana soon lost sight of her native hills.

I pointed out to her observation the fertility of the country through which we passed. She sighed. I enquired from whence proceeds that sigh.

"Pardon me, beloved spouse, she replied, I confess, these plains, smiling with plenty, form a sensible contrast to the rude and undecorated appearance of my native mountains; yet, though nature seems there to threaten, not invite, she still has charms; her wildness pleases while it terrifies.—These enamelled fields, this luxuriant corn, this assemblage of peaceful beauties, strike not the soul of Amana with the same sensations of wonder and delight, as the brown heath which, agitated by the breath of Heaven, waves redundant on the highland's brow; as the tall fir which lifts its piny verdure to the clouds, and seems to mock the rage of rushing tempests."

"Amana then regrets these scenes?" said I, in a tone of concern. "Ah, dear spouse, replied she, but I will cease
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to regret them, for have I not Montmorency?" I pressed her to my bosom, and all was peace again.

In approaching the mansion of my ancestors, we were saluted by the joyful shouts of my vassals; who, clad in their best attire, had come to welcome their new mistress to her dwelling. Amana was pleased; she seemed to forget Scotland from that moment, and to center all her happiness in home.

I brought Emma from the monastery. I introduced those persons, so dear to me, to each other. A strict affection commenced between them. Amana regarded Emma with a maternal tenderness, and my sister's love for Amana was mingled with reverence and respect.

Our days rolled on in a serene felicity, till my Amana presented me with a pledge of our union. We had scarce rejoiced for its birth, when we mourned its loss; two days after it beheld the light, it expired, and my wife and I experienced the pangs of paternal sorrow.

Fitz-Osborne, who was to have been sponsor to my boy, hastened to us, joined in our grief, and consoled it by participation. Three years passed away, and in that interval two more boys were born to me, who shared the destiny of the first.

The frequency of these events accustomed me to bear them with resignation. I blessed Heaven for leaving me Amana. But her health wasted insensibly. I was alarmed: I recollected my promise to the Scottish King, and hoping a change of scene might amuse her grief, took her and Emma to Edinburgh.

Montrose welcomed me with open arms. He sympathized in my concern for Amana, not with a fervour of a lover, but with the sincerity of a friend. His society became necessary to my happiness. I entreated him to bear me company to England. He assented, but we continued two months longer in Scotland. We visited my wife's estates, cheered the hearts of her vassals, and returned to the capital.

Lady Ruthven had arrived there during our absence. I knew not of this circumstance till I beheld her at court.— She answered the cold salute I made with a frown, and a look of scorn. My wife next attracted her notice, and her

frowns redoubled. The gentle Amana shrunk from her scrutinizing regards; she caught my arm, "Montmorency, cried she, let us avoid that woman—she shocks, she terrifies me."

The daughter of Ruthven observed her action, and assumed a malicious smile. Nothing farther occurred at this interview, and we had several more resembling it. One night we attended at a feast in the palace. My wife, Emma, and Montrose were separated from me by the throng: As I advanced to seek them, I felt some person pull me. I turned; it was Lady Ruthven! Surprise rendered me immoveable, I attempted not to break from her.

"Montmorency, (cried she, with a softened aspect and tender voice) hast thou ceased to be cruel? Wilt thou listen to the unfortunate daughter of Ruthven? Thou mayest—she will not be importunate—thy sensibility would now be nothing to her; but, Oh! she cannot support thy aversion!"

"Lady, replied I calmly, recollect what thou owest to thyself, and to honor."

"Ah! unkind and ungrateful! cried she, and to whom do I owe the forgetfulness of my duties, but to thee? Hadst thou never visited Scotland, my heart had remained unsubdued, and my reputation unblemished; but now the despair that possesses the first, renders me careless of the last. Yes, cruel, I despise the censure of the world; I condemn its applause!—fame, honor, praise, all are valueless to me, since I have failed to gain thy affection—since I have met thy hatred!"

"Lady, said I, (penetrated with compassion) Montmorency is not base; he cannot hate thee; he is grateful for thy favor, and anxious for thy repose."

"O Heaven! do I hear aright?" exclaimed she, with sparkling eyes, "art thou grateful—art thou interested in my repose? Ah, Montmorency, delude me not—let not thy pity induce thee to sooth me with deceitful hopes."

She paused; she regarded me with a languishing air—she put her white hand on mine, and I felt it tremble. My good angel presented to me that moment the idea of Amana. I drew my hand away, and suffered her's to drop.

Her

Her looks became confused, but it was the confusion of pride, not modesty. "Too just were my apprehensions, said she recovering herself, too vain my hopes? thy heart, flinty and obdurate to me, beats only for Amana."

"Lady, said I, (willing to conclude the conference), we are observed. Slander has many tongues—let us avoid her calumnies."

"Thou wouldst leave me? (cried she haughtily) thou wouldst leave me for this idol—this wife—perhaps thou darest her resentment? Alas, poor wretch, art thou the slave of domestic tyranny?"

The taunt moved my mirth, I smiled. "'Tis well, resumed she, I am become too the object of thy ridicule! But beware that thou dost not shortly incur the scorn of the world! Thou art a tame husband—thou art a convenient one too—Amana thanks thee—she is condescending, and Montrose is grateful." I started. "Go, continued she, return to thy kind friend—to thy faithful wife."

Her eyes beamed with a malicious joy. I was undeceived: I saw that her words were the offspring of disappointment and revenge. The conviction made me break from her with disdain, and I joined my wife that instant.

Amana had observed my conversation with Lady Ruthven. Her features were expressive of concern, but it vanished at my approach. Her rival appeared no more that night; she had quitted the palace upon my leaving her.

Though my reason gave no credit to her insinuation, yet it took an involuntary hold of my thoughts. I watched Montrose narrowly, without meaning to do so, but could discern no cause for suspicion in his deportment.—Far from being assiduous about my wife, he attached himself solely to Emma. I perceived that she listened to his discourse, not merely with attention, but with pleasure.

I lost my anxiety. I determined to cultivate this growing affection, and fancied, that in that purpose, I consulted only the happiness of Emma and Montrose. Alas, my motives were not so pure—they were tinged with a rising jealousy—the bane of my future peace—the spring of my crimes—the direful cause of my remorse!

Willing

Willing to avoid any further interview with Lady Ruthven, and finding the purpose of my journey answered, in Amana's returning health, I determined to depart from Scotland without delay. Montrose held his resolution to accompany me to England. The innocent Emma could not conceal her delight at this resolution; my wife was pleased, and I seemed so, but her pleasure destroyed my satisfaction.

Spite of myself, I began to treat Montrose with coolness and reserve. Sensible of no change in his own mind, he perceived not mine immediately. It soon became too evident to escape his notice; he expostulated with me on the apparent decline of my friendship, and I appeared hurt by the charge. To remove his suspicions, I concealed my own; I even affected to esteem him more than ever. But my expressions were accompanied with an air of constraint which contradicted their tenor.

Montrose perceived it, but mistook the cause. He seemed to consider my behaviour as the effect of caprice and fickleness. This idea concerned him at first, and then insensibly weakened his attachment towards me.

Notwithstanding the mutual distrust which possessed us, we did not separate. We quitted Edinburgh, and reached my castle in a few days.

Amana, now wholly restored to health, resumed the natural bent of her disposition, which was gay and cheerful. She uttered a thousand playful sallies of innocent mirth.—She formed various plans for our amusement.

Her solicitude displeased me—"It is for Montrose," said I to myself. I condemned the thought, but could not lose it. Fitz-Osborne soon added one more to our society.—Ashamed of my sensations, and afraid of his discernment, I concealed them more carefully than ever. He was deceived—he congratulated me on a happiness I felt not.—Pleasure seemed to pervade my dwelling—every thing smiled—all were at peace—but Montmorency.

Fitz-Osborne was called away by the illness of his fire. His absence, far from grieving me, seemed to remove a weight from my heart—I thought constraint less necessary when exempt from his observation. Again did care cloud my countenance—again did the gloom of suspicion resume

its place on my brow. Amana perceived my disquietude ; ignorant from whence it proceeded, her endeavours to allay it produced a contrary effect.

All things conspired for my guilt and her destruction.—Montrose, at that time, lost all his cheerfulness. Melancholy and absent, he entered no more into sprightly discourses, but spent most of his hours in solitude. My wife accused him of inattention to her and Emma—she would rally him in sport, and say he lamented some fair Scottish lady, to whom he had given his vows.

This ridicule appeared to hurt my sister. She would watch the countenance of Montrose—if he sighed, she answered that sigh with another—if he quitted the apartment, she would follow him with her eyes, and then sink into a deep and painful reverie.

I measured all these circumstances by the line of my jealous fancy. “ If Montrose loved Emma, said I, why should he not declare his passion without fear ? That she loves him, is as evident as her unhappiness, and from whence should this unhappiness arise, but from his neglect ? ”

The idea led to another, which was always present to my mind, though I sought to stifle it.

“ Ah ! resumed I, it is most certain he loves, and that my sister is not the object—What other then !—If Amana——”

I shuddered—I attempted to fly from my own thoughts ; it was impossible. I now treated Montrose, not merely with coldness, but a strong marked aversion. His melancholy redoubled, but he spoke not of returning to Scotland.

Some words that escaped one day from Amana, increased my torments. I had answered rudely to a question that Montrose had asked me, and he left the apartment where we were abruptly.

“ Dear spouse,” said Amana, throwing her arms around me, “ from whence proceeds this change in thy sentiments and conduct ? Montrose once possessed thy esteem, how has he lost it ? ”

“ Ha !

"Ha! (replied I, impetuously) art thou interested for Montrose?"—"My husband!" exclaimed Amana, in an accent of surprise.

I perceived my error; a burning blush dyed my cheek. "Forgive me, dear partner of my life, (said I, embracing her,) am I changed? I knew it not."

A tear started from Amana's eye—I kissed it off. "Indeed thou art changed, (said she, in a tone of tender reproof,) once thou wouldst have rejoiced in Amana's smiles; once thou wouldst have listened to her expostulations without anger."

"And I will do so still," cried I, pressing her to my bosom. She returned my endearments. We continued some time in the sweet transports of forgiving love, and my soul was again at peace.

Short was its duration. Amana seeing my composure, spoke again of Montrose. "He has no longer thy friendship or thy confidence, said she, were it not better that ye separated? Let him return to his own country, and not by his presence interrupt the happiness of an union of four years."

"And why should his presence interrupt it," cried I.

"Ah! Montmorency, she resumed, remember thy imprecation—beware of suspicion and distrust."

I started—she embraced me—I regarded her embraces as the soul of the serpent. Yet, at the same time, that my heart recoiled at this mark of her tenderness, I had affected to receive it with transport. To such baseness—such artifice, had jealousy reduced me!

"Why, said I to myself, why should she caution me against suspicion if she were innocent? Ah! 'tis too plain! They love each other; she would lull me to security, by desiring the absence of Montrose."

While I thus continued to torment myself, Fitz-Osborne, by the decease of his father, became Earl Fitz-Osborne. Filial affection induced him to lament an event, which another, less noble, had regarded with joy. I would have participated in his affliction, but my own engrossed me wholly. He knew not the reason of my neglect, and resented it. I saw him no more—the crisis of my fate approached.

One morning in rising from my couch, I perceived a paper lying upon my pillow. It would have escaped my notice, but that the following direction caught my eye: "To the injured Montmorency." I grasped it in my hand, and passed quickly into the anti-chamber, fearful of awakening Amana.

Great Heaven! what did I feel on perusing its contents? They informed me of what I had before too fatally conjectured. That my wife and Montrose entertained an ardent passion for each other—that the melancholy of the latter, his pensiveness, his desire of solitude, were assumed for the purpose of deceiving me, and furthering his interviews with Amana, which were frequent and secret.

While I stood almost deprived of sense, my favorite domestic entered the anti-chamber. At the sight of the paper and my attitude, he trembled, and seemed much agitated.

I perceived these appearances; it struck me that he was the intelligencer. I advanced suddenly towards the door, barred it, and held out the paper. He dropped on his knees, and manifested all the tokens of terror and consternation.

"Speak, said I, faltering, "art thou the author of this caution?" "My master!"—He paused. "Proceed, (cried I, in a voice half choaked with rage,) declare my shame!" "Pardon thy servant, he replied, too much already art thou affected; better it were, perhaps, that ignorance——" "Dost thou dally with me? (exclaimed I,) pursue thy work—this instant speak—declare all thou knowest, or torments shall wrest the secret from thee!"

"Ah! my imprudent zeal, (cried he, assuming a terrified aspect) to what has it reduced me!"

"By Heaven! cried I, (snatching up a sword) if thou dost trifle more, this weapon shall be buried in thy heart!"

He arose—"I will satisfy my master, said he, I was indeed the writer of that paper—fatal, since it has thus disturbed thee. Would to God my hand had withered ere— Spare thy displeasure, continued he, I will tell thee all."

He then confirmed the contents of the paper, and added many more circumstances, any one of which was enough to agonize my soul.

"Curse blast the wretch! cried I, who has robbed me of my Amana's love! who has violated her innocence! may the wrath of Heaven overtake Montmorency if he punish not his perfidy!"

My domestic interrupted the effusions of my rage. He besought me to moderate my transports, and to follow his counsel. He represented to me that Amana and Montrose were now too guarded in their conduct to furnish me with any proofs of their guilt—that it was better to increase their security, by a feigned composure, and even to pretend a visit to Fitz-Osborne, but still continue concealed in the castle. The idea of my absence, he said, would render them less careful of hiding their intrigue, and I might then have both conviction and revenge.

Blinded by jealousy, I applauded this counsel, and determined to embrace it. The idea of vengeance inspired me with a horrible joy; I doubted not whether it was just. I thought only of executing it. My domestic exacted a promise from me to dissemble till he gave the signal.

Seven days did I pass in agonies. During that time I observed, as well as my distraction would allow, that Emma had regained her wonted cheerfulness, and seemed pleased and happy. Montrose appeared too, to have forgot his melancholy in some measure; Amana smiled, and all added fresh fuel to my tortures, I imagined they had conspired to deceive my sister; that thought made me pant anew for the hour of vengeance.

It arrived. My domestic informed me it was now time to visit Fitz-Osborne. I told my purpose to Amana; she encouraged it. With difficulty could I restrain the rage of my heart. "Yet a little while, said I, and I shall be satisfied."

I set off, but returned at midnight. My confederate admitted me unperceived. I concealed myself in an unfrequented chamber, and continued there till the ensuing evening. At its close my domestic entered—"Now," said he; and paused.

It was enough. I grasped my sword, and followed his steps; they led to the chamber of Amana. The door was half open. I behold Montrose kneeling at her feet. I heard her speak to him in a tender voice; I saw him press her hand to his lips.

Fury possessed me—I rushed in; I plunged my sword in his breast—He fell back, bereft of life. Amana shrieked.

“Ah! traitress!” cried I, drawing my weapon from the body of Montrose, “thou shalt die!” I pierced her bosom—O Heaven! And yet I live!

While I hung, already repentant of the stroke, over my bleeding faint, Emma rushed in. She looked at the corpse of Montrose—“O God!” cried she wildly, throwing herself on the ground, “O God! my spouse; my betrothed; my beloved!” I started. “It is true, (said the dying Amana,) my husband; some horrible mystery has deceived thee.” “Ha! cried I, say not I am deceived! Was not Montrose thy paramour?”

“It is now my consolation, replied Amana, that I have been chaste and faithful since the first moment our hands were united. If I have strayed from my duty to thee, even in thought, may that Judge, before whom I go to appear, punish my falsehood with the sentence of eternal wrath!”

“Then I am a wretch for ever? exclaimed I. But stay—did I not see him at thy feet? Didst thou not regard him with loving—with impassioned glances?”

“Alas! said Amana, faintly, thou sawest through the medium of jealousy. He loved—he was married to Emma; he implored me to intercede —”

She could no more; her voice faltered. The stream of life bubbled from her wound apace. I uttered loud cries; my domestics came running in. “O Heaven! who has done this?” they exclaimed. Stupified with excess of misery, I spoke not. They surrounded their mistress, attempted to stanch her blood, and bore her to a couch. I flew to the couch; I knelt beside it; “Save her! cried I, save her!” and take all the wealth of Montmorency!”

“It is too late, cried Amana, I feel the approach of death, but I die satisfied if thou believest me innocent.”—She paused——“Look to the forlorn Emma, (added she,

in an interrupted voice), Ah! wretched maid; her peace is gone for ever!"

My sister, insensible to all around her, had continued entranced in sorrow over the body of Montrose. Amana's accents now struck her ear; she raised her head. "Ah! cried she, flows thy blood too, my gentle sister!" She arose, ran towards the couch, and clasped my expiring comfort in her arms. "What barbarian—what monster"—"Thou seest him before thee," said I, in a voice of horror.

"Art thou the murderer of Amana, and Montrose? (cried she, wildly,) then take one more victim; thou art not yet glutted with blood!" Quick as thought she flew to the fatal sword, seized it, raised her arm, and struck it with force to her heart. At that instant the spirit of Amana fled, and my senses forsook me.

I was reserved to bear a fresh load of misery and remorse. On awaking from this state, my mind was in a chaos of doubt, confusion, and grief. My domestics had borne me to a distant apartment. I looked round for the afflicting objects that had last met my sight, "Where is Amana? where is my sister? where is Montrose?" cried I.

While I spoke, Catherine rushed into the chamber with a frantic air.

"Dost thou ask? cried she, thou who hast destroyed them! What infernal agent guided thy hand to commit so horrible a deed? Thou hast not only murdered thy wife, thy sister, and thy friend, but thy own offspring—the chaste pledge of connubial love!—thy wife was pregnant!"

Judge of my torments. Excess of agony had given me an appearance of calmness. Catherine mistook it for insensibility.

"What, she exclaimed, not one sigh—one tear—one groan? If thy heart is not formed of adamant, I will force it to feel. Know, that one day since, thy sister and Montrose were joined in holy nuptial bands."

"Speak that again," cried I, aroused from my stupor.

"My words are true, she resumed; they were united in the chapel of the monastery. I was their confidante and their witness. Montrose had observed thy coldness; he

he imputed it to the discovery of his passion for thy sister. From thence arose his melancholy, and Emma's sorrow. They at length communicated to each other their mutual sensations. Too strongly enamoured for prudence, they resolved to separate no more. My mistress was unacquainted with the secret of their marriage. This night Montrose determined to implore her intercession with thee."

"It is enough," cried I, in a tone of anguish. "I have shed innocent blood. But where is the wretch—the devil who has undone me?"

I named the traitor. My servants flew in search of him. He was yet in the castle; they dragged him trembling from his lurking place, and brought him to my presence.

I had returned to the victims of my revenge, and his treachery. I was employed in mourning over them, in imprecating curses on his head and my own, when the miscreant entered. Fired with rage, I would have torn away his life, but my domestics surrounded and restrained me.

"Traitor!—monster! exclaimed I, what has induced thee to urge me to a deed, which has damned my soul?"

"Pardon! pardon!" said the wretch, dropping on his knees. "Lady Ruthven"—"Ha! what of her?" interrupted I. She was the mover of this business; she bribed me to her interest; she commanded me to deceive thee. I obeyed her. Too fatal obedience! I expected not—"

Ah! devil! (exclaimed I, foaming) I will have thee torn piecemeal! Thou shalt expire in tortures, great as thou hast inflicted on my heart!"

My brain sickened; madness seized me; I lost all recollection for several weeks. Kind oblivion! had it continued; but no; I deserved it not. When my senses returned, I learned that my wife, Emma, and Montrose, had been interred in the cemetery of the cloyster; that my deceiver had been punished with death, and my pardon granted by the King.

But I had still an inexorable and unappeasable judge.—Conscience suffered me not to rest. I resolved on a most bitter and unceasing penance. I determined to forsake the society of men, and all the indulgencies of life.

I made over my estates in England to the monastery, which contained the remains of those I held most dear. I only required in return, that the holy virgins should sing perpetual requiems for their repose. Amana's possessions I bequeathed to her nearest kinsmen; and then, causing a report to be spread of my death, forsook the world for ever.

One domestic only was in the secret of my retreat.— By his care I am supplied with just enough of homely sustenance to lengthen my penance, by supporting my life.

Thirty years of painful existence have I passed in this cell. Every six months I quit it to perform a vow which I swore on the return of my reason, of making a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, twice each revolving year. Often have I thought of going to the monastery, and as often been deterred, by the dread of offending the shades of those I have injured. Such was my guilt! such is my penitence! Is it too severe? Can it atone for the wild sallies of unbridled passion—for the desperate acts of black revenge?"

MARIAN

MARIAN AND LYDIA.

“ She sets like stars that fall to rise no more.”

THE sun was sunk beneath the western hills, his parting beams made the horizon flame with burnished gold, and darted on the topmost branches of the lofty trees of a neighbouring forest. Autumn had not put off her pleasing robe, nor had the gentle zephyr forsook the plain to give place to his rude brother Boreas. The ground was strewn with leaves of various hues, the ripened fruit hung on the bending trees, and fields of waving golden grain, rendered the scene delightful.

Marian and Lydia having finished their daily task, set aside their wheels with alacrity, and tying on their straw bonnets, prepared to enjoy the beauties of the evening, by rambling over the adjacent fields and meadows.

They were innocent and sprightly as the young fawn that lightly bounds over the verdant lawn; smiling youth and rosy health glowed upon their cheeks, and sparkled in their eyes, their wishes untaught by art or luxury to stray beyond the bounds which simple nature had marked out, were easily supplied; they arose each morn with the feathered choristers, and cheerfully pursued their daily labour; the evening was their time for mirth. Innocence presided over all their pleasures, and meek-eyed content on downy pinions hovered over their homely couch, sweetening their quiet slumbers.

Their

Their cottage was situated in a pleasant valley, on the borders of Wales; it was plain and rural, it contained every necessary, but no superfluities; simplicity had decorated it, and the neatness of its furniture rendered it more pleasing to the rustic inhabitants than the most sumptuous palace.

Here Marian and Lydia, by their cheerfulness and industry, enlivened the declining hours of their mother Dorcas.

Beware, said the careful mother, beware my children, tarry not too long, lest the evening damps should impair your health, and rob your mother of her only comforts.

The sisters departed, and as they wandered over the fields, in the innocent gaiety of their hearts caroled forth their songs in wild untutored, but melodious notes.

Sir George Lovemore had arrived a few days before at Gwinfred-hall, to visit a maiden aunt, whose unlimited fortune demanded this mark of respect—for with the virtues of her mind, or the sweetness of her manner, he was totally unacquainted. — Mrs. Gwinfred's unaffected piety, good-humour, and amiable disposition, were things totally disregarded by the young libertine; though the visit was professedly made to her, yet he spent but a small share of his time in her company. He was continually rambling from one place to another, making visits to those neighbouring gentlemen whose opinions and manners most suited with his own. He was this evening returning from a visit to the Earl of Landaff; he was seated in an elegant phaeton, drawn by four beautiful bays, his servants were in their best travelling liveries, which were green faced with buff, and superbly trimmed with gold lace; they proceeded slowly, the animals seeming to partake of their master's indolence.

Marian and Lydia had wandered to the road, and were just crossing it with an intent to enter a small wood on the other side, when this magnificent equipage impeded their way. They had never before seen any thing half so grand—they stopped involuntarily to admire it as it passed; the wind had blown off Marian's bonnet, her luxuriant brown hair, falling in ringlets over her face and neck, served as a shade to heighten, but not obscure her charms.

Sir George caught a glimpse of her person, and in her little white jacket, simple and unadorned, she appeared to him like a wood nymph; her form was delicate, her stature rather below the middling size. He alighted from his phaeton, and offering his hand to Marian, said he would assist her in crossing the road; he seized her unreluctant hand, he gazed earnestly upon her face, and felt in a moment his heart was captivated by this rustic fascinating beauty; the modest inobtrusive charms of Lydia were unnoticed, he called her sister by a thousand divine appellations, which, as they had never heard before, at once excited their wonder and their fears.

Leave us, good Sir, said Lydia, for we must return home, and should our mother see you, she would be angry with us; besides, Sir, we country maidens are not used to converse with such grand folks, and mayhap you will laugh at our simplicity. They then dropped their curtsies, and wishing him a good night, would have left him, but he stopped Marian, and attempted rudely to salute her; she shrieked, struggled, and at length freeing herself from his hold, caught her sister's hand, and darting across the field, they were presently out of sight.

Sir George gazed after them for a moment, then, ascending his carriage, determined in his own mind to attempt the seduction of Marian. He made no doubt but she would again walk the same way, and resolved every night to ramble out in hopes of meeting her.

The sisters slackened not their pace till they arrived within sight of their mother's cottage. Dorcas, uneasy at their long stay, had walked forth to meet them; their haste and confusion alarmed her. Tell me, my children, said she, why are you thus agitated? has any thing frightened you, or has any of the low-bred clowns insulted you, why would you walk so late?

Dear mother, cried Lydia, a gentleman stopped us, and was so rude to my sister. Rude, said Marian, interrupting her, he only wanted to kiss me, and I ran away from him. But you cannot think what a fine gentleman he was, so handsome, and he had such a pretty thing to ride in, dear, dear, how I should like to ride in such an one.

I am surprised, Marian, said Dorcas, gravely, to hear you talk thus; it becomes not a girl of your humble station to speak in such raptures of the beauty of a gentleman, or the grandeur of his equipage, much less to form wishes to be indulged by riding in it.

Why surely, dear mother, said she, it is no harm to wish. It is wrong, my dear child, (replied the tender mother) very wrong to form wishes which we are certain, from the situation in which it has pleased Providence to place us, can never be laudably gratified. You know, Marian, 'tis impossible you can ever possess a splendid equipage. Oh! dear, said Marian, I do not think so; mayhap the fine gentleman may be in love with me; I am sure he called me by a many pretty names.

Dorcas shook her head, and sighed. And how, said she, looking mournfully at Marian, how has vanity found entrance in a heart I had hoped was the seat of innocence and content. Don't be angry with my sister, dear mother, said Lydia, to be sure the gentleman did talk a great deal about beauty and goddesses, but I dare say he meant nothing. That's nothing but envy, said Marian, peevishly, because he did not say any thing to you. For of what use would it be to him to say I was the loveliest girl he ever saw, if he did not think so, that would be fibing for fibing sake.

Dorcas smiled at her simplicity, while she regretted that those sparks of vanity which had ever lain dormant, had by flattery been blown into a flame. They entered the cottage, and sat down to a rural supper of milk and fruit; during the repast Marian could think nor speak of ought beside the gentleman.

Lydia was silent, and Dorcas now and then sighed profoundly, while a tear fell as she reverted in her thoughts to occurrences long since past; when they had finished their temperate meal, she thus addressed her daughters.

My dear children, you have often heard me say, that you lost your father when you were quite infants, in that I told you truth; he is lost, irreparably lost to you and me, but it was not death that tore him from us. I have ever avoided mentioning any of the occurrences of my past life,

life, lest it should pain your gentle affectionate hearts, but I find now the hour is arrived when the mother's sorrows shall serve as a warning to the daughters, to teach them to avoid those shoals and quicksands on which was wrecked her happiness and peace. Listen attentively, and while you weep over my misfortunes, let the errors which brought them on me sink deep in your hearts, remember they were the cause of your mother's ruin, and shun them through the course of your own lives as you would a poisonous or obnoxious reptile.

I was the only daughter of a farmer in the west of England. He in his youth, by integrity and fidelity, so well recommended himself to the favor of the nobleman, of whom at that time he rented a farm, that he made him steward of all his estates, which were situated in that country. I had the misfortune to lose my mother before I had seen sixteen years; she was a woman of exemplary piety, she had early inculcated in my mind a love of religion and virtue, and taught me that humility, charity, and cheerful content were the true marks of christianity. Had I never suffered those excellent precepts to depart from my mind, I should never have experienced the many miseries which have since marked my unhappy life.

During the life of this worthy parent, I lived extremely retired, she superintended my education, which was such as might render me a useful member of society, but she bestowed very little time on the shewy accomplishments which are set so high a price on in the present age, and which, though they are certainly necessary to finish the education of a gentlewoman, are very immaterial to those who expect to move but in the middle sphere.

After my mother's decease, I took the entire charge of my father's family upon me, did the honors of his table, received and entertained all his visitants, and made frequent excursions abroad; I was thoughtless, vain, and giddy. I never before heard the voice of adulation, which now assailed my ears from almost every man with whom I conversed. I listened to it eagerly, and like, my simple Marian, placed an implicit faith in all they said.

My heart was full of sensibility, and being deprived of my mother, whom I had ever considered and loved as a friend, I began to look round for some female object on whom to settle those affectionate feelings, to whom I might unbosom all my little inquietudes, consult and advise with on trifling embarrassments and vexations, which at that time I considered as serious troubles.

Unfortunately for me, the Earl of S—— to whom my father was steward, at that time came into the country, and brought with him his daughter, Lady Laura S— and a young gentleman whom I shall call Melfont; he was the second son of a noble family, and tho' then only nineteen years old, had obtained the rank of captain in the army; his fortune was large, having inherited his mother's jointure, but he had chosen the profession of arms, as he thought the character of a good foldier increased the dignity of the gentleman.

Lady Laura was nearly of my own age, chance one evening threw me in her way, as I was walking with my father, and though fortune had placed so great a distance between us, she professed a friendship for me, which highly gratified my vanity, and delighted my father, as he thought it would contribute to my future advancement in life. But alas, my children, it was the source from whence I might trace all my misfortunes.

Lady Laura was lovely in her person, and gentle in her manners, she possessed a susceptible heart, and I thought her the pattern of all female perfection; but in this I was woefully deceived. She had that selfish principle inherent in her nature, which made her prefer her own happiness to that of the whole world beside; however, this was an error which I did not discover till she had brought inevitable ruin on me, and unfeelingly triumphed in the misery she had occasioned.

From the evening of our first interview, she continually formed pretences to call at my father's, and at length, by the Earl's permission, invited me to pass a few weeks with her at Seymour castle. My father joyfully consented to my accepting the proffered honor, and the day being appointed, Lady Laura herself came in the chariot to fetch me.

It

It was near dinner time when I arrived, I felt myself rather abashed on being presented to the Earl, and conscious of my inferiority, my face glowed with confusion. Lord S—— was a venerable and truly worthy nobleman; he said many obliging things to me, which in some measure encouraged me, and I began to look and speak with a tolerable degree of freedom, when being informed that dinner was served, the Earl led me into the dining room and presented me to Captain Melfont.

All my confusion now returned. I blushed, trembled, and hardly knew how I behaved during dinner; I had never before conversed with a man so well-bred, polite, and agreeable, as Captain Melfont. I wished to appear engaging, and conscious of my own insignificance, shrunk as it were into nothing, and a thousand times wished myself at home again. All day I was uneasy and dissatisfied with myself: Every accomplishment Lady Laura displayed, made me regret not possessing the same, that I might equally with her contribute to the amusement and share the applause of Melfont.

In the course of a few days my constraint gradually decreased, the polite freedom with which I was treated by Lady Laura, and the pointed attentions I experienced from Melfont, contributed to raise me in my own esteem, and I became cheerful and happy.

As I had ever been accustomed to early rising, I was in general up some hours sooner than Lady Laura, and usually spent the time till breakfast in the garden, sometimes with a book, and sometimes with my work. Melfont had frequently joined me in these little morning excursions, and I believe it was the pleasure I experienced in his company, which made me so often repeat them. At first he was polite, unconstrained and cheerful, but he soon grew thoughtful, pensive, and even absent. I saw the change with regret; I almost, unknown to myself, shared his uneasiness, and whenever he sighed involuntarily, echoed his sighs responsively.

At length I assumed courage to enquire the cause of his melancholy; he hesitated for a few moments, and then in faltering accents declared himself my lover, at the same time saying, he had not the least hope of ever being happy,
conjured

conjured me to forget him, pressed my hand to his lips, and left me with precipitation.

I now discovered the state of my own heart, I felt the greatest satisfaction in the knowledge of being beloved; but my affliction was great when I reflected he had said, an insurmountable barrier was placed between us. I was weak enough to shed tears, and could hardly summon composure enough to attend Lady Laura, at the usual hour of breakfast—though I was conscious that the indulging an hopeless passion would entail lasting misery upon me, I never once attempted to subdue it, or stifle emotions which my own reason told me were improper and imprudent in a young person in my humble station; though I am certain, had I, when I first discovered my growing partiality for Melfont, immediately left Seymour Castle, returned home, and by entering with avidity into all my usual avocations, strove to banish him from my mind, and cautiously avoided all opportunities of seeing or conversing with him, I should soon have conquered the predeliction, and regained my usual tranquillity, but I wanted resolution to fly the society of a man whose presence I fancied constituted my chief happiness.

Solitude is the nurse of youthful passion—In this I was fully indulged at Seymour castle, being allowed to pass my time in a manner most suitable to my own inclination, whilst Lady Laura was engaged with her several masters, who yet daily attended her. I had at the same time contracted a habit of reading for several hours in the day, and unfortunately in the late Countess's library met with several novels, a sort of reading with which my dear girls are totally unacquainted. Those books served only to soften my mind and increase my passion, so that, by never attempting to repel it in it's first approach, it in time gained an entire ascendancy over my heart, formed a part of my existence, twined round the chords of life, and can be extinguished only by the hand of death.

Here Dorcas paused to give vent to her tears; Marian wept with her; Lydia threw her arms round her mother's neck, and kissing off the drops as they fell upon her cheeks, vowed that no action of her's should ever increase the anguish which already weighed down her too susceptible heart

heart. They then retired for the night, Lydia to the soft repose that ever attends youth and innocence ; Marian to reflect on the fine things Sir George had said, and Dorcas to weep over past afflictions.

The sun had just darted his rays upon the distant mountains, the dew still glittered on the waving grass, when Dorcas forsook her restless couch, and summoned her daughters to their daily labour, having paid their adoration to the divine disposer of all things, and partook of a frugal breakfast, she again continued her recital.

For several mornings after the explanation I mentioned, I repaired as usual to the garden, but Melfont did not join me, indeed he seemed particularly studious to avoid every opportunity of conversing with me without a third person being present. I was extremely uneasy at this conduct, I imagined he supposed me too much his inferior to be made the honorable partner of his fortune, and in my heart I thanked him for that honor, which prevented his soliciting me on other terms ; yet the visible constraint he put upon himself, in attempting to appear cheerful, pained me excessively ; I became absent, melancholy, and dejected.

Lady Laura frequently interrogated me in her lively manner on the cause of my altered disposition, and one morning when Melfont was in the room, she jocularly said, Why, my good cousin Charles, what in the name of wonder possesses you to be so dull, one would think some enchantment prevailed at Seymour Castle, and that the very air was infectious, here is my lively Dory, metamorphosed into musing melancholy ; and you, my late giddy cousin, become the grave sentimental philosopher. I verily believe a certain blind deity has been busy with you ; come hither, Charles, let me see where the arrow entered, is the wound deep ?

Melfont answered rather peevishly, and left the room. I felt my face glow, and my heart throbbed violently ; Lady Laura saw my emotion—Poor dear, said she, did it fall in love, and had it no hope ; well, well, never mind it, 'twas all involuntary, I'll be sworn.

Oh ! Lady Laura, said I, despise me not for my weakness. I could say no more, tears burst from my eyes, and I hid my face with my handkerchief.

My

My dear Dory, said she, taking my hand, I did not mean to pain your gentle heart, I have long seen the tenderness subsisting between my cousin and you, and assure you it has given me peculiar pleasure ; but my sweet little friend, you must be rather cautious to guard your secret, for should my father discover it, he will use every method to prevent an union between you ever taking place, for Charles Melfont is designed by him the husband of your Laura.

Had I been transfixed by lightning, my countenance could not have expressed more horror and surprise. I felt in a moment that I must appear a monster of ingratitude in the eyes of the Earl, when he should find I had thus, tho' unintentionally, counteracted his designs, in regard to his daughter's future settlement. I told Lady Laura, after what I had just heard, I should think myself unpardonable to remain any longer at Seymour Castle, or ever suffer Melfont to entertain me again in the character of a lover. I requested her to suffer me to return home, and said, I would, if possible, avoid ever seeing him again.

She laughed at what she called my delicate scruples, and told me, she had in her own mind planned out future schemes of happiness for us all ; for to tell you the truth, said she, I have no great inclination to Charles, being engaged both by inclination and solemn promises, to a young man of no great fortune, though of a good family, he is at present only an ensign in the guards, so that I am certain my father will never consent to our union ; but you know, my dear Dory, if you accept Melfont, I can then avow my choice openly, and you will at once render yourself happy, and confer an obligation on your friend.

In this manner did the artful Laura work on my feelings, and at length won Melfont over to her party. We were frequently witnesses to private interviews between her lover and herself, and in a short time so far forgot what was due to our parents, and to our own interest and honor, that we not only planned her escape, but accompanied her flight, and the same ceremony united Lady Laura to Mr. Walsh, and your mother to Melfont.

When

When we returned to Seymour castle, we found it a seat of tumult and confusion; the Earl refused us admittance, and my father irritated at my ingratitude to his patron and benefactor, would not suffer me to enter his habitation, nor did I, from that unhappy day, ever see him; my behaviour had such an impression on his mind, that he fell into a deep melancholy, which soon put a period to his existence; the whole possessions were left to his nearest male relation, and my name was only mentioned in the will, that he might reprobate my ingratitude.

I can truly say, the affliction I felt when informed of his decease, proceeded solely from the reflection, that I deserved his anger, and had not seen him, or endeavoured to gain his pardon before his death.

The anguish of my heart was beyond expression, but the unremitting tenderness which I experienced from my husband soon hushed my griefs to rest, and I became tranquil, and even happy. Alas! this scene of serene pleasure was not long to last; it fled away like a vision, and like a passing shadow left no trace behind.

One year of connubial love was past, when you, my beloved girls, were in one day ushered into the world. Melfont was disappointed, he had hoped for a boy, as his family had never been reconciled to what they termed so disproportionate a match, he imagined such an event might in some measure have conciliated their regard, but the birth of my daughters frustrated these hopes? however he still continued the kind attentive husband.

I lived extremely retired, consoling myself for the loss of every pleasure which a person of my age might wish to enjoy, in Melfont's affection; and while that continued, I had no wish ungratified.

Lady Laura frequently visited me; her father had never forgiven her precipitate marriage, nor did he ever give her any fortune.

Walsh had married more from the hope of aggrandizing himself than from any affection he felt for her ladyship. When he found these hopes were illusive, he threw off the mask, and treated her with contempt and unkindness, by which means he rendered her life extremely wretched.

She saw the love and harmony which subsisted between your father and me, and from that spirit of envy which hates to see happiness in another family, which it cannot enjoy at home, she determined to undermine my felicity, and render me as completely wretched as herself.

There is a caprice in the heart of man, or rather a depravity in their natures, which leads them to neglect and despise a woman totally in their power, and pursue with avidity those who, by almost insurmountable obstacles, are placed at a distance from them. This was exactly the case with Melfont. When Lady Laura was offered to him by her father, when wealth and honor would have attended his acceptance of her, he rejected her; but now, irrevocably united to me, and Laura the wife of another, he began to feel a passion for her, and to wish he had not married so precipitately.

This passion was at first admitted into his bosom under the mask of pity, he would listen to the frequent complaints she made of her hard fate, soothe her distress, and offer every consolation in his power.

For some time I joined him in endeavouring to alleviate the sorrows of the unhappy Laura; but at length his attentions to her became too pointed to escape the penetrating eye of watchful tenderness, and I was unable to stifle that jealousy which I had long strove to suppress.

However afflicted I might be, at the visible alteration in your father's manner, I suffered no complaint to break forth, but nursed my corroding sorrows in silence and solitude; in his presence I endeavoured to appear chearful, though my heart was almost broken by his unkindness.

Two years had passed in this dreadful manner, when Mr. Walsh died, and Lady Laura became a blooming widow. Lord S——, her father, was at that time upon the continent; therefore she had no opportunity to make an immediate personal application to him for reconciliation.

Lady Laura had long treated me with a cool hauteur, she now no longer wore even the semblance of politeness, but whenever she came to the house, would either not speak to me at all, or treat me with the most cruel disrespect. I ventured to complain to Melfont of her ungener-

ous behaviour, when his answer struck me almost dumb with sorrow and astonishment.

I am surprised, madam, said he, that you should complain to me in this manner, what right have you to expect particular attention from a woman of Lady Laura's distinction, I think she does you too much honor by condescending to enter the house where you live. You should consider, Dory, you are only my mistress.—“Your mistress, Melfont?”—Yes, surely; you know I was under age when the ceremony was performed. I have never introduced you to my family as my wife, nor have they ever considered you as such.

I heard no more, a cold damp came over me, I shuddered, and fell lifeless to the floor. When I recovered, I found your cruel father had left me, in that state of insensibility, to the care of his servants. I gave free vent to my sorrows in a flood of tears, and then summoning all the fortitude I could to my assistance, called for pen and ink, and wrote a letter to Melfont, a copy of which I have preserved.

TO MELFONT.

SIR,

SINCE you inform me I am not your wife, be assured I retain too high a sense of honor to remain with you on any other terms; but do not flatter yourself I mean tamely to give up a title which I think I have undoubted right to, having received it at the altar, and borne it three years, during which time I have never disgraced it by thought, word, or action. Before you receive this, I shall be far advanced on my way towards Paris, where I mean to submit my cause to the decision of the Earl of S——, who, though I have greatly injured, is the only person I can at this time with propriety apply to, or hope to receive assistance from. I know him to be a nobleman of too much honor and humanity to suffer an insult offered to an unprotected woman to go unrevenged. He is the friend of

the widow and the fatherless, and in that rank I must place myself, and your unhappy children, till you restore me to that which no action of mine has ever forfeited.

Your affectionate,

but injured wife,

DORCAS MELFONT.

When I had finished this letter, I ordered a chaise and four, and bidding the servant put up a few things, took you, my beloved girls, and desiring the letter might be delivered to your father when he came home, which I knew would not be till late at night, set off full speed to Dover.

We travelled all night, and was lucky enough to arrive just as a packet was sailing for Calais, I immediately embarked, a few hours wasted us across the channel, and I then travelled with as much speed as possible to Paris. It was late when I arrived, and being greatly fatigued with my journey, I determined to stay till the next morning before I waited on the Earl. I took an hasty supper and retired, in hopes to recruit my exhausted frame by sleep.

The next morning I arose early, and dressing myself, took my dear children in my hand, and repaired to the Earl's. I was with difficulty admitted, and when I entered the room where his Lordship was at breakfast, my agitation was so great I could scarcely stand.

Dorcas! said his Lordship, starting from his seat.—Oh! my Lord, said I, (throwing myself at his feet, and presenting my girls to him) behold a miserable woman and two helpless infants, who, without your assisting hand, must be plunged in infamy and inevitable ruin.—Rise, Dorcas, said his Lordship, explain yourself, your agitation at present deranges your ideas.

I then in a few words told him, that Melfont had disowned me for his wife, and that I was certain he meant to marry Lady Laura.

Heaven forbid, said the Earl, that my poor infatuated girl should add such an heinous offence against humanity, to the catalogue of her former crimes. Oh! Dorcas, her undutiful behaviour has been like a viper preying upon
my

my heart; and to increase my affliction, I have been told she has dishonoured even the man for whom she forsook her father's protection. But this will be an act to make honor and humanity blush. Be comforted, continued he, for the sake of these poor innocents, I will not suffer your wrongs to pass unnoticed or unredressed.—Cheered by these kind expressions, I returned to my lodgings, with a heart considerably lightened, and was desired to call on the Earl again in about ten days, when he should have had time to consult what was best to be done. On the appointed morning I repaired to the Earl; I found him seated at a table writing, a letter lay unfolded before him.

Dorcas, said he, (rising and leading me to a seat) I have received letters from England since I saw you.—Do they mention me, my Lord?—Yes, they say you have long led a very dissolute life, and that you have eloped from your husband with a young officer, and taken with you a quantity of money and jewels.—Heaven forgive them, said I, and burst into tears.—But this is not all, my poor girl, continued the Earl, you have worse trials than this to encounter.

Then I hope God will give me fortitude to support them, said I, but indeed my heart is almost broke already. However, my Lord, let me know the worst, and I will endeavour to bear it with patience.

Melfont is married to Lady Laura!

Cruel Melfont, how have I deserved this inhuman usage!

After you left me the other day, said the Earl, I sent a messenger express to endeavour to procure a certificate of your marriage, and to take a letter to Laura, promising pardon and forgetfulness of all that was past if she would not marry Melfont, but in case she chose to follow the bent of her own depraved inclination, to never assume the title of my daughter again, for from that moment I would disown her. My messenger returned yesterday, and informs me, it is impossible to procure a certificate, as the clergyman who married you was dead, and that the day after you left England, Melfont publicly espoused Lady Laura.

Merciful

Merciful heaven, said I, (sinking on my knees) to your care I commit my dear injured children. Oh! suffer them not to be punished for the sins of their parents; make me the object of thy wrath for my disobedience and ingratitude; but, Oh, of thy infinite mercy avert the shafts of keen adversity from the bosom of my beloved girls.

The Earl was affected, he dropped a tear in compassion to my anguish, and promised to be my protector. The next day he gave me a deed, in which he settled this cottage and its appendages, with one hundred pounds a year, on me during my life, and to be continued to my children as long as they, by their conduct, should merit his protection. I remained in France a few days, just to recruit my strength and spirits, and then set forward for this place, where I have lived now seventeen years, endeavouring to form the minds of my children in such a manner, that the follies which occasioned their mother's misfortunes might never find entrance in their hearts.

Oh! Marian, listen not to the voice of adulation, stifle every rising ambitious thought, be humble, be innocent, and be happy.

Marian listened attentively to the affecting recital of her mother's sorrow, but every syllable sunk deep into the heart of Lydia. I will daily think of your distresses, my dear mother, said she, and they will serve as a shield to my heart, and render it invulnerable to the attacks of vanity, or the illusion of passion.

And is my father living? said Marian.—I know not, replied her mother; but if he is, he can never be any thing to you; he has renounced us all.

It was inhuman, my dear mother, to deprive us of that rank in life, we were born to fill, and which I flatter myself we should not have disgraced.

Foolish Marian, said the anxious mother, why regret the loss of such a trifle; be virtuous, my child, you will then elevate the most humiliating station, and rise superior to those whose only boast is wealth and titles, to render them the envy of the blind misguided multitude. Virtue alone is true nobility; content is real happiness.

Lydia's

Lydia's heart responsive echoed her mother's sentiments—Marian sighed, and was silent.

The moon in majestic splendor illumined the sky, and darted her silver beams through the ancient elms that shaded Dorcas's cottage. The sisters were seated by the door, and in obedience to their mother's command, were pouring forth their thanksgiving to the giver of all blessings in an evening hymn. They had just finished when a rustling among the bushes made them start; a beautiful pointer ran into the cottage, and in a moment a servant in livery appeared, and enquired the way to Gwinfred-Hall. Dorcas directed him which way to go. He said he was weary, requested a drop of water, and leave to rest. Lydia went to fetch him some cyder, Dorcas moved towards the door, and silently admired the beauty of the spangled firmament.

The man seized the opportunity, and delivered to the lovely unsuspecting Marian a letter from Sir George Lovemore.

Love and ambition had already taught her art, she hastily took the offered letter, and hid it in her bosom. Alas, simple maid, you there fostered a serpent, whose subtle poison tainted your very heart.

The servant, having compleated his errand, retired, and Marian found means to peruse her letter; it abounded with professions of love, vows of everlasting fidelity, and encomiums on her beauty. She read it with rapture, and though so recently warned of the duplicity of men, believed every syllable it contained. In conclusion, he solicited a private interview the next morning, in the field adjoining her mother's cottage. Marian paused at this request, hesitated—read the letter again, and resolved to comply.

During supper she was thoughtful and absent, and when the usual hour of rest arrived, she retired with an anxious perturbed mind; sleep was a stranger to her eyes, and several times she almost resolved to shew the letter to Lydia, and request her to accompany her—but then Sir George had desired her to come alone, he might be offended, and she might never see him again. Vanity also pleaded, he might marry her, raise her to an exalted station, and should his

his views be otherwise than honorable, she certainly had resolution to withstand his sollicitations.

In this manner did she wear out the tedious night; at five o'clock she stole softly from the side of her innocent sleeping sister, and with as little noise as possible opened the door that led into the fields. Aurora had but faintly streaked the eastern skies with mingled gold and purple, when the ill-fated Marian met her lover.

He thanked her for her condescension, told her his whole happiness depended on her, and urged her immediate flight with him to London. Marian hesitated, her mother, her sister, hung heavy at her heart.

Sir George was an adept in the art of seduction, he talked of gaiety, splendor and pleasure, swore she was born to grace the first station, declared it was a crime to bury so much beauty and sweetness in a desert.

Marian's reason was not convinced, but her vanity was awakened, and her senses dazzled, what wonder then that her scruples were overcome by Sir George's artful persuasions. She left the mansion of peace and innocence, and in a chaise which he had prepared for the purpose, hurried as fast as four horses would carry her to the seat of dissipation and folly.

Marian dropped a tear as she took a last look at the cottage, but Sir George kissed it off, and the reflection which had caused it to start, was instantly banished from her mind.

Lydia, on awaking, missed her sister, and hastily rising, ran into her mother's apartment, vexed that Marian should have been the first to bid her good morning. I am not used to be such a sluggard, my dear mother, said she, but my sister has received your blessing before me this morning. I have not seen your sister, said Dorcas, but as it is a fine morning, she has, no doubt, rambled out to enjoy its sweets, go, my beloved Lydia, and seek her.

Lydia left her mother, and sought her sister in the fields and woods; echo a thousand times repeated the name as she called her dear Marian; at length fatigued and dispirited, she was returning home, when she met a shepherd, who early attended his sheep, that way, and demanded of him whether he had seen her sister.

He

He had seen her, he saw her enter the chaise with Sir George, he saw them drive off.

Lydia heard the heart-rending tidings, she would have wept, but tears refused their relief; she sighed, raised her hands to heaven in an agony of grief, and sunk lifeless upon the ground. The shepherd was frightened, nor did he use any method to restore her, but ran backward and forward, looking wildly round him, and calling aloud for help. A young gentleman, who had been that morning out a shooting, heard the voice of terror, and hastened to the spot where the helpless Lydia lay. Her charms were not of the dazzling sort, but the more her features were examined, the more they interested the beholder. The gentleman, when he first raised her from the ground, felt only for her as he would for any other woman in distress; but when he looked attentively on her face, and beheld her lovely, though inanimate features, he felt an irresistible impulse to defend her, not only from her present uneasiness, but to shield her for ever from pain and affliction. He carried her to a spring, and bathed her temples with water, she opened her expressive blue eyes, Oh! my unhappy sister, said she, and freeing herself from the arms of her deliverer, covered her face with her hands, and gave free vent to her tears. Have you lost your sister, my sweet maid, said the stranger.

Alas! Sir, replied Lydia, I fear my poor Marian is worse than dead. A gentleman has found means to ensnare her innocent unsuspecting heart, and she has this morning left her only friends to trust the promises of one she never saw till three days since. I know not how to return to my poor mother with these fatal tidings; I fear it will go near to break her heart, already oppressed with woes almost too heavy to be borne. 'But God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb,' continued she, raising her eyes to Heaven, and no doubt will inspire her with fortitude to bear, without repining, this heaviest of his trials.

The stranger revered her sorrow, he took her passive hand, drew it under his arm, and so proceeded silently along towards Dorcas's cottage; he attempted not to interrupt her grief, but now and then a tear stole down his manly cheeks, and a responsive sigh answered hers.

When they arrived at the cottage, Dorcas met them at the door; Lydia flew towards her, folded her arms round her neck, and dropping her head on her bosom, sobbed aloud.

Oh! my beloved, said Dorcas, tell me, has any accident happened to your sister?—She is gone, said Lydia.—What, for ever? cried the fond mother, eagerly.

Oh! my dear mother, she is lost to us; that gentleman whom we met—

Enough, said Dorcas, I fully understand the extent of my misfortune; my Marian is dishonoured, plunged in infamy; but I will not renounce her, she is my child.—Oh! Heavens, none but a parent can judge of the anguish that now harrows up my soul. But, my sweet Lydia, will you forsake your mother in her old age? will you leave her grey hairs to sink in sorrow to the grave, without a friend to cheer her last moments, without the gentle hand of filial love to close her dying eyes.

Oh, no, cried Lydia, dropping on her knees, never, never; when I forsake my honoured mother, may Heaven regardless hear me when I pray, may I be cast out to sickness, pain and poverty, without a friend to pity or relieve me.

Dorcas embraced her, and the stranger endeavoured to dissipate the drops of humanity which were gathering in his eye. Lydia by degrees became more composed, and informed her mother of the obligations she was under to the gentleman who had accompanied her home.

Oh! Sir, said Dorcas, you are my friend and benefactor; had I lost my Lydia, I had lost my all; but say, by what name shall I remember you in my prayers? They call me Renfrew, Earl of Landaff, said he. Dorcas started and turned pale—the Earl continued.—Your sorrow has awakened in my breast every feeling of humanity, and if it is in my power to be of any service to you, command me, and I will exert it to the utmost.—Alas! my dear Marian! said Dorcas.—I understand you, replied the Earl, and wish I could restore her to you, but as that is not in my power, teach me by some other means to promote your happiness.

My

My Lord, said Dorcas, there is but one way to give the least satisfaction to this afflicted heart; leave the cottage immediately, nor ever attempt again to see or converse with Lydia — And why this cruel restriction? — Time, my Lord, perhaps may inform you with my reasons for acting thus. At present I cannot alledge the true cause, and will never stoop to a mean equivocation to excuse an action, which I am sensible is perfectly right.

The Earl was piqued, he bowed, and left the cottage.

Lydia, said Dorcas, if you love your mother, you will avoid the Earl of Landaff. He is generous and humane, said Lydia. Trust not to appearances, replied her mother, when you shall learn a tale which I could tell you, you will then, like me, tremble at the name of Renfrew.

Peace, with the speed of a courier, now fled from the mansion of Dorcas, affliction usurped her place, and with solemn pace each night walked with the solitary Lydia over those fields and meadows where she once had cheerfully tripped with her beloved Marian.

In one of these melancholy excursions she was accosted by the Earl of Landaff; she would have fled, but he prevented her, and in the most eloquent language true love could inspire, told her how dear she was to him, and how cruel he thought her mother, in refusing him the pleasure of her conversation.

My mother, replied Lydia, can be actuated by no motive but a wish to promote my happiness, I esteem you, my Lord, I shall ever remember you with gratitude, but my mother has forbid me to hold any conversation with you. Adieu, Sir, I often think of you, but will never have any intercourse with you.

Stay, my sweet Lydia, said the Earl, only say you do not hate me. I swear, dear maid, my designs are honourable, and if you will put yourself under my protection, a private marriage shall convince you how sincere my professions are.

My Lord, replied Lydia, though I acknowledge myself honoured by this declaration, I must decline accepting your offer; I know my rank in life is far beneath what would be expected in the bride of Landaff, but humble as I am, I will never become the wife of a man who would be

ashamed publicly to own me as such ; nor will I ever clandestinely converse with a person whom my mother has forbid me to see. My sister, I fear, by her disobedience, has rendered herself miserable, nor will I, by a like conduct, increase the affliction of my dear venerable parent.

Landaff expatiated on the many advantages attending wealth and splendor ; Lydia heard him with silent contempt. He told her his only wish was, to make her happy.

That is impossible, my Lord, said she, the heart of Lydia never can know happiness while her mother is in affliction, and her sister, perhaps, a miserable wanderer, exposed to all the wretchedness, want and infamy can entail on a fallen woman.

All farther persuasion was of no effect ; Lydia continued firm in her resolution of not leaving her mother, and fearful of again meeting the importunate Earl, avoided for some time her favorite walk, confined herself to the narrow limits of their garden, and devoted her time entirely to comfort and cheer her afflicted parent.

The Earl finding no hope of success in drawing Lydia from her duty, and having too much regard for virtue to force himself into their solitude, with an intent to rob them of their only treasure, repaired to London, thinking time and absence would effectually banish her from his memory.

We will now leave Lydia, following her usual innocent avocations, and return to Marian, who was emerged in the vortex of fashionable folly.

When Sir George persuaded the unsuspecting Marian to leave her home, and trust to his honor for protection, she had no doubt but his design was to marry her ; he had never told her so indeed, but surely he could mean nothing less—He had declared he loved her, and did not men always marry the women they loved ? Thus, with fallacious hopes, did she quiet each rising fear, and by painting to herself the pleasure her mother and sister would experience when they should embrace her as Lady Lovemore, entirely obliterated the pain she felt in reflecting on the uneasiness they would suffer when her flight should be discovered.

Sir

Sir George had never formed an idea of making her his wife; he saw she was beautiful, he felt he loved her, and thought by lavishing on her riches and finery, to which she had hitherto been unaccustomed, to ensnare and lead her an easy victim to be sacrificed at the shrine of vice. To this end he forbore taking any liberty during their journey, which might alarm her, treated her with respect and tender attention; and when they arrived in London, placed her in an elegant lodging, with proper servants to wait on her, and left her to ruminate at leisure on the change in her situation.

The female attendant who was immediately about the person of Marian, was a girl who had formerly fallen a prey to the arts of Sir George, and now only enjoyed his bounty for reducing other hapless females to the horrid level with herself. She was wretched in the loss of her own virtue, and like the spoiler of mankind, exulted in every opportunity of robbing others of that blessing herself could no longer enjoy. She treated the innocent Marian with the most profound respect, led her through a suit of superb apartments, and told her, if she could think of any thing that would add to the elegance or beauty of the furniture, she need only mention her wishes to have them complied with. She next displayed a variety of elegant female apparel, toys, jewels, and other things proper to catch the attention of inexperienced youth, and kindle the glowing seeds of vanity into a flame that might consume her. She descanted on the beauty, gallantry, and generosity of Sir George, nor left the poor bewildered girl, 'till she had seen her in bed, and fast locked in the embraces of Morpheus.

Sophia, for that was the name of Marian's attendant, had learnt the part she was to act from an old woman, to whom Sir George had wrote the day before he left Gwinfred-hall. She knew it would not be prudent to give the artless girl any time for reflection, or to suffer her thoughts to recur to the friends she had left in Wales. She therefore entered her apartment at an earlier hour than is customary for town-bred ladies to rise, she was still asleep.

Sophia watched the moment of awaking, and hurrying her to rise, prevented the intrusion of busy or perplexing thoughts.

thoughts. She was attired in a fashionable undress, and before she had time sufficiently to admire either herself or the beauty of the breakfast apparatus, Sir George was announced.

Marian was now hurried from one scene of dissipation to another for several days; she was introduced to a large circle of those unhappy women, who purchase ease and luxury at the price of honor.

She was charmed with the gaiety of their manners and the vivacity of their conversation. Their precepts, their example, corrupted her heart, and she began to think a life of licentious love (falsely termed a life of liberty) was alone a life of happiness. She forgot her afflicted mother, forgot her innocent affectionate sister, forgot every precept of virtue and religion, and fell a voluntary sacrifice to Sir George.

For many months folly wore the 'semblance of pleasure, and riot and intemperance were mistaken for felicity.— But, alas! the wretched Marian too late awoke to a sense of her miserable situation.

Sir George, attracted by a newer face, forsook her, refused her pecuniary assistance, and even had the unfeeling villainy to betray her into the power of one of his libertine companions.

At first her grief was violent, but she had been taught a method to stifle the emotions of her heart by drowning her reason in repeated draughts of strong liquors. She was soon lost to every sense of shame, and from being once the admiration of the croud wherever she moved, became an object of contempt, and sunk to the horrid state of common prostitution.

It was a cold evening in autumn, the wind was bleak, the rain fell heavily, when pinched with famine, and shivering with the chilling blasts, Marian wandered unfriended and unpitied round Berkley-Square. She had several times essayed to stop the passengers, and intreat charity, but there was yet a spark of pride remained unsubdued, which made the supplication appear too humiliating.

She drew near a door where a carriage was waiting.— Major Renfrew came from the house, and entered it; by the light of a flambeau, which shone on her face, he discovered

covered Marian—her features were yet lovely, though pale, and strongly marked by the oppressive finger of poverty. The Major beckoned her forward—Who are you, said he, (surveying her with a scrutinizing eye, and why does your countenance wear this appearance of misery?

Alas! replied Marian, it is the true index of my heart! I am the daughter of folly and infamy, but though I own my punishment just, I cannot bear it without complaining—I cannot starve in silence!

Various were the emotions that agitated the heart of Major Renfrew while he gazed on the face of Marian; at first he felt something like humanity stirring in his bosom, but at the second glance it was a more lively emotion; he gave her a guinea, and appointing her to meet him at ten o'clock, at a house he mentioned, drove off to pay some visits of ceremony.

Marian felt a warm glow of gratitude play round her heart; she could have knelt and kissed the hand that had thus seasonably administered relief. She waited impatiently for the hour of ten, when she might thank her benefactor as she ought.

Major Renfrew was a man of gallantry; he had been some years separated from his wife, and indulged himself in frequent casual intrigues, which did no great honor either to the brilliancy of his taste, or the goodness of his heart.

The beauty of Marian, though greatly impaired by intemperance, was yet striking; the Major at that time was without a favorite, and from the prepossession he felt in his bosom towards our poor wanderer, he determined to raise her from the abject state to which she was reduced, to the *honorable* station of his mistress; he therefore dispatched his visits as quick as possible, and repaired to the place of appointment.

Marian met him at the door of the apartment, he gave her his hand, she raised it to her lips, and attempted to speak; but words were refused; a guish of silent tears more eloquently spoke her soul's meaning—the Major was moved, he made her sit down, and placing himself beside her, began to unfold the designs he had formed in her favor.

Alas!

Alas! Sir, said Marian, mournfully, I had hoped you would have taken me from this life of shame; indeed, I am sick of what is termed pleasure; I long to sink into peaceful obscurity, and having just sufficient to supply the wants of nature, repent my past misdeeds, and wait with patience the appointed hour of rest. I know not why it is, but I feel I never can return your generosity in the way you require, and therefore dare not hope for farther favors.

Nay, my dear girl, said the Major, this is affectation—come shake off this gloom which your misfortunes have occasioned to envelope your mind—What though I am an old man, I will teach you to love me.

Oh! Sir, replied Marian, you have taught me that already; there is nothing which I should think too hard to perform, to convince you of the grateful affections of my heart. But I had hoped this sinking fragile frame never would have known pollution more.

The Major endeavoured to calm the perturbation of her spirits, and pressed her to partake of some excellent champagne which he had ordered with the supper. Marian was thoughtful, eat little, and frequently turned her head to hide the starting tears.

Supper removed, he renewed his solicitations; she sunk on her knees, and, with uplifted hands, entreated him to grant her relief on other terms, or suffer her to leave him, and again tempt the miseries of her hard destiny. He was deaf to her prayers—he attributed them to art—he raised her from the ground, and proceeded to unwarrantable liberties—she made a violent effort, and springing from his arms, cried, Oh! Dorcas, dear unhappy mother, why did I leave you—Then rushing out of the room, ran precipitately into the street.

The exclamation which she made had thrown the Major into a stupor of astonishment; every faculty was suspended, nor could he recover sufficient recollection to endeavour to stop her—a thousand past occurrences rushed upon his mind, and he remained immoveable; his eyes riveted to the door through which she had passed.

At length recovering from his surprise, he observed a small shagreen case which lay on the floor, and during her struggles had dropped from Marian's bosom. He took it up, with emotion opened it, and the portrait of Dorcas met his eyes. The case dropped from his unnerved hand, he groaned, and fell senseless to the floor; the noise of his fall brought up a servant of the house, proper remedies were applied, and soon restored him to a keen sense of his past guilt and treachery to Dorcas; for Major Renfrew was the perjured husband, whom Dorcas had concealed under the name of Melfont.

The first thought that struck him was the horrid crime he had so nearly perpetrated; the next was, what was become of his poor ruined child—His continual ravings for his Marian, his dear lost daughter, and the evident incoherence of his discourse, led the servants to believe he was seized with a sudden fit of insanity, and in that belief conveyed him home.

The horror that dwelt upon his mind, and the violent agitation, brought on a fever, and before morning he was insensible to all that passed about him. Before reason entirely forsook him, he was visited by the Earl of Landaff, who was his nephew—to him he unfolded the dreadful tale, conjuring him to try every possible method to discover the unhappy wanderer.

Oh! said he, in an agony, "she knelt and prayed, my child entreated me, with streaming eyes, to snatch her from infamy, and I would not hear her—Seek her, Landaff, find her, save her from perishing for want." The remembrance was too accute, and his senses, which were before wavering, took their flight—but still his fancy was haunted by the image of Dorcas and Marian, and his agonies became dreadful, even to those who attended him.

Every enquiry after the hapless Marian was fruitless, and the miserable Renfrew, when a turn of his disorder restored him to reason, found that there was no hope of recovering the poor wanderer.

The picture discovered to the Earl of Landaff, that Dorcas was the mother, and Lydia the sister of the woman who had caused such anxious emotions in his uncle's bo-

form; but how Lydia and Marian should be the daughters of Major Renfrew, appeared to him an inexplicable riddle. His uncle soon unravelled the mystery, and received some consolation from hearing that Dorcas was living, and that he might hope to embrace one innocent child, in his Lydia.

He determined to seek Dorcas in her solitude, and acknowledge her to the world as his first and only true affianced wife; but fearing to alarm her by too abrupt an appearance, he addressed her first by letter:—

TO

D O R C A S.

“ BY what title shall I address you, dear injured excellence, but by that which must make me appear what I really am—the vilest, the basest of mankind.

Oh! Dorcas, cruel as my conduct was to you, my punishment, I trust, has been equal to my fault—Alas! the crimes of the father have been visited upon the child. Oh! my beloved, will not your gentle heart break when I shall tell you I have seen our dear Marian—I have seen her a wretched nightly wanderer—I heard her implore charity, I saw her overpowered with anguish of heart, and relieved her not, but drove her from me, drove her again upon the merciless world, exposed to all the miseries of want!—But my old tough heart will not burst, though it swells and throbs at the remembrance of that dreadful evening.

My Dorcas, I will do you justice; I will declare to the world your injuries and my own perfidy. Prepare, my love, to meet your penitent Renfrew soon after the receipt of this, and bid my sweet, my innocent Lydia prepare to receive a father's blessing.

Adieu. — Many days shall not pass e'er I hope to hear you pronounce my pardon, and clasp you to the heart of

your repentant husband,

RENFEW.

From the day of Marian's elopement, pleasure had been a stranger to the heart of Dorcas, nor could all the duteous tenderness of Lydia dissipate the anxiety she felt for the fate of Marian from her maternal breast. Nor did joy now sparkle in the eye of Lydia; the tear of sorrow had quenched their lustre, and, like a canker-worm, had fed upon her cheek, and stole from thence the blushing rose. Full oft she wept her hapless sister's fall, full oft she sighed, and wished to hear again of Landaff, but her tears fell only on her pillow, when the sable curtain of night hid them from the prying eye of maternal affection, and her sighs stole forth when no one was nigh to hear them.

'Twas night, a cheerful fire illumined their little cottage, but sorrow still sat heavy on the heart of Dorcas—the wind blew, the cold rain beat against the casement; and where now is my poor Marian? said she, sighing deeply.

I will sing your favorite hymn, said Lydia, kissing off a tear as it fell on her mother's cheek, and struggling to suppress its sympathizing sister that trembled in her own eye.

She took her guitar, she wished to divert her mother's attention from the painful reflections which then occupied her thoughts; she passed her fingers across the strings; the tones were discordant; it is not in tune, said she.—Alas! my dear Lydia, replied her mother, it is our minds that are not harmonized. She understood the meaning of her mother's words; but, making no answer, began to sing an evening hymn of thanks. The sudden trampling of a horse interrupted her; a loud rapping at the door alarmed them—Lydia opened the door, a servant entered. Dorcas looked earnestly at him; he threw aside his riding coat; she knew the livery, and instantly recognized an old and favorite servant of Major Renfrew.

Simon, said she, (turning pale, and rising as she spoke,) why are you here?

My dear honored lady, I come from my master, who repents his injurious treatment of you, and comes to do you justice; but let this letter speak for him.

And where is Lady Laura? said Dorcas, taking the letter.

She left my master some years since, and now leads a life of shame.

Poor misguided Laura, said Dorcas, as she broke the seal.

When she read the first lines, joy lightened up her features, and a transient glow of pleasure passed across her face; but as she proceeded, her hands trembled, her countenance assumed a deadly hue, and large drops of unutterable anguish chased each other down her cheeks—the letter fell to the ground; she clasped her hands, and raised her eyes towards Heaven.

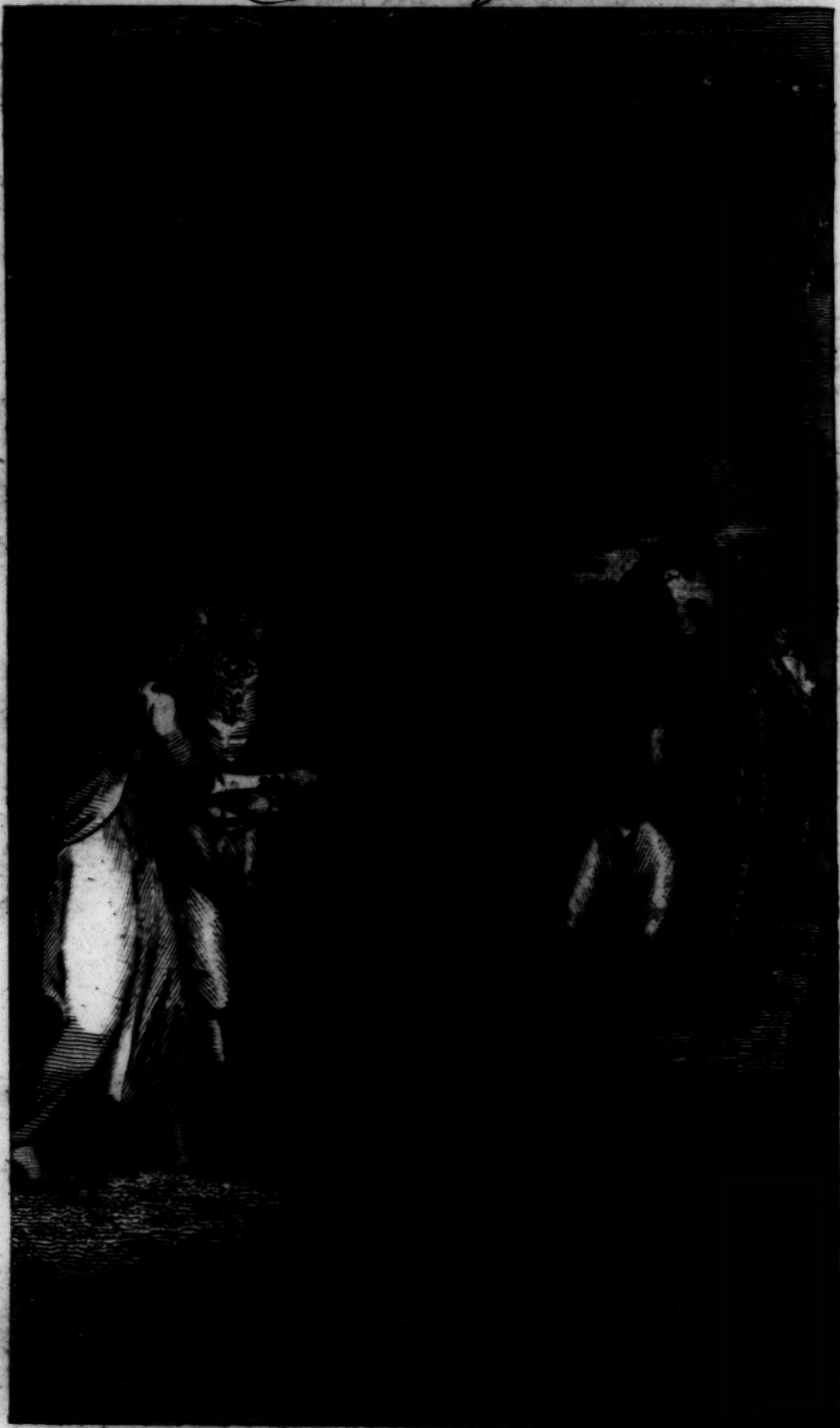
Omnipotent power, said she, teach me to receive these tidings as I ought; thy mercies and thy judgments go hand in hand. Oh! make me thankful for the one, and submissive to the other. Thou hast mingled thy judgments and thy bounties in my cup of life; lest, while receiving only benefits, I should forget the source from whence those mercies flow. Lydia, continued she, you will receive a father's blessing, but my poor Marian is lost for ever.

Two days after Major Renfrew had dispatched the letter to Dorcas, he set forward for Wales, accompanied by the Earl of Landaff—It was nearly the close of the third day, they had arrived within a few miles of the cottage, and had slackened their pace, that a servant might have time to inform Dorcas of their near approach. The Major's bosom was agitated by the most painful sensations, the Earl was animated by hope. The road was solitary, skirted on one side by a thick wood, from whence they several times imagined they heard a voice of complaint; the Major stopped his horse, and stood in the attitude of listening.

Ah! woe is me, said the voice, I can get no further; I must e'en perish here.

Landaff dismounted instantly, and rushed into the wood; the Major would have followed, but a sudden pang seized him; he respired with difficulty, and was forced to support himself against a tree. In a few moments Landaff returned; a female rested on his arm; her emaciated frame but slenderly sheltered from the inclemencies of the weather by a tattered gown; her hair loose and dishevelled; her feet

*MAJOR RENNFEW
Discovering his Daughter Marian.*



*Merciful heaven. he exclaimed it
is my Child.*

feet bare, and bleeding from wounds she had received from sharp stones as she walked. Here is a sight of misery, said the Earl.

The Major looked at the unhappy girl, and through the shade which extreme want, sickness, and even disordered reason, had cast over her countenance, instantly discovered the features of Marian.

Merciful Heaven, he exclaimed, it is my child !

Have you a child, said Marian, (catching at his last words) then for pity's sake don't forsake her. I had a father once, I had a lover too ; but you see how it is with me now—I am very poor, very wretched, and, I sometimes think, not quite in my right senses. I have a mother who lives somewhere here about ; I have travelled a long way in hopes to find her, but I know not how it is, I have eat so little, and wept so much, I was obliged to sit down and rest. Do but see how my poor feet bleed.

Oh ! my dear child, cried the Major, you make my heart bleed drop for drop with them ; but I am going to your mother's, and will shew you the way.

You are a man, said she, and I dare not trust you ; they are all hard hearted, cruel and treacherous. I once, continued she, (looking earnestly in the Major's face) I once met a man, but 'tis a long time since, who looked and spoke as you do, only not quite so sorrowful—I was miserable then, and he promised to be my friend, but he did not mean it ; he used me very cruelly ; I hardly know how I got from him, and have been wandering about ever since ; sometimes one cold stone, sometimes another, has been my pillow. I bear it as well as I can—we all must suffer according to our offences.

Dear lunatic, said the Major, what a lesson dost thou teach thy father !

That is true, said she, you have a child ; if it is a daughter, bring her to me, and I will teach her such a lesson—I have it here, (laying her hand on her heart) it can never be erased, but by the hand of death. Oh ! I would tell her such tales of men, would teach her to beware their flattery, to shut herself in retirement, to pray for humility.

Oh !

Oh! fye upon it, fye upon it, 'tis a bad world; but I'll to my mother; for I am fick, heart-fick of its follies.

She then darted precipitately into the wood, but had not proceeded many steps, when, overcome with fatigue, long fasting, and the agitation of her disordered spirits, she sunk under the complicated evils, and fell fainting to the ground.

Renfrew was too much absorbed in his own feelings, to be able to give any orders concerning his unhappy daughter, and could only exclaim, "These are thy works, Oh, vice; look old Renfrew, behold the ruin of thy child, and remember 'tis the reward of thy own ingratitude, perfidy and cruelty.

Landaff assisted the servants in raising Marian, and being then but a short distance from the cottage, persuaded his uncle to ride forward, accompanied by one servant, while he followed with the other two supporting Marian between them. And this is the peace-offering I shall carry to my afflicted Dorcas, a daughter murdered by the inhumanity of a father, said the Major, as he proceeded.

Dorcas had been listening to every passing breeze, and counting the minutes, chiding their tardy progress. The sound of horses feet caught her ear; she met her repentant Renfrew at the door, threw herself into his arms, and fainted. Lydia knelt, and received a father's blessing.

Words are too languid to describe the ensuing scene— Suffice it to say, Marian was for a moment forgot, for a moment they were all happy; but they were awakened from this dream of bliss by the approach of Landaff.

Lydia started as he drew near the door; Renfrew struck his forehead with his hand, and bursting from the embraces of Dorcas, rushed out of the room.

Marian was beginning to recover her senses as they entered the cottage. Lydia thought it was a stranger, poor and sickly, and as she lent her arm to assist in leading her in, a tear fell in compassion to her weakness and apparent misery. Marian sunk into a chair, folded her arms round Lydia's waist, and gazing at her for a moment, recollection and reason at once returned; she dropped her head on her bosom, and cried, "It is indeed my sister.

The

The voice was familiar to Dorcas.—That voice should be the voice of Marian, said she, but, alas! the form retains no traces of my once lovely innocent child.

Innocence and peace are fled together, said Marian, grant me but pardon, and let me die at your feet; she sunk upon her knees, Lydia knelt beside her; the afflicted mother wept over her, blessed and forgave her.

Enough, said Marian, this was the only prayer I dared to offer at the throne of grace since I left my home, and became acquainted with guilt and misery; how it has pleased Heaven to direct me to you I know not. I have some faint recollection of an horrid dream, but all things seem fading from my memory, an icy chillness hangs about my heart, I feel the springs of life are quite exhausted.

Oh! spare her, spare my child, merciful Heaven, cried Dorcas, sinking on her knees.

It cannot be, said the expiring sufferer, I die, but a mother's blessing softens even the agonies of death! Oh! had I but deserved it.—

She raised her hands and eyes in a fervent, though inarticulate ejaculation to Heaven, and uttering a piercing groan expired.

Renfrew heard the groan; he heard the cries of Dorcas and Lydia—And is she dead, said he, rushing in, and catching the pale corse in his arms, Oh! Marian! Marian! why shouldest thou pay the forfeit of thy father's crimes? But tell me, continued he, who was her seducer; who plunged my child into this abyss of misery?—Teach me where to find him, that with his heart's blood I may wash out the stain he has entailed upon the name of Renfrew.

Forbear, said Dorcas, (laying her hand upon his arm, while a beam of mingled piety and fortitude illumined her countenance), forbear; the hand of Heaven is in it, accept its just chastisements with humility, and remembering only thine own offences, blot from thy memory the offences of others.

Renfrew turned from her, folded his arms upon his bosom, and was silent.

A few days after the ill-fated Marian was committed to her parent earth, when Renfrew, Dorcas, and Lydia, removed to the seat of the Earl of Landaff, where, in a short time,

time, she reaped the full reward of her filial duty and unremitting tenderness to her mother, by becoming the bride of that young nobleman. She was the blessing of her parents, the pride and honor of her husband, the friend and preceptress of her children, who repaid an hundred fold the pleasure she had conveyed to Dorcas's bosom, by shewing the same duty and affection to her.

Major Renfrew purchased the cottage where his wife and children had lived so many years, and kept it in constant repair—In the garden he had two small temples erected; one was almost hid from the eye, by thick spreading cypress and yew trees, round whose branches twined the deadly night-shade, and baleful ivy; within was a tomb of black marble, over which stood Humanity weeping; on the front of the monument was the following inscription:

Hither let the Daughter of Vanity repair,
Look on this silent Monitor,
AND REMEMBER
MARIAN.

She was fair and sweet as the lily, innocent as the
young lamb, but folly misled her, vice betrayed
her, and misery closed the final awful scene,
in the Twenty-third Year
of her Age.

Beware the voice of flattery, beware the allurements of
wealth, nor ask of thy bountiful Creator aught but
HUMILITY, VIRTUE AND CONTENT.

The other temple was built of white marble, surrounded by the most beautiful flowering shrubs and evergreens; within was Peace and Prosperity, showering their favors on filial piety; above hovered an Angel with a crown of gold in her hands, round which was this Heavenly promise:—

Honor thy parents, and thy days shall be long in the land.

May this promise ever be present to the remembrance of the fair daughters of Britain.

POETRY.

 POETRY.

HYPOCHONDRIAC; OR, THE BLACKBIRDS;

A TALE,

BY MR. SHERRATT.

A MAN who over head and ears,
 Was hip'd, (as by the tale appears)
 But, where, or when, or what his name,
 Are matters left untold by fame,
 With vapours so eat up was he,
 As puzzl'd all the faculty,
 Tho' visited from Warwick-lane,
 Yet all prescriptions proved in vain;
 The learned tribe (as one may say)
 They *came*—and *saw*—and went away,
 But not without the needful fee,
 The marrow of the art, d'ye see;
 The sev'ral Doctor's promis'd fair,
 To take of him especial care;
 Tortur'd, and try'd but ev'ry,
 The whole *Materia Medica*,
 But found each gen'rous effort vain,
 To purge the fœces off the brain,
 So left him to his future fate,
 Incurable and desperate:

Still obstinate to all conviction,
 A mass compos'd of contradiction,
 And tho' his case physicians mock'd,
 Still crowds of quacks about him flock'd,
 His fame for wealth about him drew,
 And lur'd the miscellaneous crew,
 Mere farriers to the human frame,
 The *odds* and *ends* together came,
 Press'd forward, nor wou'd take denial,
 But each insisted on a trial.
 Empiricks bold, Old Bailey Leeches,
 Prime causers of last dying speeches.
 Nostrum mongers, with death waiters,
 Health's unlicens'd conservators,
 Physics lowest peasantry,
 The forlorn hope of pharmacy,
 Who at all hazards drive a trade,
 Irregular, and retrograde,
 Who make huge havoc of man's life,
 And with *fair dealing* live at strife;
 Admitted only to have skill,
Secundum artem how to kill,
 Some in the chimney doctors way,
 Address'd him with—*No cure no pay*;
 At last the heterogeneous rere,
 Intruded with pretensions queer,
 Affecting by *magnetic arts*,
 Or *sympathy* to shew their parts,
 With *Hocus-pocus charms* combin'd,
 Confederate with the patient's mind,
 To work a cure—but prov'd to be
 Mere jugglers in philosophy;
 Sure never man was half so rack'd,
 So *dup'd*, so *doctor'd*, or so *quack'd*;
 Digression waving, and suggestion,
 Now for the patient's case in question!
 To ev'ry doctor he his case,
 Related with a woeful face,
 The story tritely o'er and o'er,
 The last receive like those before!
 All appeals to sense or reason,
 To him were ever out of season:

He

He pleas'd himself in floods of words,
 For ever harping on his birds ;
 Quoth he—— ' As walking out last spring,
 ' Perchance I heard a Blackbird sing,
 ' Enraptur'd with each charming note
 ' That issu'd from the songster's throat :
 ' When to the hedge as softly I,
 ' With open ear approaching nigh,
 ' All on a sudden that same bird,
 ' (Believe me, Sir, upon my word,)
 ' Darting from off the blooming spray,
 ' Into mine ear she took her way,
 ' Quite to the region of my brain,
 ' And ever since has snugly lain ;
 ' Still keeps possession as of right,
 ' Like saucy tenants out of spite ;
 ' And will remain, I make no doubt,
 ' Unless we can eject her out ;
 ' But what is worse than all the rest,
 ' Has hatch'd a brood, and made a nest ;
 ' Since which, enough to stun me quite,
 ' I've such a singing day and night ;
 ' An aviary in my head
 ' Enough to drive me mad or dead ;
 ' A crew of mad boys roaring loud,
 ' Like ballad singers in a crowd ;
 ' *A lawless concert* ; and in fact,
 ' In flat defiance of the *act* ;
 ' A kind of noisy singing club,
 ' Where all is discord, and hubbub,
 ' Like hounds unkennel'd in a morn,
 ' All loudly yelping to the horn ;
 ' In short, I'd rather instant die,
 ' Than longer bear this singing fry.'
 At length a sage old woman came,
 A kind of doctress or good dame ;
 One Mrs. Gum, for skill profound,
 Well known throughout the country round ;
 She wore a high-crown'd hat, and ruff,
 And furtout with a belt of buff ;
 A droller being ne'er was seen,
 'Mong country mummers on a green ;

But in her favor prepossess'd,
 He little car'd how she was dress'd;
 Altho' in terms of art unschool'd,
 By art, the fool the more befooled,
 Into his humour archly gave,
 And heard his tale with aspect grave;
 Allow'd that all he said was true,
 Yet out of course, and something new;
 ' She wonder'd not (she said) they fail'd
 ' Who knew not what their patient ail'd.
 ' Be of good cheer, and trust me, Sir,
 ' For I'm an old practitioner;
 ' Your's is a case, (continued she)
 ' Which your good stars reserv'd for me;
 ' Nor comes within a member's knowledge,
 ' *Matriculated* in the College;
 ' *We nurses* were to doctors *prior*,
 ' Than their's we date our practice *higher*;
 ' And 'tis notorious, and well known,
 ' From us they stole the art alone.'
 ' I'll not dispute with you (cries he)
 ' Concerning your *priority*,
 ' Which has the fairest claim to healing,
 ' Or which the happiest knack at *stealing*,
 ' I sent for you to cure my grief,
 ' And if you can afford relief,
 ' Assuredly you may depend
 ' That I will be the nurse's friend.
 ' If 'gainst the doctors you divide,
 ' I'll vote upon the ladies side.'
 And now her clack ran fast enough,
 For she had had a drop of *stuff*.
 ' Follow (cries she) but my advice,
 ' I'll settle matters in a trice.
 ' Come, lay your head, Sir, on my lap,
 ' You've heard, no doubt, of Mrs. *Map*,
 ' E'er while so famous, and well known,
 ' For operations on the bone;
 ' And *Mother Stephens* for the stone;
 ' With many others of renown,
 ' Both in the country, and in town,
 ' Would talk your doctors deaf and dumb.'
 ' That I believe (quoth he) old Gum,

' Proceed

' Proceed, good woman, use your skill ;'
 ' But dam' your clack, (cries she) lie still,
 ' I'll work a cure past all dispute,
 ' Or lose my fame, and life to boot.'
 A Blackbird there, with all its brood,
 Brought in a basket from the wood,
 Which she had previously convey'd,
 By a confederate call'd a maid,
 Were in a private corner laid. }
 Now all things ready to her mind,
 The patient with his head inclin'd,
 She seem'd to listen at his ear ;
 ' O, Sir, (says she) I plainly hear,
 ' Your *squalling opera singers* now,
 ' The old one, and her young I vow,
 ' Keep still your sconce, ne'er fear but soon,
 ' Your *choiristers* are out of tune,
 ' Your *vocal orchestra* no more
 ' Shall trouble you on any *score*.'
 And now she summon'd them, and muttur'd,
 'Tis immaterial what she utter'd;
 His ears with rags she cram'd and plug'd,
 Which screwing tight she pull'd, and tug'd,
 And put him to such pain extreme,
 As made him roar aloud, and scream.
 ' Now, Sir, (she cries) within my hand
 ' I've got the *leader* of the *band* ;
 ' Be patient, Sir, another pang,
 ' Relieves you from the noisy gang ;
 ' Lo, here they are, the work is done,
 ' The nest, and ev'ry mother's son ;
 ' I-give you joy, now ope your eyes,
 ' See where each victim gasping lies ;
 ' The day is ours, behold the slain
 ' Lye prostrate o'er the hostile plain,
 ' All lifeless there with broken necks,
 ' Here Mary come, and clear the decks ;
 ' Your head is *empty, clear, and free*,
 ' And now what think you, Sir, of me ?'
 ' Think ! (he cries) I think so well,
 ' From all the rest, you bear the bell ;
 ' Whene'er the doctors aid I need,
 ' *Old women* first shall take the lead.

' Henceforth

' Henceforth be thou *apostoliz'd*,
 ' Wise soul experienc'd, and advis'd,
 ' As any son of Socrates,
 ' Of Galen, or Hypocrates.
 ' And now to keep secure my scull,
 ' I'll stop my ears with Spanish wool.
 ' Here take, dear doctress, take your fee.'
 ' I thank you much, kind Sir, (says she)
 ' A fee of all things so bewitching,
 ' It sets one's very palm on itching.'
 He wav'd his hand, cry'd "Peace, adieu ;
 ' In future I shall send for you.' }
 She couteſi'd, ſmil'd, and ſtrait withdrew. }

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE: A TRUE STORY.

WHEN first the nuptial ſtate we prove,
 We live the happy life of love ;
 But when familiar charms no more
 Inſpire the bliſs they gave before,
 Each leſs delighting, leſs is lov'd ;
 Firſt this, then that, is diſapprov'd ;
 Complaiſance flies, neglect ſucceeds ;
 Neglect diſdain and hatred breeds.
 'Twas thus a pair, who long time prov'd
 The joys to love and be lov'd,
 At length fell out for trifling things ;
 From trifles, anger moſtly ſprings.
 The wiſh to pleaſe forſook each breaſt,
 Love's throne by baſeleſs rage poſſeſs'd :
 Reſolv'd to part, they'd meet no more :
 Enough—the chariot's at the door.
 The manſion was my Lady's own ;
 Sir John reſolv'd to live in town :
 Writings were drawn, each cauſe agreed ;
 Both vow'd they'd ne'er recall the deed.
 The chariot waits—Why this delay ?
 The ſequel ſhall the cauſe diſplay.

One lovely girl the Lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more;
The father's, mother's, darling, she,
Now lisp'd and prattl'd on each knee.
Sir John, when rising to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
And cry'd, with ardour in his eye,
"Come, Betsey, bid Mama good-bye."
The Lady, trembling, answer'd, "No—
"Go, kiss Papa, my Betsey, go.
"The child shall live with me," she cry'd.
"The child shall chuse," Sir John reply'd.
Poor Betsey look'd at each by turns,
And each the starting tear discerns,
My Lady asks, with doubt and fear,
"Will you not live with me, my dear?"
"Yes, half resolv'd, reply'd the child,
And, half suppress'd her tears, she smil'd.
"Come, Betsey," cried Sir John, "you'll go,
"And live with dear Papa, I know."
"Yes," Betsey cry'd—The Lady then
Address'd the wond'ring child again.
"The time to live with both is o'er;
"This day we part to meet no more:
"Chuse then"—Here grief o'erflow'd her breast,
And tears burst out, too long suppress'd.
The child, who tears and chiding join'd,
Suppos'd Papa displeas'd, unkind;
And try'd, with all her little skill,
To sooth his oft-relenting will.
"Do," cry'd the lisper, "Papa, do
"Love dear Mama!—Mama loves you!"
Subdu'd the source of manly pride,
No more his looks his heart bely'd;
The tender transport forc'd its way;
They both confess'd each other's sway;
And prompted by the social smart,
Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart.
Each clasp'd their Betsey o'er and o'er,
And Tom drove empty from the door.
Ye that have passions for a tear,
Give nature vent, and drop it here.

THE MISER.

IN a strong box by Gripall's bed
 Was hid twice twenty thousand pounds,
 A wisp of straw supports his head,
 And filthy rags his frame surrounds.

Thrice had the moon renew'd her horn
 E'er since a razor touch'd his chin,
 His grey locks hung about forlorn,
 Shrivell'd and dirty was his skin.

Beside him lay a mouldy crust,
 Sav'd from a pennyworth of bread;
 Some four beer and raspline duft,
 Viands on which he long had fed.

By age and wilful want brought low,
 Oppress'd with sickness Gripeall lies,
 To Marcus tells a tale of woe,
 And pleads with hypocritic eyes.

Marcus, who well his treasures knew,
 Cry'd, prithee get some generous wine,
 You'll find it will your strength renew,
 To take a glass whene'er you dine.

And likewise send and get a fowl,
 And have it either boil'd or roast;
 Your life's at stake, and, Sir, the whole
 Will scarcely cost a crown at most.

"Will that alone my being save,
 And will it cost so much (he cried),
 These halfpence here are all I have,"
 Look'd at his chest, and groaning died.

REVIEW OF NOVELS.

BENEDICTA, in 2 vols. Lane. Price 5s sewed.

THIS is as pleasing a performance as we have perused for some time past, greatly varying from the general stile of novels, and may be safely pronounced moral, instructive, and interesting.

Benedicta, the heroine of the tale, is a young lady brought up in so singular a stile as always to follow the dictates of religion, reason, and a thoroughly enlightened mind, tho' not always authorised by fashion, to despise the sneers of ridicule, or the censures of a blind misjudging world. She is left an orphan, at an early age, under the guardianship of a Mr. Butler, (the character of whose lady is extremely natural and striking.) Benedicta, heiress to a splendid fortune, lovely in her person, and amiable in her manners, becomes an object of universal admiration, and of the particular attentions of Lord Davenport, whose offered hand and fortune she rejects, alledging as a reason, that she was totally indifferent to his whole sex, and wished still to remain in a state of celibacy; but possessed as she was of a gentle heart and strong sensibility, that sensibility had almost unknown to herself been called forth by an amiable youth of the name of Mountford, a nephew of Mr. Butler, whose dependant and evidently neglected situation, from at first laying claim to her compassion, at length awakened a more lively sentiment. Mountford cannot avoid almost adoring the lovely Benedicta, but conscious indigence on his part, and true feminine delicacy on her's, prevents an explanation. Some disagreeable occurrences which take place at Bath calls forth the shafts of scandal, which envy, ever ready to debase the lovely and amiable, aims at the repu-

tation of our heroine. Though she thoroughly despises the malignant censures thrown on her actions, she cannot help feeling their effects; she flies to solitude as a shelter from ill nature and folly—Thither Lord Davenport again follows her, and renews his honorable offers. Distressed by the undeserved censure which threw a shade over her character, and urged by Mr. Butler to accept a protector, whose exalted character and elevated rank would raise her above the little malice of her enemies, she consents to become Lady Davenport—but on the very evening preceding the day on which she was to receive her noble lover's vows at the altar, she, by an accident, becomes acquainted with the attachment of her esteemed Mountford; (and here we cannot help thinking Benedicte falls off from that consistency of conduct we had expected her to maintain,) for though fully convinced that she loves, and is beloved by Mountford, she still persists, from a mistaken notion of honor, in giving her hand to Lord Davenport, when it would have been certainly more consistent with that singularity which is supposed to be her characteristic, had she nobly informed his Lordship of the real state of her affections, and left it to his honor to decline an engagement in which he could only receive her hand unaccompanied by her heart. However, we are far from finding fault with the author, who undoubtedly has conducted the story with great ingenuity. Benedicte is happy in her union with Lord Davenport, and enjoys several years of uninterrupted felicity, in which time a strange concurrence of events throws Mountford into the family as tutor to her eldest son. She conducts herself with equal dignity, propriety, and delicacy during his residence in the family; but we cannot conceive why, when accident deprives her of Lord Davenport by a fall from his horse, after a proper time allotted to decorum, she still persists in refusing the first object of her choice, now the acknowledged heir of his uncle Butler. However, here the author contrives to obviate all her delicate scruples, by having a letter written by her first husband at the very point of death, wherein she is expressly desired to unite herself with Mountford. She complies in due time, and all parties are left happy.

We cannot dismiss this article without taking notice of the very amiable, and, we fear, very rare character of Mrs.

Barclay;

Barclay; but as we cannot, by any abridged account, convey a proper idea of it to our readers, we mean in our next number to present them with Benedicta's first visit to that lady.

In the mean time we cannot withhold our approbation of the whole performance, and we recommend it as likely, not only to entertain the mind, but ultimately to amend the heart.



VILLEROY, *a novel, in 3 vols. Lane. Price 7s. 6d. sewed.*

VILLEROY is by no means inferior to the foregoing article—the characters are natural—the story, which is conducted by letter, is through the whole highly pathetic, interesting, and strictly moral, as it tends to repress every vicious inclination, by shewing of how much real consequence the present conduct of a parent is to the future happiness of their children, and that the rising generation have frequently reason to curse the memory of their progenitors from the many heavy afflictions in which their vices and follies have involved them.

The story is so interwoven with an under plot, that it is almost impossible to abridge it—Suffice it therefore to say, we were so much interested by the perusal of it, as to lament its unhappy conclusion by a sympathetic tear, which we are not ashamed to own we could not suppress, at the fate of the innocent amiable Caroline, and we cannot but be angry at the author that he should leave us in the dark in regard to the future establishment of the romantic, disinterested, and lovely Lady Sabina.

Those of our readers who devote much of their time to this species of reading, will certainly think a few hours rationally and pleasantly employed in the perusal of Villeroi.

CHATEAU DE MYRELLE, *from the French.* Hookham.
Price 3s. sewed.

THIS may be a translation from the French, but it rather appears to us a patched up medley, taken from the uninteresting narratives of those kind of travellers, who having no talents for observation and natural remarks, furnish out their trite details by descriptions of churches, public charities, and tedious accounts of the towns thro' which they pass; for the author has been obliged to furnish above one half of a small volume by letters of this kind. In short we cannot find this publication will answer any one good purpose, and it certainly has occasioned a shameful waste of time and paper.

FOSCARI, *a Venetian tale.* Lane. Price 2s. 6d. sewed.

THIS article we shall soon dismiss—It is a poor insipid production, and will most likely sink quietly to oblivion.

MEMOIRS OF A SCOTS HEIRESS, *by the author of Constance.*
Hookham, 3 vols. Price 9s. sewed.

IT is certainly extremely painful to a candid mind to be obliged to condemn, when we are willing to catch at even the smallest appearance of genius, on which to bestow our approbation—This pain we have experienced in the opinion we were necessitated to pass on the two last articles; but we find that pain amply compensated by the perusal of the Scots Heiress—here is room sufficient for our commendations—the attention is kept awake, and curiosity on the stretch from the commencement to the conclusion of the work. The heroine, Miss Arabell, Mary Hamilton, &c. Macgilroy, the daughter of a poor Scotch nobleman, but
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reputed

reputed heiress of the Earl Donachmuir, is educated and bred in such a stile of vanity, pride, and self-importance as to render her at once a coquet of the highest order, and, in every other respect, a most contemptible character; she is addressed by a multitude of admirers, some of whom she treats in an artful cruel manner—But on the death of her parents, coming to the long expected title and fortune of the old Earl, she determines to give her hand to Sir Luson Linfield, a needy Baronet, whom, in her heart, she despises, but with whom she was so much entangled, as to be unable to recede. For this purpose they proceed to Edinburgh, where their marriage is solemnized in a most magnificent stile. On their return from church, they are interrupted by an illiterate Irish woman, who asserts that her daughter was privately married to the old Earl, and had by him a son, who of course was lawful heir to the title and estate; and this being an incontrovertable fact, Sir Luson leaves his bride abruptly, sending her a laconic note, signifying as he had married her as Countess Donachmuir, and she had proved to be only Miss Macgilroy, he thought the ceremony of no avail, and desired she would never think of bearing the name, or claiming the title of his wife. To this she readily agrees, and being reduced to great poverty, sinks her real name under that of Mary Hamilton, and sets out in a stage coach for York, but is taken ill, and left at a public-house on the road; her condition awakens the compassion of a Mrs. Illford, a woman of light character, to whose house Miss Hamilton, entirely unsuspecting of the impropriety of the step, removes on her recovery; she is on the point of being sacrificed to an old debauchee.—In endeavouring to escape from whom, she falls into the power of a manager of a country company, who, behaving to her in an unbecoming manner, her spirited replies attracts the attention of a gentleman in the next room, who, coming to her assistance, she discovers to be a Captain Dibart, whom she had formerly treated extremely ill as a lover; he now steps forth her champion, and offers her an asylum in his own family, informing her he had been married near two years. Mrs. Dibart is a striking character, and extremely well supported. We felt by turns the different sensations of mirth, contempt, and disgust as her

her various absurdities are displayed—she is certainly intended as the foil to set off the merits of the heroine, who, tried in the school of affliction, becomes by degrees an amiable consistent character. She accompanies Mrs. Dibart to America, encounters a variety of adventures natural and interesting, and Captain Dibart being slain in battle, and his lady chusing not to be left at Terceira, a place where accident had thrown them, she returns to England, companion to a formal consequential old maid of quality, with whom she does not remain long before she discovers she is addressed, and on the point of marriage with her quondam husband, Sir Luson Linfield. She discovers his treachery to Lady Jane, and, in consequence, is obliged to leave her situation—she advertises for a place as governess to young ladies—various amusing scenes are displayed in consequence of the applications she receives—she is at last settled as companion to a Mrs. Semhurst, whose son becomes enamoured of her—she returns his passion, but her unfortunate marriage being an insurmountable obstacle to the union, they agree upon a separation, and her lover is reported to have shot himself. Soon after this, she becomes real Countess Donachmuir by the death of the young Earl, and feels herself happily released from an ill accorded union, by hearing Sir Luson is killed in a duel. She again visits the Continent, and there finds the report of her lover's death was false. Preparations are making for her return to England, when she is informed her old tormenter, Sir Luson, had only been dangerously wounded, but was still alive. More perplexities ensue, but the author, with great skill and ingenuity, conducts her through them all, and she is at length rendered happy in an union with her faithful Cyrell.—There are a variety of characters introduced, all well supported, and seemingly drawn from a thorough knowledge of the world and the human heart. The language is correct, and the whole story conducted with simplicity, and kept within the limits of probability.

YOUNG LADIES FRIEND, by *Mrs. Rowson*, author of *Victoria. Lane.* 2 vols. Price 5s. sewed.

THIS is a performance extremely proper for the perusal of every young lady on her first entrance into the busy scenes of life—It tends strongly to inculcate piety, filial duty, charity, and all the amiable train of domestic feminine virtues. The stories introduced are extremely apposite to the subjects they are meant to illustrate, and some of them are written with a degree of pathos that found immediate access to the heart.

Of the language we can say but little, yet will we not entirely condemn, since the fair author herself laments her “education as a female being naturally circumscribed;” for though we can discover evident marks of genius thro’ the whole work, we must confess we think it would have appeared in a better dress, had Mrs. Rowson drank deeper of “*The Pyrenian Spring*. However, as the design is evidently for the benefit of the female world, we recommend its perusal to all our fair readers, and can sincerely coincide with the author in saying, “It will not convey a wrong idea to the head, or a corrupt wish to the heart.” On the contrary, we will venture to affirm, if read with attention, it cannot fail of improving both.

DANISH MASSACRE, by *Mrs. Johnson*, author of *Monmouth, &c. Lane.* 2 vols. 5s. sewed.

THIS novel is founded on a well known area in the English history; but the fair author has given the reins to imagination, and wandered widely from the direct facts as stated by Rapine and other historians; but however that may be, she has contrived to make it extremely pathetic and interesting, and we are irresistibly led to compassionate the sufferings of the unfortunate Gunilda, sister to Sweyn, the Danish King.

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We cannot but confess we think the present work falls far short of the merit displayed in *Monmouth*, tho' we do not in general approve historical novels, as the real facts are often entirely misrepresented, as it shall please the author to dignify or depress the character of her hero or heroine, and by reading such novels, the young mind may be misled in regard to circumstances which occurred in the early part of the British history, before they have either patience or application sufficient, by studying authentic records to discover truth from fiction. We remember formerly reading some very interesting works by this lady, and we only beg leave to hint, that the misfortunes often attendant on humble life will sooner attract our attention, or awaken our sensibility, than the discord of nations or the fate of Princes; and we long again for the sincere pleasure we experienced in the perusal of the *Gamesters and Retribution*. Mrs. Johnson has abilities, but they have ever appeared most eminent in the simple display of those real afflictions, which, from feeling we might suffer ourselves, we learn to pity in another.

TANCRED, *a Tale of ancient times*, by J. Fox, jun.
2 vols. 5s. Lane.

A TALE of ancient times indeed; for 'tis very long since supernatural appearances have been discredited.—The author seems to have his eye, during the course of the work, equally on the castle of Otranto and the Old English Baron, yet we cannot think he has, in the smallest degree, approved their excellence. Lady Maugeretta is a character almost too horrible for human nature to contemplate, and the whole piece abounds with improbabilities. The moral is certainly good; virtue is always its own reward, and vice its own punishment. But a romance of this kind, however good the moral, except it is extremely well managed, seldom fails of disgusting the sensible reader, and he throws aside the book as uninteresting, before he has time to discover the instruction it is meant to convey.

DECEITFULNESS OF THE HUMAN HEART,

A TRUE STORY.

[FROM MRS. PHILLIPS'S APOLOGY.]

THERE is a young creature (for she still lives) who was the daughter of a surgeon, a man of an exceeding good character, and in great business, in a village at a small distance from London.

The next door to them lived a widow lady, whose husband had been captain of a man of war.

These families had each of them several children. So near a neighbourhood naturally brought on an acquaintance, and the children of both (as in most country-villages there is but one good school) were of course educated together.

One of the daughters of the surgeon was Miss Peggy, and is the young woman whose story we are going to relate. Of the widow's family, there were three sons; the eldest of whom, Master Charles, was about two years older than Peggy; and thus being bred up together, the familiarity and friendship that subsisted between the families, was naturally imitated by the children.

In this harmony they lived, till Charles and Peggy drew near man and woman's estate; to which, as she approached, her youthful beauties opened into something more than common attractions. She was for stature the tallest of the

middle size; most perfectly shaped; a complexion fair as alabaster; her features regularly delicate; her hair full and flowing, and of the brightest chesnut; she was a girl of a most piercing lively wit, and a gay good-natured disposition.

A young creature with these accomplishments, it may be imagined, bore the *belle* in the village where she lived.

Charles too had his personal merits—He was tall, well-shaped, and genteel; his complexion, though inclining to the olive, gave a manly cast to his features, which were still heightened by the sprightliness and fire of his eyes; his hair curled naturally, and was of the darkest brown; his temper too had all the resembling liveliness and gaiety of Peggy's.

No wonder then, if, from so long and infant intimacy, there should arise an habitual regard and partiality between these two for each other; of which the symptoms were visible to the neighbourhood, as well as to their companions of pleasure, though these two innocents themselves seemed to be scarce sensible to what the unusual sympathy they found in their souls for each other tended.

In this seeming happy state of innocence they lived till Charles was near seventeen years of age, when it was thought proper, for his future advancement in the world, he should go to sea.

And now all things were prepared for his voyage, on board a ship which was commanded by his uncle. Poor Peggy received the news of his intended departure with emotions she very little understood the meaning of; and nothing further appeared, than the usual uneasiness that is common to young people, who have been bred up together, upon their being separated.

The time of his embarkation being come, he went to take leave of his favourite Peggy and her family, and bid them adieu with great gaiety and good humour, reserving his last compliments for Peggy, whom he tenderly embraced, and seemed to have so much to say, his heart was too full to give it utterance; but withdrew without being able to open his lips to her, and with such a visible emotion, that every body took notice of it.

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From that moment he was looked upon as her lover ; which, taking air among her companions, she was continually teased and rallied about her sweet-heart.

But little did these wanton triflers imagine how deeply the heart of the poor unhappy Peggy was concerned in their childish ridicule ; for, alas ! Charles had not been gone a month, before a visible alteration in her greatly alarmed the family ; and, to all appearance, there was no less to be apprehended than her soon falling into a consumption.

In this melancholy condition the poor girl continued for several months, without any one being able to find out her disorder.

From that beautiful freshness, for which she was before so remarkable, she became pale, wan, and heavy-eyed : Her gaiety and sprightliness were turned into a deep settled melancholy ; she would never move, by her own will, from the chair she first set down on for a whole day together, nor speak one word, unless they forced it from her, and that never more than *Yes*—or *No*.—

It was with the greatest difficulty, persuasions, and even threats, they could induce her to eat any thing ; and then it was so little, that, together with a continual hectic fever upon her, she was in twelve months time, worn to a skeleton.

At last, her disorder increasing, turned to a confirmed madness ; and though it cannot be supposed but she must have been very sensible of the cause of her disorder, yet she could never, by any means they could contrive, be brought to reveal the secret, even to her dearest friends and relations, or to throw out the most distant hint by which they might guess at it.

In a word, she was become the very miserable image which Shakespeare has so pathetically described :

————— She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : She pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument, smiling at grief.

Her poor disconsolate parents were at last obliged to consent to her being put into a private madhouse; and, which was most grievous to them, without being able to give the least guess at the cause of her malady.

At length, the poor unhappy creature was confined, where she continued above three years, till being given over by all the physicians as incurable, her parents were further persuaded to send her to Bethlem, where the expence of her maintenance would not only be lessened, but they had hopes of her still being relieved, by the different methods of treating her.

Accordingly she was removed thither, where, after having continued near five years, a very minute and trifling accident discovered this long-concealed cause of her illness.

Some of her companions who went to see her, carried her in a paper a few sweet-meats. The next day, the woman who had the care of the ward she was in, perceived on the floor a piece of paper, with legible letters, pricked through with a pin, in which, upon nearer examination, she found the words :

Poor *Charles* !—you are in your grave, or you have forgot your unhappy *Peggy* ; but she will never forget you.

This paper the woman took up, unseen by her ; and as her father used to come generally once a week to see her, and always urgently recommended it to the woman who took care of her, to endeavour, if by any means she could hear her speak, to get some light into the cause of her melancholy ; as soon as he came, the woman gave him this paper, which, though unintelligible to her, was not so to the interested, disconsolate father. He very well understood the meaning of these melancholy mementos of her misery, and revolving in his thoughts the manner of the young gentleman's taking his last leave of her, and her immediate indisposition from the time of his departure, he was convinced it must be the effects of the most violent passion of love which had bereft her thus of her senses.

However, to confirm his present belief, he was now resolved to try yet farther ; therefore he took care that every

day pieces of paper should be dropt in the room, which the poor distracted creature never failed to make the same sad use of, and almost in the same words.

At last, they contrived to lay pen and ink in the room, which the poor soul still used to the same disconsolate purpose.

There now no longer remained with him a doubt of the cause of his child's disorder: They attempted, however, to speak to her several times about him; but it had such an effect upon her, that it was not without the utmost difficulty they could oblige her to eat for several hours after; therefore, they gave over the mention of him, and every body who was suffered to see her, was forbid to speak of Charles.

In this condition she continued for eight years, during all which time Charles had been abroad, but at last returned to England, passed his examination, and was made a lieutenant.

But before the cause of this poor girl's disorder was first discovered, Charles's mother and her family had removed from their old neighbourhood into a remote place in Yorkshire, where less expence maintained them in greater plenty; and, having no sort of connection to call him to the village where Peggy had lived, Charles had no thoughts of going thither; for love had not so outrageously operated on his, as on her heart—Time, business, and absence had almost worn her image from his mind.

But chance, which frequently brings things about which our wisest-concerted schemes fail in, at last conducted him to the village where her father lived; and calling to his remembrance the days of innocence and pleasure he had once passed at that house, he could not go by it without inquiring after the health of the family.

Upon his entrance he asked for the father and the mother, who received him, as a stranger, very courteously; for he was grown absolutely out of their memory.

However, upon his discovering himself, the amazed and melancholy father embraced him with a flood of tears, arising possibly from the equal pangs of joy and sorrow: But the soft-hearted-mother sunk at his feet in a swoon; out of which

which they could not bring her without bleeding, and every necessary application.

All this while the astonished Charles, quite ignorant whence this calamity could arise, stood with a silent consternation, nor durst he ask the cause, lest it should aggravate the distress they had fallen into.

At last, the father having a little recovered himself, to relieve the amazement of poor Charles, sighing, took him by the hand, and, in a faltering voice, said—"My dear Sir, to behold the strange emotions the so much wished for sight of you gives me and my family, may well surprise you; but when you shall know you are, though innocent, the cause of our sadness; and that to your long and fatal absence I owe the loss of a darling daughter—Pray excuse me, Sir"—

Here, with an averted countenance, the poor man, bursting again into tears, was unable to proceed.

"Good God! (cried Charles) keep me no longer in this strange suspense"—Then turning to another person who was more himself, "You, Sir, I beg you (said Charles) tell me what I almost tremble to know."

But to tire our readers as little as possible, this third person, who was intimately acquainted with the family, related the whole story of this poor girl's misfortune.—The honest-hearted Charles listened to every one of the interested particulars, with that earnest attention and emotion which the various passions visibly raised in the breast of a good-natured young man: Pity, sorrow, and reviving love, by turns, distracted him. The soft remembrances of the happy innocent life he had passed with her, the mutual kindness, the joyous pastimes and rural amusements they had heretofore been partakers of, now again broke in upon his mind, and with their former power possessed him.

But when he considered how dearly his poor Peggy had paid for their innocent intimacy, and into what deplorable condition it had thrown her, all these pleasing ideas were dashed and darkened by an inconsolable sorrow.

At length, as he had a heart whose goodness inclined him to make the misery of his friends his own, he could not bear the thoughts of poor Peggy's condition, without
rousing

rousing his whole soul to comfort and relieve her; and gathering all his fortitude together, after an unquiet pause, wiping from his eyes the tears of pity that had, almost unknown to him, fallen, he turned to the dejected and still weeping father, and, with his natural vivacity, said,—“Come, Sir, I beg you would be comforted; if any thing within the reach of my life or power can aid her—Oh! Sir, had I but your leave to see her”—

The poor old man, not displeased with the proposal, nor conceiving that the sight of her could properly be refused to one so particularly concerned in her distress, instantly wrote a note for him to the hospital, which would give him the permission he desired.

After this affecting interview was ended, Charles, in a disconsolate manner, took his leave and went home, where, it may be imagined, he passed the night in all those restless perturbations of mind such a conversation must naturally have thrown him into: Therefore, with the earliest day, he got up, and hastened to the melancholy cell of his unhappy Peggy.

Having delivered the note of his permission, he was, in the presence of her female keeper, admitted: But, alas! how ghastly was the object! Easier by far to be imagined than described!

The phantom, (for so she seemed) regardless and immoveable, supporting with her hands on her knees her feeble body, sat, with her eyes fixed on the ground, without word or sigh that shewed the least sense of life in her, or sign that she perceived their approach.

Though Charles had endeavoured to fortify himself with all the courage he could summon together, yet, at a sight of such unutterable woe, his spirits quite forsook him, and, unable to move forwards, he sunk against the wall for support, almost senseless with the agony of grief.

The poor lunatic all this while, not having the least heed or sense of what was near her, continued in the same fixed and moping attitude.

Charles at length recovering some resolution, gently placed himself, kneeling at her feet, and, in a low and plaintive voice, called her by her name.

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The penetrating sound coming in an instant to her remembrance, like a sudden spark of fire seemed to give an explosion to her whole animal system, which blazed in blushes all over her face.

Again he spoke, and said, "Peggy—my dearest Peggy, do you know me?"

At this she started from her seat, and held him with extended arms at a distance, gazing as though she would have looked him through.

Charles, who imagined he perceived tenderness accompany her natural amazement, continued beseeching her—"Oh, speak, my dearest (said he) answer me, I conjure you—Do you know me?"

"Yes! (replied she, with incredible quickness) I know you very well—you are Charles!"—and fetched a deep sigh.

"Oh, my poor unhappy Peggy, (cried he, eagerly snatching her hand, on which he shed a number of tears) what can I do for you? Oh, Heavens! how wretched am I! what misery do I feel! my poor girl!"—

This tenderness in Charles's heart produced a favorable symptom in her's, that in the several years of her confinement had never once relieved her; for, upon his embracing her, a shower of tears fell from her eyes, that exceeded all the eloquence of passion love ever found a tongue to express.

The rest of their tender conversation we leave to the imagination of our readers: But, as no sentiments can be more affecting than which flow from the plainest simplicity of heart, we must beg leave still to recite the only words, which this timorous creature, (with eyes in which all the softest languishments of the soul were painted after their storm of sighs and tears had a little abated, with a feeble faltering accent,) said to her lover—"Ah, dear Charles, will you—will you ever come to see me again?"—looking upon him as though she were taking eternal farewell.

"Come to see thee, my love! (replied he) why I could not live from thee; I will not only come again, but I will never, by my own consent, be an hour from you; nay, if you will promise me to be comforted, to cheer up your spirits, and do all in your power to be well, and then consent

sent to be my wife, I will take you from this dismal place, and marry you—We will go home again to your father's, and be happy."

At these words she turned to him with a countenance quite composed, and said, "Will you indeed—will you do this, Charles?" And, with a sigh that one would imagine had rent her whole frame, added, "Then I shall be well."

Charles gave her a thousand assurances that he would sacrifice even life to her happiness, protesting, that nothing on earth could give him a thought of comfort, but the hopes of her recovery; and it being time for him now to retire, he took his leave.

There was a visible reluctance in the eyes of the dejected maid at their parting, which was no-unpleasing discovery to the enamoured Charles—enamoured we call him; for it is certain he was now become as much in love with her distresses, as he had heretofore been with her innocence and beauty.

He passed this night therefore very differently from the former: His ruminations were of a softer kind; he flattered himself he saw such strong appearances of reason in her behaviour and discourse, that left him not without hopes his dear Peggy was recoverable. All the charms he remembered her to have had before they first parted, he thought he now beheld returning to their full bloom, which her distresses served to endear, and heighten to his imagination.

Thus wrapped in contemplation, captivated with the ideas of his hoped-for happiness, his wearied eyes found but little rest; but watching for day-light, the moment it appeared, he rose from his bed, dressed, and went to the hospital, where, inquiring after her health, he was informed, she had cried for several hours after his departure, which no body endeavoured to dissuade her from.

After this relief of tears she became more calm, and eat what was brought to her while her guard stayed by her in the room, which was a thing she had never done before, and spoke several times of indifferent matters to her—begged the woman would come to her early in the morning, and bring her clean cloaths, and what other ne-

cessaries she might want, which were more words than she had been heard to utter in six years before.

It may be easily imagined with what pleasure the transported Charles heard this favorable account of his now beloved intended wife.

When he entered the room, a rising blush, and eyes sparkling with joy, welcomed him. Approaching her with an air full of respect and tenderness, he inquired how she had rested; to which she made him the most pertinent answer.

He stayed the whole day with her, and dined in her cell, during all which time she never forgot herself, even for a moment; but conversed with him all the day with a modest reserve and becoming decency, like one who had never been disordered; and now and then, when she caught Charles's eyes looking round her dismal lodging, would say something to divert him from it.

At length, when it was time for him to retire, with eyes most languishingly tender, she repeated her doubts of the former day, and asked him, "Would he ever come again?"

He gave her all the assurances in his power that he would, and begged she would set her mind at ease; for that, unless prevented by sickness which confined him to his bed, nothing should prevent his seeing her.

Satisfied at this answer, she parted with him, seemingly contented; and in this kind of intercourse they passed above two months.

Whether this sudden change gave the disconsolate parents or the transported Charles most joy, is hard to say. She had lost ever symptom of her disorder from the first moment she saw her lover, and not only every day recovered her health, but beauty also.

It was therefore now thought proper to remove her from her loathsome cell to a more commodious apartment, and that she should be permitted to take the air; the faithful Charles never passed a day without attending her.

To conclude—the being now to all appearance entirely restored to her senses, her father petitioned for her discharge, and thanked the house for their extraordinary care of his child.

It seems, there is a form in that hospital, that expressly forbids any patient, who has been received upon the foundation, being discharged till six weeks after the doctors have signed their certificate of sanity of mind.— Therefore she was obliged to perform that quarantine before she could be at liberty to return.

In the mean time, preparations were made for their marriage, which, soon after her discharge, was solemnized; the honest, faithful Charles never wavered from his first resolution.

Now was that house, that for above eight long years had been one continued scene of sorrow, become the habitation of joy and gladness: Every one who lived near, or were of their acquaintance, came to felicitate the transported parents and happy couple, whose joys were now complete.

Nor is it easy to conceive, that any young persons ever came together with more favorable appearance of reaping those fruits of the matrimonial union, which one would expect must necessarily follow so pure and innocent a passion. But, alas! purity and innocence are but the same carnal coverings that gloss over every vice and evil, and are liable to the same accidents, the same frailties, and the same miserable misconduct, unless where virtue, prudence, and a happy education, hold the reins, and guide them safe from those precipices they might, (if only led by the passions our unruly natures are prone to,) fall from.

There are very few young girls whose hearts perceive the first approaches of love, without fear, shame, and a plaintive sorrow, and these ought always to be the objects of compassion, especially where they have nature only for their conductor, and have not had the necessary advantages of education, by which not only chastity, but every other virtue, is acquired and preserved.

This being the only safe and sure guard to beauty and innocence, how much ought it to be attended to! For to the early impressions that are stamped in a young girl's mind, she owes all her future happiness.

But as this requisite education had not been bestowed upon the heroine in question, the calamitous conclusion of her story will evince their usefulness of what we recom-

mend, because the want of that is the only reason we can find out in nature to account for her fall.

Thus much we have been forced to premise, that the following surprize might not strike with too much horror upon the imagination of our readers. But to proceed.

The only thing that could add to the first ten month's happiness of this distinguished couple, was, that the beloved spouse of Charles brought him a son.

At this juncture, however, it happened, that the mother of Charles died in Yorkshire, and as he was the eldest son, and there were some valuable effects in the family, it was thought adviseable he should take a journey thither, as well for his own particular interest, as to take care and dispose of the rest of the children. He therefore made choice of the time his wife lay in for this expedition, on which he was absent about six weeks.

His stay was shorter than he at first intended, having, for two or three nights, been intolerably disturbed in his sleep, by the most frightful dreams of his wife, which happening to him for several nights together, so oppressed his spirits he was resolved to delay no longer his return: For though he had nothing to apprehend from the letters he received almost every post, yet the dread that his absence might be the cause of any relapse into her former phrensy, gave him inexpressible uneasiness, and with this perturbation of mind he returned.

We do not take upon us to examine what there may, or may not be, in dreams, but this being a fact, we are obliged to relate it.

Charles then being come within ten miles of London, very late, in a dismal dark rainy evening, he was prevailed upon by the people of the inn where he baited, and who knew him, to stay there that night, and having supped, retired to bed, resolving to set out in the morning with the day-break.

There was no occasion to call him, or fear of his not waking; for the same frightful visions that had haunted his sleeping thoughts for several nights before, still continued to disturb him.

At day-break he arose, "as from unrest," got on horseback, and by six he was at his father's, where, in the
very

very instant he arrived, the maid, who was just got up, was opening the window-shutters.

The impatient Charles eagerly inquired after the health of his dearest wife and her little son, and hearing they were both perfectly well, he would not let the maid go up to carry the glad tidings of his return, but was resolved to be himself the welcome messenger.

With a heart then full of joy and tenderness he stole up softly to her chamber for fear of awaking her into too great a surprize, and opening the door, crept to her bed side, and gently pulling aside the curtains to feast his eager eyes upon her sleeping beauties, saw—good Heavens!—what!—not his dearest wife dead of an apoplectic fit—but, alas! an object more distracting;—he saw—he saw—her fast and soundly sleeping, with one arm carelessly thrown over the bosom of her father's journeyman, who, having forgot himself, lay sweetly slumbering by her side.

And this coarse creature (for he was ruggedly featured) had this pining turtle chosen that very night to chace away the inconsolable hours she felt during the absence of the inestimable Charles.

But here let the picture paint itself—How dreadful must be the horror and consternation of the poor, amazed, distracted husband, will be best felt in the proportionable warmth of our reader's imagination! No wonder if the agony this sight threw him into took from him all power of speech or resolution, or that nature, in a convulsive start, threw him from the bed side; for down the stairs he ran, oversetting every obstacle in his way, without uttering one word to signify the occasion of his precipitation.

From the levity of this extraordinary woman, we hope, will be evinced the truth of our former assertion, that there are affections which so nearly resemble love in their symptoms, it is an impossibility to guess at their truth but by their consequences. If a passion which totally divests a woman of her senses is found to have no reality, what are proofs by which we may know it? For we believe it will be readily admitted, a wife, who, in the first short absence from so tender a husband, under the foregoing affecting generous circumstances, could take another man to her bed, could never have really loved. There is no passion deserving

serving that name, by which the soul is understood to be captivated, but must have its foundation in reason. —We must have cause to believe the object of our affection has truth, honor, goodness of heart, and every virtue requisite to form an amiable character; and according to the degree of perfection in the person we like, by that measure only ought we, or can we love; but such objects being rarely found, and still seldomer paired, no wonder there are but few instances of that pure, unpoluted, and disinterested passion.

Poor Charles then, unknowing where he strayed, walked on to London, and went directly to a friend's house, where, complaining he was indisposed, without saying from whence he had come, or what had occasioned his disorder, was put to bed, and in a few hours seized with a violent fever.

His friends asked him several times whether they should dispatch a messenger to his wife and father, which he as often refused; and at last told them the whole story, even so minutely as to mention his tormenting dreams; (and it was from these very people our apologist came to the knowledge of it, and at whose house she saw the *very unhappy* Peggy.)

His friends said all they could to comfort him, but in vain; he answered them, he was very sure it would be his death—And his distemper increasing, the next day he grew so very ill, that the apothecary they had sent for said, he could not live; they dispatched a messenger to his father, who found the family in the greatest consternation at hearing from the maid-servant he had been seen to go up to his wife's chamber, and had so suddenly disappeared; tho' had not the horse been in the stable which brought him home, the poor honest father would have believed it was his ghost.

The wife and her gallant indeed pretty well knew the cause, but they had cunning enough to keep their own secret.

At last the messenger's coming to the father, gave new alarms: The poor old man got on horseback, and taking no notice to his daughter, but that her husband was slightly indisposed, for fear of alarming her, went directly to London, where he found his son within half an hour •

his death, and so delirious that he did not know him; and all that he could collect by the broken complaints he heard him utter was, "My wife—my dearest creature, Peggy! who are you?—what is that wretch that lies in your arms?"—With these, and such like heart-breaking exclamations, in a few minutes he expired.

The poor honest father, who loved beyond expression the unhappy Charles, was almost distracted, and the people of the house, who were his intimate friends, were very little in a condition to give him consolation; but hearing him lament his poor daughter, for the grief and misery this would inevitably bring upon her, the woman of the house, who was a distant relation to Charles, and not of the mildest disposition, broke out into the bitterest complaints against his wife, and without much ceremony told the father the whole story—An indiscretion quite unseasonable; for the poor old man was already almost broken-hearted; and this abrupt discovery, it was to be feared, would be such a shock to him, it might in all probability be the cause of his death.

Great as his grief was for the poor dead young man, the story this gentlewoman told him, turned him all to attention and amazement—"Oh, Heavens! (cried the poor afflicted father) to what unheard of misery am I still reserved?" Then looking upon the corpse that lay upon the bed by him—"No matter, my dear son, (says he) these hands shall do you justice; I will make a severe example of her with her blood—she shall make atonement for your death.

Then arising from his chair, with a wildness in which madness and despair were strongly painted, he begged the people of the house would send for an undertaker, and see that every thing was prepared for a decent funeral, and immediately took horse to return home.

But his daughter and her lover, very well knowing what sort of treatment they were to expect upon the discovery they apprehended would be made by poor Charles, were escaped from the house; for the sudden start this poor distracted husband gave from his wife's bed-side had awakened the lovers. The wife had made no confidants, but hearing from the maid it was her husband who went down stairs,

stairs, it was natural to imagine what would be the result of the father and the husband's conversation.

Never was consternation equal to this poor man's when he found his daughter and her gallant fled: The father took to his bed in three days after his return home from the son's funeral, from whence he never arose.

His daughter's first misfortune sat very heavy at his heart, but this last he never recovered: Therefore, excess of grief, with the infirmities of old age, soon ended his life, and before that day month one grave received son and father.

The sad catastrophe was now worked up to a height beyond human bearing; but death put a period to all their afflictions—all but the miserable wife, whose deplorable situation our readers will easily conclude.—

Oh!—what a falling-off was there
 From him, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 He made to her in marriage? and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of his!—but virtue, as it never will be mov'd
 Tho' lewdness court it in a shape of Heav'n;
 So vice, tho' to a radiant Angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on Garbage.

HAMLET.

LET-

LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY

TO

HIS FRIEND IN TOWN.

S I R,

MY father had a lucrative place in the customs; but as his family was large, he was unable to leave us fortunes, and contented himself with placing us in such situations in the world as would give us an opportunity of acquiring a decent provision, if we should not be wanting to ourselves. It was my lot, after having received a tincture of classical education, to be apprenticed to a genteel business at the west-end of the town. As soon as I was out of my time, I set up for myself; and though I cannot boast that I was ever in a very great way, yet, by attention and frugality, I had accumulated, at the age of forty, a sum sufficient to enable me to live in a comfortable manner, without the anxiety and confinement of trade. A handsome legacy from a relation of my wife, at once determined me, in my long-meditated intention, to sell off at prime cost, and retire.

I had always entertained a great idea of the happiness of living in the country. It was, indeed, natural in one who had lived near forty years in a dusty ware-house, amidst the dirt, smoke, and noise of the Strand; and who had seldom made an excursion beyond the cake-house at Hoxton, or the bowling-green at Hackney.

No. 3.

E e

One

One morning, while I was revolving in my mind the idea of retirement, I happened to cast my eye on an advertisement in the newspaper, in which a house, a garden, and grounds, in a market-town, about five and thirty miles from London, were announced to be let at fifty pounds a-year. This appeared to me too advantageous a bargain to be neglected; for, you must know, I gave a hundred a-year for my shop, the area of which was no more than three yards by four; and here were twenty acres of land, and a mansion that would contain my house ten times over, to be let for half the money. There was no time to be lost: I shut up shop, took my wife and family down, and settled immediately.

As I did not go into the country on an æconomical plan, I was resolved to launch out a little, and live, as I could very well afford it, in a moderately genteel style. I set up a post chaise, kept several horses, and two livery servants. This appearance put me on a level with the best families in the neighbourhood, and accordingly I was visited by all who claimed the rank of gentlefolks.

But, alas! I did not find in this place that happiness which I expected. I have been convinced by experience, that a market-town is not a proper situation for those to retire to, who wish to taste the pleasures of rural life, and to pass the evening of their days in a state of tranquillity. That you may judge of the impropriety of such a retreat, I shall give you an account of my reception in it, and of several circumstances, which render it less fit for the enjoyment of those peaceful and domestic pleasures, which every one that retires from business expects, than the noisiest street in the metropolis of the British empire.

The first visits were paid us from motives of curiosity, under the pretence of politeness. Our persons, our dress, our characters, were examined with all severity of criticism, but without the candour of benevolence. The various remarks that were made, furnished an inexhaustible fund of conversation for the next three months; and I have had an opportunity of procuring the literal reports of one or two of our examiners, which, as they entertained me I shall communicate for your amusement.

In the morning after her first visit, the 'squire's wife set out to ease her mind of the burden of intelligence under which it laboured; which she did, in every house she entered, in nearly the following words:—

“ Well, have you seen the new-comers? Pray, how do you like Mrs. Townshend? Oh! I have a charming little anecdote concerning her. You must know, I have learnt who she was before she was married. I thought as much; do you know her father was a cheesemonger in Thames-street—but he broke, you must know, and so Miss was taken from boarding-school, and in process of time arrived at the high dignity of upper-maid to Alderman Portfoken's lady. But, being vast pretty, you must know, and having had a prodigious fine education, Mr. Townshend, the common-council-man, fell in love with her, and married her. This is all fact, you may depend upon it; for our Sally heard it this very morning at the shop. Can't stay; but thought I would call and let you know. You see how high some people hold up their heads; but you'll understand how to look upon 'em now. I have a little hundred places to call at;—so good morning.”

Miss Prue, a maiden lady of irreproachable character, set off on the same expedition, as soon as she had put on her morning-cap. Brimful of news, she could hardly contain herself till she got to the lawyer's brass knocker and mahogany-coloured door. No sooner was she seated, than out it flew.

“ Well, Mrs. Leafum, we were at the new-comers' last night; and such a night! Why they know no more of cards, than if they had not been used to play above five or six times a-week in their lives. As to the father and mother, one should not expect much from persons, who, I suppose, got all their money in Houndsditch; but really I pity the poor girls. They sat mum half an hour; and then asked me, Lord help 'em! if I had read the last new thing that came out. Pray, what do you think? Some people say the younger is handsome; and indeed she seems very good natured. But as to beauty!—all I shall say is, she does not please me. To be sure, they are both fair enough too, their features pretty regular, and some think their eyes very fine—but, Lord! so awkward, so modest, and yet, at the

same time, so much of the city air about them, that they are absolutely intolerable. In short, I don't chuse to speak out—I am always tender on the subject of characters—but I have heard something"—(Here she concluded with a whisper, and in a great hurry withdrew.

The next house she called in at was the apothecary's. — The apothecary was glad of a mouthful of news for his patients. His patients swallowed it eagerly, and soon afterwards evacuated themselves on all their visitors, who went home in great spirits to tell their families; and thus, in the space of twenty-four hours, it was spread over the whole parish.

With respect to myself, at the first weekly club after our arrival, the 'squire, the attorney, the apothecary, the maltster, and two or three gentlemen fots, who lived upon their means, as it is called, sat in judgment upon my character. After much debate, in which an equal portion of candour and discernment was displayed, I was found guilty of being a Cockney, of never having hunted, of never having shot a partridge, of keeping a poor table, and yet, at the same time, living above my fortune; and lastly, of having a great deal of pride that little became me. The result was, that though they should condescend to call upon me, as long as my excellent pipe of Port lasted, yet I was not to be admitted a member of their jolly society.

It is true, I visit, and am visited; but as I really do not take much pleasure in a drunken bout; as I am not very well-skilled in farming and fox-hunting, and, from a tenderness of constitution, am obliged to be abstemious in the articles of eating and drinking, we commonly have more form in our meetings than cordiality. To assemble together for the sake of liberal and manly conversation is held insipid. My sons are never at home; and my daughters, who have been taught to set a high value on mental accomplishments, neither give nor receive much satisfaction in the company of those, who think it the very summit of education to have learned to dance and play a minuet at a boarding-school.

The envy, the jealousy, and impertinence of the lower sort of people, is not less conspicuous and troublesome than that

that of their superiors. If we send to buy any thing, we are forced to pay something more than any body else, because we are the rich new-comers. If my cows happen to break into neighbour Hodge's field, she is pounded without notice, because, forsooth, she is the Londoner's cow. If we walk down the town, all the doors and windows are flung open, and crowded with spectators, just as if my Lord Mayor's show was passing by. My poor wife and daughters' filks and fattins are criticized with unrelenting severity. "It is my opinion, John, (cries one) that my best Sunday cotton that I had on when I was married to thee, cost more money than yonder fine silk that Miss flaunts it in." "Aye, (subjoins another) fine feathers make fine birds—but I wish somebody is not crooked—I can perceive it for all her pads." And truly, because I don't chuse to wear leather breeches and a little round hat, every hostler at the inn-gates stands smiling with his arms folded, and tips his comrade the wink, to smoke the Cockney.

Whenever my servants go to any shop, a set of gossips make a point of meeting them, in order to ask what I had for dinner, how much small-beer is consumed by us in a week, and a thousand similar questions. No little art is made use of to persuade them that I am stingy, and that my place is the worst in the town; though, to my certain knowledge, I am so far imposed upon, being a stranger, as that I am forced to pay a third more wages than any body else in the neighbourhood.

Nothing passes in my house but it becomes a matter of general conversation. If a cousin, or an old acquaintance comes from London to spend a few days with me, no pains are spared to learn of the servants who and what he is; and if my servants know nothing about him, Miss Prue takes care to suggest, that he is in some low trade, a mere mechanic in his best suit of cloaths. If he should take an evening walk with my daughters, unaccompanied with me or my wife, he is going to be married to one of them directly. His name, his age, his origin, are immediately divulged; the fortunes on both sides ascertained, and the day fixed.

If my wife and I happen to spar a little, as is usual among those who love one another with the sincerest affection, a report

report is immediately circulated that I use my wife ill, or that she uses me ill; and that, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, we do not live happily together. I can never buy nor sell a horse, a cow, or a pig, nor change a servant, but I am called behind my back a fool for my pains, and it is hinted that I do not know what I am about; and indeed how should I, since I am a cit. If I make an alteration in my garden, dig a ditch, mend a pigstye, or thatch a hovel, my taste, my judgment, my prudence, are called in question, and it is charitably wished that I do not bring my noble to nine-pence, and my nine-pence to nothing. If, by the carelessness of my cook-maid, a joint of meat should happen to be a little tainted in the dog-days, it gets wind, and it is immediately said that I feed my family on stinking meat for cheapness. If a loaf should be a little mouldy in damp weather, I am railed at for keeping my bread till it is spoiled, rather than give it to a poor creature who is perishing with hunger. In short, hardly a mouse can stir in any part of the house, from the parlour to the scullery, but the chandler shop-keeper, the landlady of the ale-house, and the mantua-maker, find means to get a knowledge of it for the entertainment of their customers.

Till I lived in this place, I never thought myself of such consequence as to merit general attention. In London, my next door neighbour neither knew nor cared what passed in my parlour and kitchen. I can, however, easily account for this difference. In a market-town of no great opulence or extent, there are not objects enough to divert the idle. No plays, no auctions, no fine shops, no show-glasses; scarcely any amusement for sots, gossips, and old maids, but thinking and talking on the affairs and families of other people. The settlement of a stranger in their town is food to them for years. They have been too long used to the natives to find any novelty in their concerns, and perhaps have been induced to regard them with that partiality of long acquaintance, or of relationship, which precludes malevolence. But strangers are lawful game; and the cruelty of little minds is found to take a pleasure in detracting from their characters, and defeating, by false and malignant representations, those schemes of happiness with which they flattered themselves in retirement.

Sick

Sick of such impertinence, and disgusted with the ill-nature of all around me, I have resolved to quit the market town, and have just hired a house delightfully situated in a distant village. It is the paternal habitation of a man, who, having hopes of rising at court, chuses to leave this charming retreat, for a small dark house in one of the dismal lanes that lead into the Strand. I shall have no near neighbours but the vicar, who is not only a learned, virtuous, religious, and benevolent, but also an agreeable man. His family, all of whom have that elegance of mind which results from a taste for letters, will be much with mine.— They have already formed a reciprocal attachment. And I hope to have found at last in this place, that happiness which I vainly sought in a more frequented situation. Of this I am confident, that the honest simplicity of the rustics, if it is not agreeable, is far less disgusting than the pert, affected, ill-natured airs and manners of the little half-bred gentry in many country towns.

The beauties of nature untouched by art, an air sweet as it blows over the blossomed vale, peaceful hours, social cheerfulness, domestic joys, rural dignity—these are mine in my village retreat. Nor do I regret the loss of formal visits, and that wretched intercourse with little minds, which, while it wore away life in insipidity, exposed me to the envenomed shafts of unmerited detraction.

SIR

SIR ALAN;

A TALE,

OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

[FROM THE LAKE OF WINDERMERE.]

HENRY and ALAN were the only sons of Sir Roger de Umphreville, who, in the reign of Edward the second, had received the honor of knighthood. In the early part of their lives, the brothers had discovered to what pursuits a more advanced period of age would lead them. Henry was addicted to literature; Alan delighted in hearing recounted the martial exploits of his ancestors. At the early age of eighteen, he earnestly desired to be sent against the enemies of his country, and to prove himself worthy of bearing the name of Umphreville.

Sir Roger, whose whole life had been spent "on tainted plains," heard the request of his son with transport, and acceded to it without the least reluctance. — Alan was soon equipped, and with a recommendatory letter to the reigning Monarch, Edward the third, set out from Umphreville Castle, his young heart exulting in the idea of equalling the exploits of any of his forefathers. Edward, who entertained a great respect for Sir Roger, received the young soldier with affability, and perceiving his impatient ardour, resolved to send him on immediate service.

The Dukes of Anjou and Berry were at that time ravaging the plains of Guienne, and committing great hostilities in many of the towns of that province.

John

John de Chandos and Guichard d'Angle were immediately dispatched by Edward to Montauban, to oppose the progress of the Duke of Anjou. The event was fortunate for Alan, who was sent a volunteer under them. In several skirmishes that happened after their arrival at Montauban, he signalized himself in such a manner as to obtain the reputation of a gallant soldier, and the applause of his commander.

The castle of Belle Perche, in the province of Bourbonnois, was deemed a fortress of importance, which it was necessary to the interest of the English to secure. Alan, who had by this time gained some experience in the military art, solicited the honor of conducting the enterprize. His request was complied with, and a body of free-booters were placed under his command. Alan, transported at the honor conferred on him, set out on this expedition at the dead of the night, and arrived at the castle of Belle Perche by dawn of day. His men he placed in a wood at some distance, while he reconnoitred the strength of the fortress. After having made his observations, he returned to his small armament, and drawing them up in proper order, soon arrived before the castle. A summons to surrender was immediately dispatched, which was treated with contempt.—The attack was immediately commenced. Alan was unprovided with artillery, and unable to batter the castle.—He was therefore forced to adopt an artifice, which required much delicacy in the execution. His forces he divided into two bodies. One he ordered to conceal itself behind a hill at a very trifling distance from the castle, with orders to march up as soon as they perceived the other body give way. After these directions, he advanced to the drawbridge, his soldiers drawn up in as small a compass as possible. A general discharge drew the attention of the besieged. Seeing so very small a body, and knowing their superiority of number, they resolved to make a sally. The drawbridge was let down, and the sally was made. Alan received the enemy's fire with resolution, and returned it, resolving immediately afterwards to put his artifice into execution. As if conscious of the superiority of the enemy, his men retreated, and turning their backs, fled before them. Flushed with so easy a conquest, the enemy pursued them into an open plain. The conceal-

ed body immediately came up, and Alan, with his men, faced and attacked his pursuers, who were in the utmost confusion, and could not be restored to order. The French fled in their turn, imagining they should still be able to regain the drawbridge. In this they were disappointed. The *corps de reserve* were between the bridge and them, and prevented their return. Alan, however, knowing that no time was to be lost, stopped not to maintain a contest with the enemy, but hastened with his men, and marching over the drawbridge, obtained admittance into the castle. The bridge was immediately drawn up, and the astonished enemy were prevented from regaining their former situation. The fortress, in perfect confidence of victory, had poured forth almost it's whole force. Alan therefore had no further difficulty to encounter. The freebooters had generally been allowed the liberty of plundering, but Alan would not permit them, and, upon their expressing some discontent, he threatened to sacrifice any one with his own hand, who dared to disobey his commands. The resolute air with which he delivered this speech, added to the love they had for him, made them consent to give up their ancient privileges.

After having disposed his men properly, and fixed the English flag on the walls, he proceeded to examine the contents of the castle, accompanied by two of the officers under him. On entering one of the apartments, he was astonished to behold several ladies, one of whom, by her age, and the dignity of her appearance, seemed to be superior to the rest. Alan, after having recovered from his surprise, advanced to the lady whom he judged to be of the highest rank, and assured her, that though the chance of war had made her his prisoner, yet she might depend on receiving the utmost respect, and the greatest attention.—The other ladies should also be treated with delicacy and respect. In answer to this address, he was informed that his prisoners were the Lady Isabella, mother to the Queen of France and the Duke of Bourbon, with her attendants.

After receiving this information, Alan bowed and retired, requesting leave to pay his respects sometimes to her Ladyship, which was very readily granted. He then proceeded to explore the rest of the castle, in which he found provisions

provisions and ammunition sufficient to maintain a long siege. The next object of his examination was into the strength of the castle, which exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and afforded him matter of wonder at the misconduct of the besieged, in venturing a sally, which was in their situation, he thought, entirely unnecessary.

Alan now dispatched a messenger to John de Chandos and Guichard d'Angle, informing them of his success, and the manner in which he had effected his errand so quickly. Great commendations were bestowed on him for his gallantry, and his excellent manœuvre, and as a recompence, the government of the castle was bestowed on him. The breast of Alan was delighted with this warm applause.— Every measure necessary to the preservation of the castle being adopted, he paid diligent court to the Lady Isabella, who soon conceived a great esteem for him on account of the respect with which he treated her. He was desired to favour her with his company whenever it was agreeable to him; and when the duties of his station were dispatched, he was generally with his noble prisoner, and her attendants.

Alan was of an elegant person, and destitute of that ferocity which generally characterised the soldiers of those times. His manners were gentle and engaging. With true courage he possessed humanity.

—— Fierce as the lion, yet withal
As the lamb gentle.——

Added to this, he touched the lute with great skill and sweetness.

Among the attendants of Lady Isabella, one was honored with the notice of her Ladyship in a superior degree. Her name was Constance de Chatellon, and she was allied to some of the most distinguished families in France. Her brother, at that very time, held an important post in the army. Her person was beautiful in the extreme, and the qualities of her heart were no less eminent than the beauty of her form.— The heart of Alan at first sight of her was, by an irresistible

impulse, engaged—nor was that of Constance in a different situation. The noble air of Alan, the elegance with which he addressed Lady Isabella, the tender tone of his voice, the humanity which every word he spoke breathed, interested her greatly; and while she knew him to be the conqueror of the castle, she acknowledged him at the same time to be the conqueror of her heart. A passion so reciprocal could not long remain concealed, nor were opportunities wanting to discover it. Alan played on the lute; Constance had a charming voice. They frequently united their skill to amuse Lady Isabella, and while Constance sung, Alan accompanied her with his lute.

In this manner some months elapsed, during which time Alan laboured to discover if his passion was returned. He flattered himself that it was, but he wanted courage to open the situation of his heart. Frequently did he endeavour to assume resolution enough to speak, but the words died away upon his tongue, his voice faltered, and he was obliged to retire overwhelmed with confusion.—His passion at length grew too violent to be longer concealed, yet his diffidence remained the same, and could not be overcome. He resolved therefore to adopt the expedient of discovering his affection by the following billet:—

“ *Lovely Constance,*

“ I have long endeavoured to make you acquainted with a passion as ardent, as pure, as ever warmed the human heart—but my diffidence is unconquerable. An hundred times have I come into your presence with a resolution to tell you the sincerity of my affection, and as often have I retired without being able to affect my purpose. I am therefore reduced to the necessity of writing that which I cannot tell you in person. May I hope that you do not disdain to receive my vows? That you do not despise my passion? That you will not bid me despair?—Lovely Constance, with what anxious impatience will your answer be expected by the enamoured

Alan Umphreville.”

There

There could not be wanting an opportunity to deliver this. After they had finished their usual evening concert, with tremulous voice he delivered her the billet, telling her that he fancied she had dropped it. Constance penetrated easily into Alan's intentions, and for a moment modesty and affection held a contest in her bosom, whether she should take it. Affection prevailed, and, with a deep blush, she received it from the trembling hands of her admirer, her own confusion scarce less than his. It was not long before the contents were known. Retired to her chamber, and alone, she hesitated not to give full indulgence to her feelings. She kissed the dear billet a hundred times—read it as often, and placing it in her bosom, felt a pleasure which she had never known before. During the whole night she closed not her eyes—she debated within herself what reply she should return. To bid Alan despair would be cruel. This suggestion was soon banished, and she determined to allow him hope. With this resolution she arose early—wrote an hundred different notes—some were too expressive of her feelings—others told too little. The following, however, she resolved at length to send:—

“ Constance cannot be displeased with the declaration contained in Alan's billet. Love is an involuntary passion, and ought not therefore to be the object of contempt. Let not Alan resign himself to the influence of despair.

Constance de Chatellon.”

Alan passed a most uncomfortable night. Sleep forsook his pillow, and the next morning he paid his compliments with a pallid countenance, and with a tremulous tone of voice. Constance saw and pitied his confusion, from which she resolved to relieve him immediately. Presenting him with her answer, she told him that she had written out that air which he had so much admired. Alan received the note with transport, and instantly made an excuse to retire. He opened it with confusion. The contents, however, relieved him in a moment from his apprehensions, and sorrow and anxiety immediately gave place to exultation

exultation and to happiness. He returned immediately to the object of his affections. He found her alone—Lady Isabella had retired to her morning devotions, and the rest of the attendants were employed in their chambers. A deep blush crimsoned her cheeks on Alan's entrance. His diffidence had now left him. He approached, and dropping gracefully on one knee, thanked her for her condescension, and poured forth the feelings of his heart in the most animated language. Constance, who had at first resolved to give him yet no further encouragement than her billet contained, was swayed from her purpose. The attitude, the tenderness visible in the countenance of Alan, his words so expressive, could not be resisted. A hue as glowing as that possessed by the damask rose dyed her cheeks. He pressed for an answer to his address, she hesitated a little, but at length blessed him with an avowal of a mutual flame.

The exulting Alan was almost distracted with his happiness. He was seized with a kind of delirium, and in the madness of his transports, ventured to ravish from the lips of Constance a kiss. A look of displeasure from her immediately convinced him of his error. He dropped on his knees, and implored forgiveness—attributed his conduct to the extacy of his happiness, and expressed such sorrow for his offence, that Constance could no longer continue in displeasure, and he was forgiven. Restored now to some degree of calmness and composure, the happy lovers enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* of two hours continuance—hours replete with more happy moments than they had ever before experienced. This delightful interchange of vows of affection and constancy, was at length interrupted by the entrance of Lady Isabella and her attendants, and the conversation of course became general.

In the manner in which Alan was received by his noble prisoner, it cannot but be supposed that he had many opportunities of enjoying her company—of telling often the fond tale of love, and of repeating those vows of constancy which had been so often repeated before.

Alan had now been near a year Governor of the castle, during which time his humane and respectful conduct had gained him the love and esteem of every one, but more

particularly of Lady Isabella, who scrupled not to entrust him with all her concerns, an honor of which he proved himself not unworthy.

It was about the expiration of the year that the Duke of Bourbon, with a numerous army, resolved to release his mother from her captivity, and accordingly began his attack on the castle, after having received in answer to his summons to Alan to surrender, that he would defend the place till not a soldier remained. The situation of Alan at this juncture was rather distressing. On the one hand, he loved Constance, the confidant of Lady Isabella, and for her Ladyship he entertained the most perfect respect. On the other hand, he owed to his sovereign allegiance and fidelity, and to the dictates of honor, obedience. Painful, therefore, as the task was, he was forced to maintain a contest against the Duke, and to maintain it with rigour. Lady Isabella judged what his feelings were, and resolved not to add an additional pang to them by withdrawing her esteem. However, as often as he deemed a sally necessary, she would address him in this short petition—"Oh, Alan, spare my son." Constance, though the affection she had for her Ladyship was great, found that which she entertained for Alan infinitely superior. Whenever, therefore, he summoned his men to an expedition out of the castle, she would say to him, while the tears trickled down her cheeks—"Oh, Alan, hazard not too much a life so dear to me."

The siege had now continued three months with perseverance and bravery on the part of the Duke, and with an obstinate defence on the side of Alan. One evening, when the enemy, waiting for ammunition, had relaxed in their attempt, Constance, with streaming eyes and heaving breast, told Alan that Lady Isabella wished to have a private conference with him. Astonished at the distress in which he saw her, he would have drawn the cause of it from her before he obeyed the summons, but she waved her hand in silence, and made a motion for him to follow her. Alan bowed, and obeyed. Immediately on his being introduced to her Ladyship, Constance would have retired, but Isabella detained her. "Generous Alan, she said, I have

have on all occasions experienced the most noble treatment at your hands. You have poured such sweets into the bitter draught of captivity, that the bitter has scarce been tasted. After paying this merited tribute to your virtues, I will hasten to inform you why I wished to speak to you. There is something of infinite importance with which I would acquaint my son, the Duke of Bourbon. All communication between us is stopped of course by the siege. Still, however, it is absolutely necessary that I should transmit a letter to him. Alan! Oh, Alan! on you alone I place my reliance. You, and you only, can deliver it to him."

Alan was astonished. "Suspend your astonishment till you have heard me. In the disguise of a courier you will easily obtain admittance to the Duke. In my letter to him I have informed him who you are, but have threatened him with the eternal displeasure of a parent if he dare to detain you, or if he refuses you safe conduct to the castle. Say, Alan, will you add to the obligations under which I labour at present? Will you accede to my request?"

Alan hesitated for some time. He beheld on the one hand the danger of the enterprize—his prudence bade him refuse—Humanity, and the respect he had for Lady Isabella, weakened on the other hand the dictates of prudence, and determined him at length to accede to her ladyship's wishes.

The situation of Constance, during this deliberation, was painful in the extreme. Her duty to Isabella told her, that she ought to wish Alan to grant her request, while her love for Alan made her hope that he would refuse. His acquiescence relieved her from her suspense, and plunged her into the deepest affliction, which she was forced to use all her efforts to conceal. Lady Isabella, as soon as she was acquainted with Alan's determination, returned him her thanks in the warmest terms, and implored a thousand blessings on his head. He retired to put on his disguise. Before he departed from the castle, he acquainted the next in command to him, that he was going to reconnoitre the situation of the enemy, and should he not return, he was to take upon himself the government of the place, and defend it to the last extremity. The officer promised to obey
his

his orders, and he went to take leave of Lady Isabella, who gave him the letter, bestowing on him again a thousand thanks. In the passage from her apartment, he met Constance overwhelmed with affliction. He intreated her prayers, and a repetition of her affection for him. Constance could not reply—the emotions of her bosom were too powerful—she reclined her head upon his shoulders, and bedewed it with her tears. Alan was deeply affected—He pressed her in a tender embrace, and bade her adieu. After a few moments she raised her head, and sobbing out, “Alan—Alan—God be your protector,” withdrew to her apartment to give vent to her affliction.

Over the face of creation night had now drawn her fable veil. Not a star illuminated the Heavens—All was still and silent.—The enemy were sunk in profound sleep, and even the centinels slumbered on their posts. The drawbridge was let down, and Alan left the castle, after agreeing on a signal which he should use on his return.—He soon arrived on the confines of the enemy’s camp, and was desired by the centinels to declare his business. He replied, that he was a courier, come with dispatches for the Duke of Bourbon, to whose tent he was immediately conducted by a guard of soldiers. The Duke was not yet retired to rest. Alan was introduced to him, and delivered the letter, which he opened, after having bade the guard retire. During the perusal of the contents, he eyed Alan attentively, and with seeming astonishment. At length, when he had finished reading it, he advanced to him, telling him that he was under infinite obligations to him, and bestowing at the same time great encomiums on his valour, and his ready acquiescence with his mother’s request.—“Tho’ public enemies, (his Highness said) we may be private friends; and though the cause for which I fight obliges me to maintain a contest against you, yet I can respect courage and virtue in an enemy, and pay to those qualities the tribute they deserve.”

Alan returned a suitable answer to the Duke’s speech, informing him that he would deliver any letter or message to his mother with which he might think fit to honor him. The Duke was pleased with this fresh instance of Alan’s generosity, and wrote a short letter to his mother, which

he delivered to him, forcing on him at the same time a diamond ring of considerable value, as a memorial of his friendship and esteem. Alan, taking leave of his Highness, was by his order conducted to the confines of the camp, where the guard left him to pursue his journey.

On arriving at the moat of the castle, he made the signal agreed upon, the bridge was let down, and he returned from the hazardous enterprize in perfect safety.

In the most painful anxiety Constance had been waiting in the court-yard of the castle, during almost the whole time of his absence. The transition from grief to the most extravagant joy at his return, was almost too much for her tender frame. She was forced to support herself against a pillar, gasping for breath. From this situation she soon recovered, and when Alan advanced to her, cast a look of such joy and affection at him, that it more than repaid him for the dangerous expedition he had undertaken. Constance immediately conducted him to Isabella, who, notwithstanding the confidence she had in her son's honor, had entertained some fears for Alan's safety.—These instantly vanished at his presence.—She would not, however, peruse the letter from her son till she had pressed on the bearer a present of a considerable value, which he would have refused, had he not feared to incur her displeasure.—The letter was replete with commendations of Alan's generosity and intrepidity, which Isabella failed not to communicate to him.

The siege continued for three months longer with the same ardour with which it was begun. Provisions and ammunition in the castle were very much reduced, and Alan began to fear that he should be under the necessity of surrendering the place. In this dilemma he resolved to make one effort to save it. The next in command to him was an officer of great intrepidity and undaunted resolution. Him, therefore, Alan, resolved to send to the Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke, whom he knew were in Guienne with a large army. The officer accepted the charge with joy, and prepared for his departure with alacrity. As delay would have been certain ruin, he set out immediately, fortunately eluded the vigilance of the enemy, and passed through their camp by reason of a very dark

dark night. The Earls of Pembroke and Cambridge, on receiving Alan's letter, resolved to march instantly to the relief of the castle, with their whole force. Their measures were so quick, that they arrived before the Duke of Bourbon had notice of their being on their march. The Duke had under him the greatest part of the forces in Guienne. The Earls therefore judged that if they could induce him to hazard a battle, the fate of the whole province would be at once decided. For this reason they challenged him to battle, which he, on what account is not ascertained, declined. On his refusal, they resolved to adopt another expedient. The Lady Isabella, they knew, would be redeemed with a large sum, which would serve to defray part of the charges of the present war. They therefore dispatched a messenger to Alan, commanding him to leave the castle with his forces, taking with him Isabella and her attendants. In the mean time they would prevent any opposition from the Duke, and keep him from pursuing him. He was farther directed to convey his prisoners to England in an English vessel, which was at a port at no great distance. The next day Alan, in obedience to his orders, departed from the castle with his men and prisoners, and began his march for the sea side—the Duke of Bourbon not daring to oppose them. During their march he endeavoured to console the Lady Isabella, by assuring her that her stay in England would be but short, and that she would soon either be ransomed or exchanged. For Constance she needed no comfort—The knowledge that she should not be separated from her beloved Alan, banished every other consideration, and enabled her to bear her fate without the least repining. Alan found by the sea side the vessel of which the Earls had informed him, the master of which, in obedience to orders, received Isabella, her attendants, and Alan on board. The guard that had attended them was dispatched to join the army of the Earls, and the vessel immediately set sail. The voyage was of no long duration. The wind being fair, they soon arrived at the destined port, and Alan immediately conducted his prisoners to the Court of Edward. That monarch received his royal prisoner with great respect, and after detaining her some time at Court, committed her to the

custody of Alan, at her particular request. Before her departure, however, he conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Sir Alan immediately set off with his charge, and her attendants, for Umphreville Castle. On his arrival there, he was sensibly afflicted by the intelligence of his father's death, who, however, had not forgotten him during his absence, but had divided his estate equally between him and his elder brother. Henry still retained his fondness for literary pursuits, but they had not decreased his affection for his brother, whom he received with the greatest tenderness. After paying a sincere tribute to the memory of Sir Roger, Alan employed himself solely in attending upon his guests, and in making the burden of captivity light.

Now, that he was returned to his native country, he pressed Constance to reward his faithful love by marriage. To this she objected, stating, that when hostilities should be concluded, her brother would, she doubted not, consent to their union—while, however, hostilities continued, it was probable he would refuse his acquiescence, in which case she should be deprived of a large fortune conditionally left to her. Alan, whose fortune was not inconsiderable, pressed her to an immediate union, protesting that he valued not the trifling consideration of additional wealth. Constance, however, was steady in her refusal, and Alan was forced to submit to her will. In the enjoyment of each other's company, the hours “danced merrily along,”—even Lady Isabella felt not the miseries of confinement, and enjoyed the beauties of the country that surrounded the castle, and the amusements which were prepared on her account.

Half a year had now elapsed since their first arrival at the castle. On a sudden Constance grew melancholy and uneasy—sighed frequently even in the company of Alan, and was often discovered in tears. Surprised at the change in her behaviour, Alan pressed her to disclose the cause, which she attributed to some dreams she had had, in which she saw her brother expiring on the field of battle. Of the folly of placing any confidence in dreams he laboured to convince her, but his attempts were fruitless.

Her

Her affliction still continued, and nothing that he could advance produced the least effect. Plunged into excess of sorrow he past a month, during all which time not the least alteration appeared in the demeanour of Constance. Alan had a servant who had been in the family from an infant, and who had accompanied him in his expedition to Guienne. Hubert had lately become melancholy and dejected. Alan observed it, but as he knew the man loved him, he conjectured that his uneasiness was occasioned by the grief with which he saw his master overwhelmed.

In the dead of night, when solemn stillness reigned over the castle, and all nature was wrapped in a profound silence, save where the wind, passing thro' the decayed parts of the castle, occasioned a hoarse awful sound, Hubert, with affliction and consternation in his looks entered the chamber of Alan.—Alan was wrapped in thought; for sorrow, with her wakeful power, had driven sleep from his eye-lids.—The entrance of Hubert roused him from his meditations, and, starting up, he laid his hand upon his sword. By the lamp, however, which burnt in his room, he discovered that it was Hubert. Surprised at a visit at so unusual an hour, he demanded his business. Hubert briefly told him that he had for some time observed Constance at midnight descend into the great hall, and passing into the garden, meet, in an old Gothic building, some stranger, with whom she generally remained two hours.

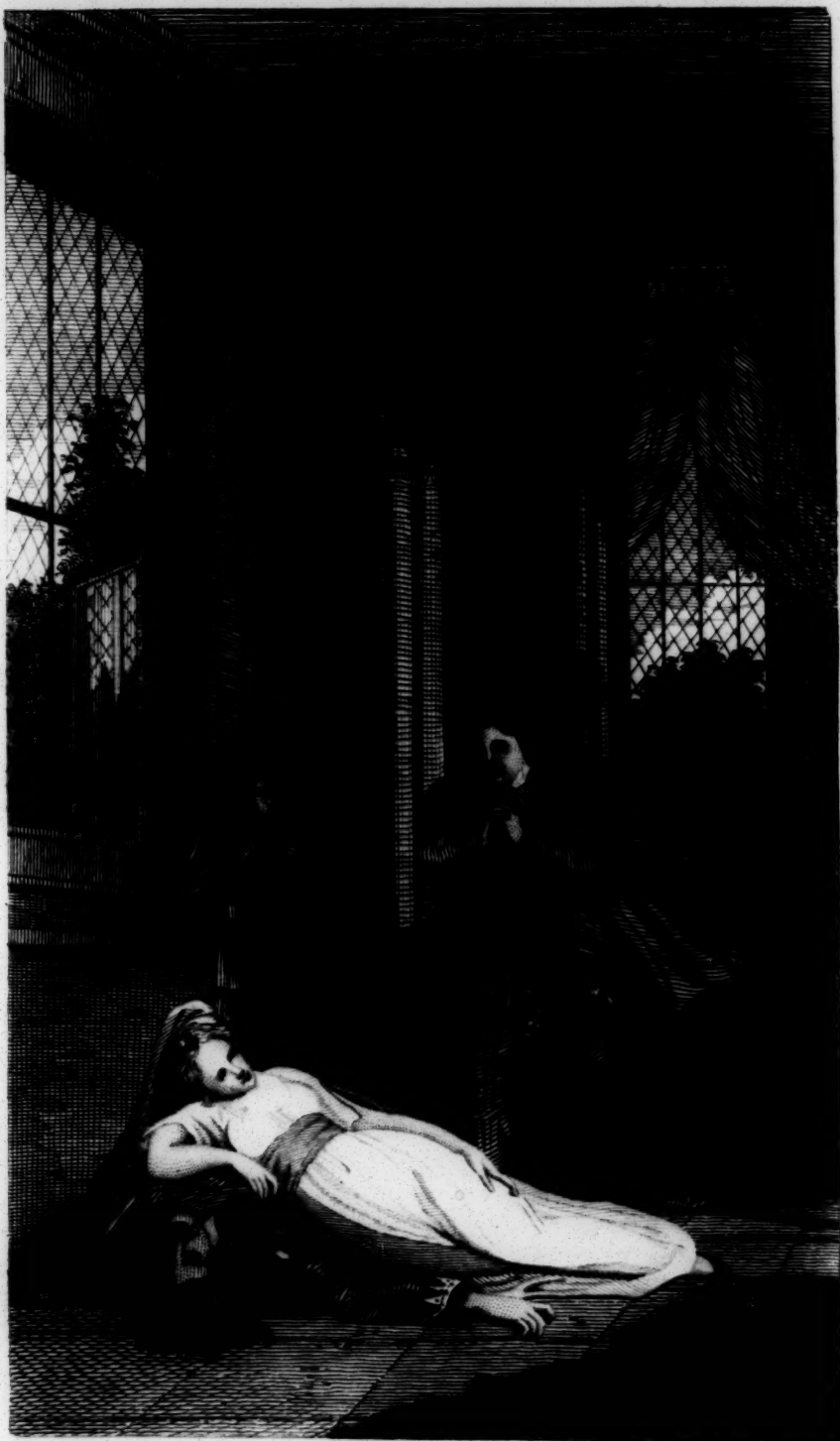
The eyes of Alan darted fire during the recital, and he could scarce suffer his servant to proceed to the end.—Seizing his sword, he desired him to follow him immediately. Hubert laying hold of his hand, intreated him to hear him a moment. Alan with difficulty consented.—Hubert then advised him to moderate his passion a little, and endeavour to be convinced of the infidelity of Constance, before he adopted any other expedient. Alan saw the propriety of the counsel, and resolved to follow it.—Taking, therefore, the lamp, they descended into the garden by a private stair-case, and hastened to the spot. A glimmering light feebly illuminating the windows, convinced them that some person was there. The windows were low. Alan mounted an old bench, and looked thro'

one,

one, which commanded a view of the interior part of the building, and to his inexpressible surprise beheld a stranger kneeling at the feet of Constance, who did not seem to listen to him with any aversion. The whole frame of Alan was convulsed with rage, He would have burst into the building, and sacrificed them both to his revenge—but Hubert held him, intreated him to wait patiently and endeavour to hear their discourse, representing at the same time to him, that as they met there every night, opportunities could not be wanting to gratify his vengeance. After much persuasion Alan consented to follow the advice of Hubert, and regained his former situation. The windows being shut, however, prevented him from being able to hear their discourse.

The castle bell tolled two—Constance immediately rose to quit the stranger, who, with a tender embrace, suffered her to depart. It was with difficulty that Hubert prevented Sir Alan a second time from obeying the dictates of his vengeance; however he prevailed, and conveyed him to his chamber. Here he gave full vent to his rage, called down from Heaven the severest curses on the head of the faithless Constance, and the stranger who had estranged her affections from him. When the transports of his rage subsided, the deepest sorrow seized him, and he spent the remainder of the night in tears and lamentations at the disappointment of all his hopes. When the day returned, he pleaded a slight indisposition, and remained in his chamber. With the utmost impatience he waited the approach of night. With lingering step night at length came.—The bell tolled twelve. Sir Alan was already prepared, and when Hubert entered his chamber with the information that Constance had gone to the place of rendezvous, he seized his sword, and followed her, attended by Hubert. One of the windows had been designedly opened by Hubert in the day time. In a low tone of voice Alan heard the stranger address himself to her: “Will my beloved Constance comply with the wishes of her Lionel? Will she make him happy?”—Constance replied only by her tears, and reclined her head on the shoulders of the stranger, who continued his speech: “I fear, Constance, I have lost your affections, that you no longer love me.”

“Oh,



"CONSTANCE

*O Alan you have murdered.
Oh! You have murdered my Brother."*

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“ Oh, Lionel, she replied, how much you wrong me.—Witness Heaven with what ardour, with what sincerity I have always loved you ; but ought I to be ungrateful to one who has behaved so nobly ?”

Fatal conviction now seized the soul of Alan—There needed no more — Foaming with rage, he drew his sword and jumped from the window.* Hubert would have detained him—It was impossible—The strength of the nemean lion would have been of no effect. He burst by him, and rushed into the building. Without a moment's hesitation, without a moment's pause, he flew to the stranger, plunged his sword into his heart, and drawing it out quickly, ingulphed it in the breast of Constance. The stranger fell, and without a groan expired. Constance sunk upon the body of the stranger. Feeble as the light was, she discovered the author of her death to be Sir Alan, and, with a dying tone of voice, exclaimed,—“ Alan, Alan, what have you done ? ” The transports of his rage had now somewhat subsided, and he covered his face with both his hands to hide his emotions. Constance proceeded—“ Alan, you have murdered, Oh ! have murdered—my brother !—Ten thousand daggers plunged into his heart had created less pain than these few words.—He started back—The colour fled from his cheeks.—“ God of Heaven ! your brother ? ”—“ It was indeed.—By the command of the Duke of Bourbon he came to England with a design to deliver the Lady Isabella secretly, and without ransom, from captivity. He soon discovered where she was, and transmitted a letter to me to meet him. I fixed on this spot, and appointed the dead of night for the time. He came—I heard his intentions, and endeavoured to dissuade him from them. My endeavours were in vain—He commanded me to meet him the next night in this same place. Several nights have I spent in trying to draw him from his purpose. This fatal night he had been more pressing than usual. He had threatened me with the curses of a brother, and of my country, if I refused to procure him admittance to Lady Isabella, that he might concert measures with her for her escape. I was distracted, and knew not what to do. In this juncture, Alan, you rushed in, and you, Oh ! have put an end to all.

But

But before I close my eyes for ever, tell me, Alan, what has caused this conduct." As well as the agony of his grief would permit him, he informed her, often making a pause in his relation to imprecate the most dreadful curses on himself. "'Tis well, (replied Constance, feebly) I am satisfied, and it is some consolation to me that I have lived long enough to convince you, that your Constance was not unworthy your affection—was faithful to"—She was prevented from saying more. The agony of her wound threw her into convulsions. She uttered a deep groan—cast her eyes mournfully upon Alan, and closed them for ever.

For a moment he stood transfixed with horror, and without the power of motion—then throwing himself on the body of the departed Constance, kissed her still warm lips, and pressed her in his arms. Hubert, whom, till now, grief and horror had rendered motionless, would have drawn him from this scene of woe, but he commanded him, with a stern and resolute air, to stand off.

After bestowing a thousand kisses on the lips of the lifeless object of his affections,—“And art thou gone for ever?” he exclaimed in the hollow voice of desperation, then instantly starting up, with frenzy and distraction in his looks, “I will not survive thee,” he cried, and plunging his sword into his own breast, groaned and expired.

BENEDICTA'S FIRST VISIT TO MRS. BARCLAY.

[FROM BENEDICTA.]

MISS CLARKSON, who only knew that this lady resided in some part of Twickenham, was not a little disappointed at finding her in a small lodging, up two pair of stairs, rather than in possession of a handsome house, as from the largeness of her fortune she had reason to expect.

Mrs. Barclay was a widow of about sixty, had spent some years of her life in Antigua, where she had been well known to Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, who both entertained for her a peculiar respect. At the death of her husband, she returned to England, where she lived in a very retired manner, keeping only one servant, though her fortune was not less than two thousand a year.

At the appearance of Miss Clarkson, she expressed the greatest satisfaction, and, after some conversation, said, she hoped she felt herself comfortably situated in her guardian's family. To this, Benedicta replied, (tho' scarcely without tears) that she could not boast of her happiness in this respect.

"I always thought (said Mrs. Barclay) that Mr. Butler was a worthy man."

"I really think him so, Madam, but unfortunately he is but the second person in his own house."

"And his lady is——"

"Exactly the reverse of that excellent woman, for whom you, Madam, had so just and lively a regard. In short, the world is with me turned upside down—we seem to live at the Antipodes, where the succession of day and night is inverted; for we sleep when other people wake, and wake when they sleep—Instead of rational interesting conversation, which you so often met with at my father's villa, I hear nothing but impertinence from a set of beings whose faculties seem but one degree above the irrational species. I know not whether I am most diverted or chagrined at hearing people descant for an hour together with the utmost solemnity on a petticoat or a sword-knot; and I own it surprised me to hear a deviation from the mode, censured, with all the severity due to the most flagrant vice."

"Why, its very well, child, that the censorious spirit plays on this point, without levelling its aim at the character."

"Indeed, Madam, I cannot tell whether they are clear of this propensity, as I know so little of the persons they speak of—but I observe, that nobody, except the company present, has any merit or virtue."

Mrs. Barclay smiled at this remark. "Go, go, (cried she) you are a silly puffs I see, and will know the world better in time."

The tea things were then brought in, consisting of a very plain set of china, if indeed china it could be called—nothing of plate was to be seen, and indeed the whole furniture of the apartment was distinguishable for the most perfect neatness; but nothing bordering on expence was visible. While they were drinking tea, a person came to request Mrs. Barclay's subscription to a public charity, to which she sternly replied, "Charity—no, indeed, I shall subscribe nothing—I wonder how they came to apply to me!"

Benedicta had instinctively her hand in her pocket, and would certainly have given a guinea, had it not occurred to her that such a step would be considered as a tacit reproach of the old lady's parsimony, who, as having been her mother's friend, she on no account wished to offend.

Soon after, Mrs. Barclay leaving the room, Miss Clarkson could not avoid indulging a soliloquy to the following purpose: "It is surely a most unaccountable thing that my worthy parents could have conceived so high an opinion for a woman, whose disposition is unquestionably fordid in an uncommon degree. How was it possible that their judgment could have been so grossly deceived: A person in the clear possession of two thousand a year to live in a style scarcely superior to indigence, without a heart either to enjoy wealth herself, or part with a shilling of it to others, and all for the poor satisfaction of hoarding a useless mass of treasure, which she has no children to inherit after her." In the midst of a reverie so unfavorable to that lady; she returned to the room, and proposed the taking a walk.

"I will take you to a place (said she) which, if I mistake not, will afford you a full equivalent for the pleasures you have quitted at home; but how stands your purse; have you any money about you?"

Surprised at the abruptness of the question, Benedicta replied, that she had a few guineas about her.

"That is very well (resumed Mrs. Barclay) for I don't intend to treat you, child, I assure you—pleasure, you know, must be paid for."

Shocked at such apparent coarseness of manners, Miss Clarkson replied, that she should think herself very happy in being allowed to treat her.

"No, no, young lady, you shall only buy your own satisfactions—Come, get on your cloak—It is not above a mile and a half that we have to go."

"Shall we not have a coach, Madam, if it is that distance?"

"A coach! a coach truly! No, I know better what to do with my money. I have not been in a carriage, let me tell you, above once these two years; yet I go out pretty much too."

Determined henceforth to let the old lady have her way, Benedic̃ta silently followed her down stairs, not without secretly wishing that she had not made so disagreeable a visit, which, however, she resolved should be the last of the kind. After a tedious walk through a variety of intricate lanes and alleys, Mrs. Barclay stopped at a mean habitation, which they had no sooner entered, than a lad of about ten years of age appeared, with a face much swoln with weeping. Surely, thought the young lady, these are not the vestiges of pleasure; she, however, concealed her cogitations, and being much tired, threw herself into a chair, the furniture of which had once been splendid, but was now so much daubed and worn, as scarcely to leave its quality distinguishable.

“ Well, (cried Mrs. Barclay to the lad) how is it above stairs ?”

The boy burst into tears, and sobbing, replied, that all was now over.

“ How ! Is not your father better ?”

“ He was, Madam, through your kind assistance, mending very fast, but this is too much for him.”

“ Come, said Mrs. Barclay, (sitting down and taking the poor youth by the hand) come, tell me, child, what has happened.”

“ Oh ! Madam, we were all yesterday morning as happy as could be, in the prospect of my poor father’s getting well again, when just as my sister had carried him a basin of tea, and a small bit of toast, which he said he thought he could eat, in comes that frightful man, that bailiff.”

“ Go, go, (cried the old lady interrupting him) and desire your mother to step hither.”

The lad flew up stairs, and in a few minutes a middle aged female appeared, whose figure still discovered the traces of elegance, though evidently decayed by sorrow—the materials of her dress were rich, though it appeared that they had long since been new; she would have spoken, but could not.

Mrs. Barclay, without entering on any preliminary discourse, said, “ You must tell me immediately, Mrs. Martin, the particulars of this affair, and how I can serve you.”

“ You

" You have already served us, Madam, more, much more, than gratitude itself can express; but I will not waste your time by acknowledgements, which you have already forbade. Yesterday morning, then, Madam, my poor dear husband was arrested for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, and to-morrow morning must be carried to prison, where his miseries will soon put a welcome period to his wretched life."

" Two hundred and fifty pounds say you—what more does he owe, Mrs. Martin?"

" Nothing, Madam, thank Heaven, in the whole world; and this debt he would not have contracted, had it not been with a view to serve an ungracious brother."

" Well, do not give way to despondency."

" Ah! (cried she with emotion) what else is left me to do—fortune has now wreaked the utmost of its malice on us—we have nothing left us but to suffer and to perish together, beneath the weight of irredeemable woe."

" I am afraid, Mrs. Martin, that you have not a proper confidence in the goodness of Providence."

" It has been my only—my ineffable support through a long series of affliction; I have depended on its succour in the common course of its benevolence, but I dare not, Madam, presumptuously hope for a miracle in our favour."

" Why, surely there are people in the world who have such a sum to spare."

" The means abound indeed—but where, alas! is the will?"

" I dare answer I know where—Pray, be so good as to send for the person who is employed in this affair."

The poor gentlewoman looked as if she doubted the testimony of her auricular organs, and Mrs. Barclay was obliged to repeat her desire of speaking with the attorney.

Mrs. Martin, with an air which expressed that she rather obeyed with a view of obliging her benefactress, than from any hopes she herself could entertain, left the room. As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Barclay, turning towards Benedicta, who was dissolved in tears, thus addressed her:—

" You

“ You must know, my dear, that this is as worthy a family as ever the malice of fortune singled out for its object: The poor man who is now sick in bed, was four years ago an opulent merchant in the city; and, according to the best accounts I have received, remarkable for industry, integrity, and abilities. By the loss of some ships in their way home, he found himself reduced to very indifferent circumstances, on which, like an honest man, he determined on calling together his creditors, and offering to them his effects, as far as they would go—which, however, appeared on estimate to be fully sufficient to satisfy every one. The generality of these people were so charmed with the openness of such a conduct, that they all declared their readiness to assist him; but one, an artful, avaricious villain, designing to enrich himself at the expence of all the rest, immediately went and took out a statute of bankruptcy against the good man, by which it happened, that except this person, nobody received more than half a crown in the pound. As it was well known to the rest of the creditors, that there had been effects to a valuable amount, reports were soon spread that some fraudulent practices had been used, which, though they could not be proved, operated so far as to be the means of preventing Mr. Martin from ever obtaining a certificate.—Consequently the means of subsistence were totally cut off, and himself, with a wife and two children, cast abandoned to the scorn or fruitless pity of an unfeeling world. They had long buffeted the waves of adversity, when chance discovered them to me, oppressed with sickness, worn out by sorrow, and actually perishing in the extremest indigence.”

Here Mrs. Martin returned, with the attorney, who entered the room with a careless air, and scrutinizing Mrs. Barclay's person, from whose figure, being that of an old woman, rather plainly habited, it is probable he conceived no very favourable expectations, abruptly demanded on what occasion he had been sent for.

“ I wished, Sir, said Mrs. Barclay, to know if nothing can be done for this distressed family.”

“ No,

"No, to be sure, (returned he, peevishly) they must go to prison as far as any thing I can see."

"But will the creditor give no time, think you, to make up the affair, considering that the debt is not strictly Mr. Martin's own?"

"Not his own—yes, yes, it is; he became bound for a brother who is lately gone off, so, of course, the payment devolves on him. Time! No, no; I am sure my client will give no farther time."

"But could not you prevail something with him?"

"What, persuade him to sit down with the loss, eh! A pretty notion truly."

"Will a prison pay the debt?"

"No; but it will satisfy the law."

"A poor satisfaction truly; I presume you have no knowledge of me?"

"No, indeed—I never saw you before that I recollect."

"My name is Barclay; I live at Twickenham."

"Mrs. Barclay, (exclaimed the attorney whose features now began to soften into civility) I beg your pardon, Madam, but really I did not recognize you."

"Perhaps not—Pray, Mrs. Martin, favour me with a pen, ink, and paper."

Mrs. Barclay then wrote a draft on her banker for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds.

"There, Sir, (said she) take this paper and give a full discharge for the debt; whatever charges may be farther due, you will be so good as to favor me with an account of to-morrow morning, at my lodging."

"I shall obey you, Madam, (bowing extremely low) and in the name of Mr. Martin, allow me to admire so singular a benevolence."

"That, Sir, is an affair between this family and myself; you may therefore spare your animadversions on the subject."

The attorney, somewhat chagrined by this reproof, wrote a receipt in form, and then took his leave. Mrs. Martin, without being able to articulate a word, dropped on her knees.

"Come, Madam, (said Mrs. Barclay) go to your husband and tell him he must get himself well for the sake of you all."

"May he not be allowed to speak his gratitude—but, why do I say *speak it*—no, no; he never can."

"Stuff, stuff; I cannot stay; perhaps I may call on you in a day or two."

Benedicta, unable to support her feelings on the affecting occasion had quitted the room. On the stair-case she saw a lovely girl, somewhat older than the youth who at first received them: Her heart, melted by compassion, felt the full force of that benevolence which nature had interwoven in her frame; she drew out her purse, which contained about eight guineas, and, slipping it into the hands of the girl, said to her, "You must take this, my pretty creature, and buy yourself a new gown against the next time I see you."

The child looked down on her habit; it was tattered in several places: "No, said she, I will not have a new gown while my poor mother wants one."

The girl was counting the money in her hand with a countenance of surprize and joy, when Mrs. Barclay came out of the parlour, and taking Benedicta by the arm, hurried out of the house. "What is the matter, (cried she, perceiving her emotion,) in tears, my dear child?"

"Oh, Madam, I cannot tell you what I feel; but surely I never was so happy before."

"Did I not tell you, you must purchase your own pleasures!"

On their arrival at Mrs Barclay's lodgings, they found supper prepared in the same frugal style as the former repast, which Miss Clarkson was now so far from considering in the light she had done before, that she really esteemed it as the triumph of the noblest sentiments, and the most exalted soul.

"Oh! Mrs. Barclay, cried she, how happy I should think myself had I been left to your care, instead of Mrs. Butler's, whose character, though no ways estimable in my opinion before, now shrinks into a mere nothing.—How trifling—how contemptible is the life of a mere woman of fashion."

"No

"No comparison, my dear; though you cannot live with me, as indeed I could sincerely wish were possible, I shall at the same time rejoice to see you, and must entreat you will thus oblige me, as often as propriety will give you leave to be absent from your guardians."

In fine, Benedicta had now conceived so exalted an opinion of this good lady, that she parted from her with tears, assuring her with the strictest truth, that she should think it her greatest happiness in being permitted to renew her visits.

SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY,

OR,

THE FORTUNATE MOMENT.

POETS and Philosophers have universally agreed, that the country is the native soil of happiness, as being the scene and nurse of innocence. But this truth has been oftener pronounced as a mere *ipse dixit*, arising from choice or opinion, than as a demonstrable problem, proceeding from natural causes, which necessarily produce their effect.

Happiness and virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flourish, or sicken and die together.

ther. They are the joint offspring of good-sense and innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.

This allegory can scarcely want explanation, even to the simplest mind; for every one will readily admit that good sense will be less sophisticated in the calmness of rural retirement, than amidst the noise and bustle of a city, where every sober thought is hurried away by the torrent of fashion, and swallowed up in the whirlpool of giddiness and dissipation. Nor can it admit of a doubt, but that innocence will be more likely to preserve its purity, where it is least liable to temptation. But if this does not sufficiently demonstrate the proposition, the following Tale may serve more fully to illustrate it. For as theory without experiment is intitled to no credit in philosophy, so is precept without example of as little avail in morals.

Sir William Sidney had been married about three years to one of the most lovely and amiable women that this country or any other ever produced. They had long been the objects of each other's choice, and, when united, were either the delight or envy of all who knew them.

About this æra an unjust attack upon a very considerable part of his estate, obliged him to defend his property by law; and he was of course under a necessity of going to London to solicit his suit. It was impossible he could think of being separated from his beloved Julia; she could as ill support his absence; they, therefore, mutually agreed to quit their peaceful retirement together, and take a house in town till their affairs were finally adjusted. She brought two lovely infants with her, determined that the care of their health and education should be the principal object of her attention, and their innocent blandishments the chief source of her amusement, during this excursion.

At their first coming to town, Sir William was obliged to pass much of his time with his lawyers, but always returned with a delighted heart and chearful countenance to the happiness that awaited him in the society of an elegant and fond wife and his beautiful children.

In the course of his business, he became acquainted with an agreeable young barrister of the name of Wilton, who was reckoned a man of parts, and uncommonly eminent in his profession; he had a pleasing person and engaging address, with an appearance and countenance calculated to inspire confidence, even upon a slight acquaintance.

Under this fascinating masque this wretch concealed one of the vilest hearts that ever yet disgraced human nature. Upon his first introduction to Lady Sidney, he formed a plan for her seduction; but when, upon a more intimate acquaintance, he found her virtue guarded by the tenderest attachment to her husband, he changed his battery, and resolved to compleat the ruin of this happy pair, by detaching Sir William's affections from his amiable wife.

He began by expressing his astonishment to Sir William at their mutual fondness, upon hearing they had been married near four years, talked of the charms of variety, and of the misery of confining affection to a particular object. Sir William seemed at first rather disgusted at this common-place conversation; but as constant dropping wears the marble, this kind of discourse, aided by wit and raillery, at length produced its effect so far as to make Sir William cautious of expressing his tenderness for his wife or children before Mr. Wilton.

Lovers have Lynxes eyes, and even this little change in her husband's manners quickly alarmed the anxious heart of Julia. Unused to disguise a thought from him, she expressed her apprehension of having unwittingly offended; but Sir William quickly removed her delicate fears, by the tenderest assurances of his love and constancy; but observed, that it was unfashionable in London to shew the same degree of fondness and attention towards each other, which they had been used to indulge in the country.—“Then, would to Heaven (said Julia, smiling through her tears) that I had never quitted it.” He kissed away the pearly drops that glistened in her eyes, and Lady Sidney's happiness and confidence returned.

Though Wilton had been originally possessed of a sufficient patrimony, which was rendered more affluent from

profession, he was at this crisis become necessitous to the last degree. His extravagance had long since dissipated the first, nor could the latter support his debauched manner of living. Upon various pretences of unexpected calls for his clients, he had frequently borrowed pretty large sums from Sir William, though he was convinced that he would lose his suit, and of course be under a necessity of requiring immediate repayment.

This, however, did not deter him from proceeding in his base design; he thought he had already gained some ground in his pursuit, and he resolved to hurry his victim on even to the gulph of misery. One morning that Wilson had invited Sir William to breakfast with him at his chambers, he was surprised, on his entrance, with seeing the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld, with some parchments in her hands, sitting by Wilson; she was dressed in weeds, and did not appear to be above eighteen years old. Sir William would have retired immediately, but Wilson, with an unembarrassed air, begged him to walk in, saying, he could make free with Mrs. Herbert, as she was both his cousin and his client, and hoped the Baronet was not so strait-laced as to fly from a pretty woman, though Lady Sidney was not of the party.

The freedom of this address excited Sir William's gallantry towards the lady, who received it with the ease and politeness of a woman who had lived in the world; and the conversation became so interesting, that the clock struck three before any of the party thought of separating.

On Sir William's return home, his thoughts were entirely taken up by the beauty and vivacity of the young widow. Lady Sidney was near lying-in, and happened on that day to be confined to her chamber; so he had nothing to interrupt his reverie, and continued to indulge it, till he was roused from it by Wilson calling upon him, about seven in the evening. Their conversation immediately turned upon Mrs. Herbert, whom Wilson said he had dined with, and that she had never ceased talking of the happiness Lady Sidney must possess in being blessed with such a husband:—"For, added he, I have been describing you as the paragon of conjugal constancy."

Where

Where is the mortal proof against flattery! The unhappy Sidney became its victim, even whilst it was undermining the virtue which it seemed to praise.

During the time of Lady Sidney's confinement, Wilson took particular care that Sir William should not waste his days in solitude; he contrived perpetual parties of pleasure, so artfully, as almost to make them appear the effect of accident, lest Sir William's remaining tenderness should have been alarmed at a continued scene of dissipation, and negligence towards his wife. In all these interviews, the lovely, lively widow Herbert was the principal object; and in order to apologize to Sir William for her uncharacteristic vivacity, she forged a tale of having been compelled to marry an old wretch, who used her ill when living, and dying left her poor. This last circumstance excited the generosity of her lover, as he was now become; he gave with profusion, and she accepted with avidity, till his circumstances became shortly so much distressed, that he was obliged to make a reform in his family, by reducing the number of his domestics, and laying down his coach.

The neglected and unhappy Lady Sidney languished away her hours in useless regret for the absence of her husband; he seldom saw her; he was out early, and came home late; and even in those moments when she would request to see him, even at the hazard of her rest, his short stay was marked by impatience, and his inquiries after her health expressed in such a manner, as if he seemed not to desire an answer.

Too quickly she perceived the loss of her happiness in that of his love, yet did she never once attempt to make him wretched, by lamenting her sufferings, or upbraiding his unkindness. "Sir William's heart is good and generous, (would she often say to herself;) and though, by fascination, for it must be such, estranged for the present from me and my children, nature will yet recover its rights, and his affections will return to us, perhaps endeared by their temporary intermission.

Notwithstanding the sense, virtue, and resolution of her conduct, grief preyed upon her tender frame, and she fell into a consumption, which it was supposed would terminate her life in a few months. Sir William was not so to-

tally

tally lost to the feelings of humanity, as not to be affected at seeing her decline; he wished to behave with kindness towards her; but whenever he beheld her, his conscience smote him, as the cause of her sufferings, and he endeavoured to fly from her and himself into the arms of dissipation and vice. His concern for Julia was absorbed by Mrs. Herbert's gaiety; and the distress of his circumstances received temporary relief by Wilson's fertility in expedients. The loss of his law-suit, however, putting an end to the latter, he was besieged by his creditors, and their clamours rendered his home as uneasy to him, as it had before become unpleasant.

The tender, the neglected Lady Sidney saw and pitied his distress, and with a firmness which virtue alone can bestow, proposed to him what he wanted courage to require from her, the selling of her jointure, in order to accommodate his difficulties. She assured him she felt infallible signs of her approaching dissolution, and that therefore she should not need the generous provision he had made for her; but that if any thing could restore her health, it would be the transport she should feel at having it in her power to contribute to his happiness.

Sir William could not support such unmerited goodness; he threw himself at her feet, declared himself unworthy of her tenderness, and promised that his future life should atone for his past errors. She flew into his arms; he pressed her to his heart, embraced his children, and once more experienced the sincere delight of an husband and a father.

The only difficulty now remaining was to break with the still charming Mrs. Herbert. He was resolved to part from her, but that separation should be gentle. Little did he know that Mrs. Herbert's thorough knowledge of his distressed circumstances had rendered him perfectly indifferent to her, and that she heartily wished for an opportunity to get rid of the engagement, without any seeming rupture on her part.

Fortune, at that instant, played one of her extraordinary gambols, and introduced a young man just arrived from India, to the acquaintance of Mrs. Herbert. In the course of their conversation he told her, that a gentleman had died in the ship that brought him over, who was sup-

posed to be worth about a million of rupees, and that he had left his whole fortune to a niece of his, who was called Lady Sidney. This intelligence instantly changed Mrs. Herbert's sentiments towards Sir William, and attached her more strongly to him than ever; she was therefore greatly afflicted, when he, with faltering tongue and downcast eyes, informed her, that he was come to take an everlasting leave of her. She burst into tears, threw herself at his feet, commended his virtue, lamented the tenderness of her attachment to him, which could end but with her life; and begged, that in order to sooth her scruples, and prove that he had really loved her, he would consent to sign a promise, that if it should ever be in his power to marry her, he would do so, under a penalty of ten thousand pounds. He was at first startled at the proposal, but he still loved her, and would at that moment have fulfilled the promise she exacted, had it been in his power. Her tears and blandishments prevailed, and the infatuated Baronet signed the article, which Wilton had already prepared.

Her point so far gained, this artful woman and her vile accomplice, Wilton, were impatient for the total accomplishment of their designs, by hastening Lady Sidney's death. They provided a poisonous drug for her, which Wilton undertook to persuade Sir William was almost a panacea in consumptions, and begged of him to prevail upon his wife to take it. The unsuspecting husband fell easily into the snare, and the draught was accordingly prepared for the innocent Julia.

But Providence would not suffer their wicked designs to succeed. Mrs. Herbert's maid had overheard the infernal accomplices discoursing of the deed, and seen them mix the deadly potion; and being struck with remorse, flew to Sir William Sidney's house and revealed the dreadful secret to Lady Sidney's woman. That faithful creature trembled at the horrid tale, and when her Lady called for the supposed medicine, refused to deliver it into her hands, and acquainted her with what she had just heard.

The terrified Julia too easily conceived that her husband must necessarily be an accomplice in this crime, else wherefore should Mrs. Herbert or Wilton wish her death? "If it be so, (said she to her maid) Maria, I have no wish to live, and will obey my fate. The bane of life is an antidote

dote to all its ills; and, Oh, I charge you, by all you hold most sacred, never to reveal this fatal secret, nor let my cruel husband suffer for his crimes to me, more than his conscience shall inflict upon him. Now, bring my children to me; let me embrace and clasp them to my dying bosom, and recommend them with my parting breath to the protecting care of Heaven. Alas! they soon will have no earthly friend; they have no father! or sure he would not wish to rob them of a mother's fostering care."

The painful parting with her children past, she forced the poison from her weeping maid, and raising up her eyes to Heaven, implored forgiveness for her cruel husband, and blessings on her children; then bent her lips to meet the fatal draught, which she was sure would give her endless peace.

At that instant Sir William, pale, frantic, and almost breathless, rushed into the chamber; he snatched the envenomed drug from her weak hand, and dashed it to the ground. Oh, have I saved you!" he exclaimed, and sunk upon the bed beside her.

When his returning sense would give him leave, he prostrated himself upon the earth, and returned thanks to Heaven, for having been the instrument of his beloved wife's preservation.

Returning home he had met Mrs. Herbert's maid, who had acquainted him with the horrid particulars already related, and he had flown to save his Julia. When reconciled to her, his next emotion was that of just resentment. He sent for an officer of justice to seize Mrs. Herbert and Wilson, but their guilty souls had taken the alarm at her maid's long absence, and they were both fled. Wilson was some years after broke upon the wheel for a murder at Paris, and his fair, but wicked associate died in a premature old age of want and misery.

Sir William, now entirely cured of his delirium, after receiving his Indian legacy, and settling his affairs, returned with his amiable wife into the country, where peace and affluence soon restored her health; and where they still continue, in the midst of their lovely family, living proofs of the maxim first laid down, "That the country 'is the native soil of happiness, as being the scene and 'nurie of innocence,"

 STORY

OF THE

FAIR GREEK.

RELATED BY STEPHENS.

[FROM THE TEST OF HONOUR.]

WHEN I was conveyed to Algiers, and exposed to sale amongst other English captives, I felt not the least desire to live, and at one time absolutely determined to refuse sustenance; but sometimes the faint hopes of one day regaining my liberty, would encourage me to support myself under my misfortunes, and look forward to more happy events. I was purchased by a very wealthy mussulman, who placed me in his garden, to take care of some beautiful flowering shrubs, which were rare in that country; and as I was fond, when a boy, of studying that part of a gardener's business, which is confined to the flower-garden and pleasure-grounds, I was very well adapted to the task, and made myself so very useful, that I was shortly raised to the post of chief gardener, and allowed a greater portion of liberty than slaves in general are permitted to enjoy. I remained sometime without any thing occurring worth relating; but at the end of my first year, I met with something like an adventure. I was one night walking on a terrace, under the windows of the apartment where the women were kept, when methought I heard a soft female voice call, "Christian!" I looked up, and perceived a woman at one of the windows; she waved her hand,

seemingly to bid me stay, and hastily retiring, returned in a few minutes with a small parcel, which she threw down, and instantly disappeared: I took it up, and on examining, found it contained several pieces of money, a ring, and a letter; the night was so dark, that I could not see the contents; and slaves never being allowed the use of candles or lamps, I was obliged to defer gratifying my curiosity till morning. The night appeared exceeding long, but at the first appearance of day I opened my billet, and found these words:

“ I am a christian, and a slave, like yourself; I am miserable in a superlative degree. If you have courage, you will assist me in a desperate undertaking. If you have humanity, you will pity, and endeavour to relieve the anguish of a wretched daughter. At twelve to-morrow night, be at the garden-gate that faces the water, and wait in silence till you are called; fear nothing; no injury shall happen to you.”

The natural desire of liberty, so inherent in our nature, made me pity the poor creature, who seemed to be not only afflicted for herself, but a parent; and I determined to repair to the place of assignation at the appointed hour; and, if I found it was in my power to assist or relieve her to leave nothing unattempted that might contribute to that purpose. I was at the gate some time before I heard any body approach; at length a gentle footstep assailed my ear, when I heard the gate softly unlock; and was again addressed by the epithet of Christian! When I approached I could discern, by the faint rays emitted by the moon, that I was addressed by a lovely young creature; her whole form was composed of beauty, innocence, and softness; yet withal tempered with so much dignity, that admiration and awe would unavoidably mingle in the breast of her beholders: I will confess, had not my heart been unalterably attached, the beauty of this lovely Greek would have made an indelible impression on it; but, situated as I was, I felt my bosom filled with admiration of her charms, and pity for her sorrows.

“ Christian, (said the fair Grecian) I have often observed you as I have walked in the garden, and think I can discover, in your expressive features, humanity and honor;
your

your carriage bespeaks the man of rank ; and on you have I fixed, to unboosom my griefs, and if possible to interest you in behalf of a wretched father, who languishes out his days in a miserable dungeon ; and for a sister, who, with an heart unalterably attached to a young Grecian, is on the point of being sacrificed to the insatiable avarice of Hali, our master, and sold to an old decrepid Alcaide, who will forcibly espouse her.

“ My name is Semira ; my father is a man of noble extraction ; but his fortune not being equal to his rank in life, he, being naturally of an aspiring temper, early left his native land, and enlisted a volunteer in the service of a nation at that time involved in a war with the infidels ; his valour recommended him to his commanding officers, and in a few years he arose to a post of eminence and honor. When peace was concluded, he returned to Greece, and married an amiable woman ; the fruit of this union was myself and Eumenia ; but in giving birth to my sister, my dear mother lost her own existence. My father sincerely lamented her death, and as the highest mark of respect he could pay her memory, lavished an unbounded affection on myself and sister ; we were the happiest of mortals, till I arrived at the age of seventeen :—My father was then called upon by his royal master to assist in a war just commenced against their old inveterate enemies. We parted with unutterable pangs on both sides ; I never had experienced sorrow before, and I imagined nothing could be more dreadful than this separation. Alas ! it was as though my sad heart anticipated the dreadful miseries that were to follow. During my father’s absence, a noble youth paid his court to Eumenia ; his person was pleasing, his mind well informed, and his morals strictly virtuous. Eumenia listened to his suit, and returned his affection ; but persisted in waiting till the return of her father, that his personal gratulations and blessing might render the marriage truly felicitous. We were in daily expectation of his return, when a letter arrived, informing us that he had been desperately wounded in an engagement, and, though recovered from the immediate effects of his wounds, his health was so impaired, that he was obliged to quit the service, and had been ad-

vised to try the salutary air of Lisbon, where he then was, and desired myself and sister to come to him, as he intended to pass, at least twelve months in that place. My sister took leave of her lover, who proposed following us very soon, and we embarked for Lisbon; but unfortunately falling in with a Turkish vessel, and being unprepared to make any defence, we fell an easy prey to the infidels, who brought us to this place, and luckily Eumenia and myself were both allotted to the same master. We found means to acquaint my father with our situation, and he offered large sums for our ransom; but my person had attracted the notice of Hali, and having been tampered with, by the old Alcaide, who had seen my sister the day we were exposed to sale, he raised his demands to such an exorbitant pitch, that my poor father, unable to comply with them, and almost broken-hearted to think of our situation, came in disguise to this place, in hopes Providence would favour him in attempting to effect our escape.

I was sitting one day at the window, from whence I first spoke to you, when I saw him standing on the terrace, in a melancholy posture, and knew him instantly through his disguise; the gratings prevented him discovering me, though he frequently looked wishfully towards the apartment. I was almost wild with joy, but was some moments before I could devise any method by which I could let him know I saw him. At length I recollected a girdle I sometimes wore, which my mother had herself embroidered, and was, on that account, greatly prized by me. Fortunately I had it on; I hastily took it off, and opening the window a little way, threw it out; my father saw it fall, and eagerly snatched it up—he knew it, kissed it, and put it hastily into his bosom; he gazed earnestly at the window, and methought he was blessing me; I felt my heart glow with transport at the idea. It was a great consolation that my sister was allowed to be with me, for though I was some hours every day obliged to listen to the odious passion of Hali, yet, when we were alone, we comforted and cheered each other. Eumenia was in the garden when I saw my father, and I now hastened to her, to impart the joyful tidings, that we had a friend so near us, who, I was sure,

would strive to deliver us from this cruel bondage.— It was some time ere I saw him again, but he had been the constant subject of our discourse, a continual cause of alternate hope and fear.

At length an eunuch presented me one day with a small basket of flowers, which at the time I supposed was sent by his master, and carelessly laid them on a sofa, when the basket falling on one side, I discovered a letter, and knew it was my father's hand-writing.

On breaking the seal, I found these short, but comforting words :—

“ I have purchased the friendship of the person who brings you this ; consult with him, without fear, and indulge the pleasing hope of soon being embraced by your affectionate

FATHER.”

The next time Selim came into our apartment, we received him as our guardian angel: He told me, his pity for our father's sufferings had engaged him in our service, and that he would get false keys made to all the doors that led to the garden, and likewise to the garden-gate; and that he would instruct my father when and where to expect us; that there was a Portuguese renegade engaged to take us immediately to Lisbon. Our gratitude to Selim was unbounded; we asked him if he would share our fortunes; but he was too firmly attached to his country and religion. The night preceding the one we intended for our escape, my father pressed Selim to introduce him into our apartment. Selim reluctantly consented; it was an unfortunate flexibility, for I was locked in my dear father's arms, and bathing his venerable cheek with my tears, when the door unexpectedly opened, and Hali entered the apartment. It would be impossible to give any adequate idea of his rage: He ordered my beloved parent to be seized, and put in a dungeon, affecting to believe he was not my father, but a favoured lover. My dear gentle Eumenia was forced from me, and confined in another apartment, and all our attendants changed; but as the suspicion could not fall on any one in particular, he did not inflict on them any punishment, as Selim was unsuspected:

pected: My having false keys to the locks remained undiscovered, and I kept them, hoping fortune would one day so far favour me, as to send some gallant youth who would attempt the rescue of my father and sister. As to myself, I am determined to remain; if they should escape, some means will afterwards be found for me to follow: If they should be taken in the attempt, I shall, perhaps, by staying, preserve to myself the power of deprecating the rage of Hali. A few days since, as I was pensively wandering in the garden, Selim crossed my path. Our tyrant was at that time in another part of the country, visiting a feat he had just purchased. Selim drew near, and cried softly, "Fair Greek, I am still your friend; be in the garden to-night, after the hour of rest." You may be sure I did not neglect this summons; I went to the garden at one o'clock, and found the faithful Selim there. He told me he had gained great favour from his master, by pretending he had been tampered with by Eumenia since our separation, and begging Hali would double the guards he had placed at her apartment, also to permit him to be my father's keeper. "This I did, dear lady, (said he) that I might have it in my power to be of service to you. I have had your sister strictly watched, and treated your father with pretended rigour; I can now, if you please, attend you to him, and suffer you to enjoy half an hour's conversation. I will then lead you to your sister's apartment, where you may remain till day." I eagerly embraced this offer; but, oh, what pangs, what anguish seized my heart, when I beheld my beloved parent stretched on a bed of straw; his hands and feet menaced! I would have thrown myself into his arms, but the cruel chain prevented me. I knelt by the side of him, I wet his venerable cheeks with my tears, and kissed his poor hands, galled by the heavy irons; I then breathed a fervent vow to Heaven, that I would deliver him, though my life was to pay the forfeit. When I left him, I repaired to my sister, and found her in great distress; she told me, when Hali returned, she was to be sold to the Alcaide, and forced to submit to his horrid solicitations. I comforted her as well as I could, and consulting with Selim on the means of delivering both her and my father, he told

told me he would procure me keys, both to my sister and father, but that he could no farther assist me. To you, therefore, generous Christian, I must appeal: Here are jewels, (continued she, presenting me with a casket to an immense value), dispose of them, and with the money purchase at once your liberty, and that of my wretched parent. If you succeed, I will daily thank the Almighty for their deliverance, and trust in him one day to rescue me from the hands of these barbarians. If you fail, Semira will save your lives, or die with you." Astonished and full of admiration at her heroic spirit, I promised to deliver them, or perish in the effort; I pressed her to suffer me to accomplish her deliverance also, but in vain; she was firm to her purpose. We then parted, and I was long busied in selling the jewels, and bargaining with an extortionate Jew to convey us to Portugal. At length, having settled every thing to our satisfaction, and informed Semira of our success, she shewed me her father's apartment, gave me the keys, and bade me be ready to release them the next night, and leave the rest to her; at the same time charging me to tell her father and sister, that she was already released, and in a place of safety.

At the hour appointed the next night, having got Shadrack the Jew in readiness with his vessel, I repaired to the garden, and proceeded without molestation to Eumenia's apartment. I found her guards in a state of intoxication, and unable either to speak or move, which she told me proceeded from Selim's suffering them to drink plentifully of the forbidden cup, and mixing some drowsy drug with their wine. I will confess I trembled excessively when I found myself alone in the garden, conducting one of Hali's most valuable and lovely slaves from him, as I imagined: Should I be taken, death must then unavoidably be my portion; however, I endeavoured to hide my own fears, and comfort Eumenia, whose terrors increased every step we advanced: At length we arrived at her father's prison, and found our faithful friend Selim had been administering the same composing liquor to his guards as had lulled the vigilance of Eumenia's. When we were in the dungeon, a difficulty arose, of which we had never thought;

thought; there was no method of breaking, or by any other means loosing the fetters of the poor old man. Our vain endeavours detained us long, and we had just, by our united force, dragged out the staples which confined him to the floor, and holding up the chain to prevent its clinking as he walked, I supported him with one arm, and led Eumenia with the other, and was stepping out of the prison, when I saw a light at a small distance, and the Alcaide advancing with his guard, who were taking their nightly round.

“Gracious Heaven! we are lost!” (cried Eumenia,) and giving an involuntary shudder, sunk upon the ground: I raised her in my arms, and pulling her father after me, was rushing again into the dungeon, as the only probable place of safety, when the guard came upon us; and unable to resist, we were once more made slaves, in the very moment we had hoped to obtain our liberty. The Alcaide knew Eumenia instantly, and finding her escape was concerted by me, immediately imagined I was the young Greek to whom she had often told him her heart and vows were unalterably engaged.

“I have caught you, Siren, (said he, as she opened her eyes) and your paramour too; but know now you are in my power; I will punish this minion for daring to rival the love of Muley Assen.”

He then alarmed Hali's family, and in a few moments we were dragged, like the most guilty wretches, before this arbiter of our fate. Hali's palace was soon in an uproar and confusion. He came into the hall where we stood trembling for our approaching fate: Fury flashed from his malignant eyes.

“Abject wretch, (cried he, addressing the father of Eumenia), is it you that are again contriving to rob me of my favourite slave? By Heavens, your life shall pay the forfeit; and you, young Christian dog, you too shall suffer the most cruel tortures, for daring to rob the Haram of a true Musselman. As for you, fair dissembler, as a punishment for your fault, you shall be obliged to see the tortures inflicted on these traitors.”

Eumenia

Eumenia wept, but could not speak. The Alcaide passed sentence on the veteran Greek and myself; and Hali, in a stern voice, commanded that we should be immediately executed, as the morning was then advancing, Eumenia hung round the neck of her miserable father; the guards were ordered to tear them asunder, when Semira, wild with horror, her garment loose, and her hair dishevelled, rushed into the hall.

"Oh, my Lord, (said she, throwing herself at Hali's feet) hurt not my father, I beseech you, nor this noble youth, who was aiding his escape: I alone am the fit object of your rage; it was I obtained false keys to the locks; it was I supplied the means of raising money for their exigencies; it was I who intoxicated the guards; and it is proper I should now bear the punishment; behold me here, my Lord, your willing slave, torment me in the most cruel manner; feed me on bread and water; let me be whole years a dying, only spare these innocent victims!"

Her distress and earnest intreaties moved Hali: He raised her from the ground, and gazing at her with passionate tenderness, said: "Did you not intend to accompany their flight?"

"No, my Lord, (cried Semira) I staid, fearing they might be taken, that my life might pay the forfeit for theirs."

Hali mused; Muley Affen seemed struck with wonder. I thought I saw a gleam of compassion pass across his features.

Semira and Eumenia tenderly embraced each other; their father, with uplifted hands, begged to die and save his children: Nor will I scruple to own, that at that moment, filled with admiration, and a desire to emulate his magnanimity, forgetful of every tender tie that could make me wish to live, I would gladly have become the sacrifice to preserve such valuable lives. At length, after a pause of some moments, Hali thus addressed Semira:

"You know, fair Greek, I have long loved you, my passion has been unrequited; I will now, on one condition, and on one only, preserve the lives of those you so highly value."

"Name it," (cried Semira.)

"Become my wife, and embrace my religion."

Semira started, and turned pale with horror—She turned from him, and hiding her face with her garments, cried, "Heaven direct me!" At length recovering herself, courage and undaunted fortitude brightened her angelic countenance: "I am resolved, (said she) Semira will be the wife of Hali: Fear me not, (said she, seeing the sorrow and surprise of her father) your daughter will never disgrace the name of Grecian."

She knelt at Hali's feet, and kissed the hem of his garment—he raised, embraced, and seated her by him.

"Now swear by Mahomet, said she, (which is an oath Musselmén never violate) that the moment I become your wife, my father, sister, and that generous youth, shall be free."

"Take off their chains, (said Hali) by holy Mahomet I swear they are this moment free as air."

"Now lead me to the mosque, (cried she, with an air of triumph) and permit my friends to stay and see what a sacrifice the heart can make, that glows with filial love."

I cannot express the sorrow I felt at seeing so lovely a creature going to devote herself to the arms of a man she detested. Eumenia and her father were overwhelmed with grief; nor did any of us, in the least, feel the blessing of liberty, when we remembered the price this heroic girl was to pay for it. Semira retired to her apartment for about half an hour, and then returned, attended by two young slaves, and dressed in pure white—A long veil covered her face. She gave her hand to Hali, who led her forward, while we, in mournful silence, followed to the mosque. The Alcaide attended the ceremony, and stood at Hali's right hand. The priest soon pronounced the irrevocable words, and Semira became the bride of Hali. They then began to prepare her for a renunciation of her religion: She lifted up her veil, and with a dignity in her countenance, which filled us all with reverence, she said, "Hali, my friends are free." "I have sworn by our prophet (he replied) and here again repeat my vow." "I am satisfied," said Semira. She then knelt

knelt upon a cushion, that was placed before her, and clasping her hands, and raising her fine eyes to Heaven, she pronounced with a solemn voice,—

“ Father, I thank thee that thou hast made me an humble instrument in the hands of thy mercy, to redeem from ignominious slavery three of thy faithful servants.— Thou knowest the heart of thy lowly handmaid, and if this day I have done amiss in thy sight, pardon the weakness of frail mortality, and accept the sacrifice I am about to make as an atonement. I am a poor oppressed creature; which ever way I turn, misery seems before me. I have but one way to escape, but one way to evince my integrity to my God, my love for my father, and my faith and fidelity to my husband.”

She rose from her kneeling posture, and drawing a dagger from her bosom, raised her arm with an intent to plunge it in her heart. Eumenia shrieked. The Alcaide sprang forward, and arrested her uplifted arm. “ Pious heroic maid (said he) even Musselmén must admire your fortitude and resolution. Hali, what will you do as a reward for her wonderful filial love and magnanimity?”— “ There is but one way, said Hali, and it shall be done.— A Christian, and a woman too, shall never triumph over a Mahometan by such unexampled resolution. Receive your freedom, and from this moment I release you from those vows which were only extorted.” We instantly fell at his feet; Semira and Eumenia embraced his knees, invoking every blessing on his head; and the heroic maid, who, but a moment before, would have met death without fear, now overcome with joy and gratitude, fell senseless on the marble pavement. As her swoon was occasioned by excess of joy, she soon recovered; and Hali desired us to attend him back to his palace. We there received both from him and Muley Assen, magnificent presents, and a shallop was ordered to convey us to Lisbon. The next morning we embarked, and arrived without any interruption safe at our intended port, where Eumenia was met by her lover, and I had the satisfaction of seeing them united in the bands of Hymen before I left Portugal.

ADELISA,

BY CUMBERLAND.

ADELISA, possessed of beauty, fortune, rank, and every elegant accomplishment, that genius and education could bestow, was withal so insupportably capricious, that she seemed born to be the torment of every heart, which suffered itself to be attracted by her charms. Tho' her coquetry was notorious to a proverb, such were her allurements, that very few, upon whom she thought fit to practise them, had ever found resolution to resist their power.

Of all the victims of her vanity Leander seemed to be that over whom she threw her chains with the greatest air of triumph; he was indeed a conquest to boast of, for he had long and obstinately defended his heart, and for a time made as many reprisals upon the tender passions of her sex as she raised contributions upon his. Her better star at length prevailed—she beheld Leander at her feet, and tho' her victory was accomplished at the expence of more tender glances, than she had ever bestowed upon the whole sex collectively, yet it was a victory, which only piqued Adelisa to render his slavery the more intolerable for the trouble it had cost her to reduce him to it. After she had trifled with him, and tortured him in every way that her ingenious malice could devise, and made such public display of her tyranny, as subjected him to the ridicule and contempt of all the men, who had envied his success, and every

every woman who resented his neglect, Adelisa avowedly dismissed him as an object which could no longer furnish sport to her cruelty, and turned to other pursuits with a kind of indifference as to the choice of them, which seemed to have no other guide but mere caprice.

Leander was not wanting to himself in the efforts he now made to free himself from her chains; but it was in vain; the hand of beauty had wrapped them too closely about his heart, and love had rivetted them too securely, for reason, pride, or even the strongest struggles of resentment to throw them off; he continued to love, to hate, to execrate and adore her. His first resolution was to exile himself from her sight. This was a measure of absolute necessity, for he was not yet recovered enough to abide the chance of meeting her, and he had neither spirits nor inclination to start a fresh attachment by way of experiment upon her jealousy. Fortune, however, befriended him in the very moment of despair; for no sooner was he out of her sight, than the coquettish Adelisa found something wanting, which had been so familiar to her, that Leander, though despised when possessed, when lost was regretted. In vain she culled her numerous admirers for some one to replace him;—continually peevish and discontented, Adelisa became so intolerable to her lovers, that there seemed to be a spirit conjuring up amongst them, which threatened her with a general desertion. What was to be done? Her danger was alarming; it was imminent. She determined to recall Leander: She informed herself of his haunts, and threw herself in the way of rencontre; but he avoided her; chance brought them to an interview, and she began by rallying him for his apostacy. There was an anxiety under all this affected pleasantry, that she could not thoroughly conceal, and he did not fail to discover. He instantly determined upon the very wisest measure, which deliberation could have formed—He combated her with her own weapons—he put himself apparently so much at his ease, and counterfeited his part so well, as effectually to deceive her. She had now a new task upon her hands, and the hardest, as well as the most hazardous, she had ever undertaken. She attempted to throw him off his guard, by a pretended pity for his past sufferings, and a promise

of

of kinder usage for the future. He denied that he had suffered any thing, and assured her that he never failed to be amused by her humours, which were perfectly agreeable to him at all times. "Then it is plain, (replied she) that you never thought of me as a wife; for such humours must be insupportable to a husband." "Pardon me, (cried Leander) if ever I should be betrayed into the idle act of marriage, I must be in one of those very humours myself. Defend me from the dull uniformity of domestic life!—What can be so insipid as the tame strain of nuptial harmony everlastingly repeated? Whatever other varieties I may then debar myself of, let me at least find a variety of whim in the woman I am to be fettered to." "Upon my word, (exclaimed Adelisa) you would almost persuade me that we were destined for each other." This she accompanied with one of those looks in which she was most expert, and which was calculated at once to inspire and betray sensibility. Leander, not yet so certain of his observations as to confide in them, seemed to receive this overture as a raillery, and affecting a laugh, replied, "I do not think it is in the power of destiny herself to determine either of us; for if you was for one-moment in the humour to promise yourself to me, I am certain in the next you would retract it; and if I was fool enough to believe you, I should well deserve to be punished for my credulity. Hymen will never yoke us to each other, nor to any body else; but if you are in the mind to make a very harmless experiment of the little faith I put in all such promises, here is my hand; 'tis fit the proposal should spring from my quarter, and not your's; close with it as soon as you please, and laugh at me as much as you please, if I vent one murmur when you break the bargain." "Well then, (said Adelisa) to punish you for the sauciness of your provoking challenge, and to convince you that I do not credit you for this pretended indifference to my treatment of you, here is my hand, and with it my promise; and now I give you warning, that if ever I do keep it, 'twill be only from the conviction, that I shall torment you more by fulfilling it, than by flying from it." "Fairly declared, (cried Leander) and since my word is passed, I'll stand to it; but take notice, if I was not perfectly secure of being
jilted,

jilted, I should think myself in a fair way to be the most egregious dupe in nature."

In this strain of mutual raillery, they proceeded to settle the most serious business of their lives, and whilst neither would venture upon a confession of their passion, each seemed to rely upon the other for a discovery of it. They now broke up their conference in the gayest spirits imaginable, and Leander, upon parting, offered to make a bet of half his fortune with Adelfa, that she did not stand to her engagement, at the same time naming a certain day as the period of its taking place. "And what shall I gain, (said she) in that case by half your fortune, when I shall have a joint share in possession of the whole?" "Talk not of fortune," cried Leander, giving loose to the rapture which he could no longer restrain, "my heart, my happiness, my life itself is your's." So saying, he caught her in his arms, pressed her eagerly in his embrace, and hastily departed.

No sooner was he out of her sight, than he began to expostulate with himself upon his indiscretion. In the ecstasy of one unguarded moment he had blasted all his schemes, and by exposing his weakness, armed her with fresh engines to torment him. In these reflections he passed the remainder of the night—in vain he strove to find some justification for his folly; he could not form his mind to believe that the tender looks she had bestowed upon him were any other than an experiment upon his heart, to throw him from his guard, and re-establish her tyranny.—With these impressions he presented himself at her door next morning, and was immediately admitted; Adelfa was alone, and Leander immediately began, by saying to her,—“I am now come to receive at your hands the punishment, which a man, who cannot keep his own secret, richly deserves; I surrender myself to you, and I expect you will exert your utmost ingenuity in tormenting me; only remember, that you cannot give a stab to my heart without wounding your own image, which envelopes every part, and is too deeply impress for even your cruelty totally to extirpate.”

At

At the conclusion of this speech, Adelissa's countenance became serious; she fixed her eyes upon the floor, and after a pause, without taking any notice of Leander, and as if she had been talking to herself in soliloquy, repeated in a murmuring tone—"Well, well, 'tis all over; but no matter." "For the love of Heaven," cried Leander in alarm, "what, is all over?" "All that is most delightful to woman, she replied; all the luxury, which the vanity of my sex enjoys in tormenting your's. Oh, Leander! what charming projects of revenge had I contrived to punish your pretended indifference, and depend upon it I would have executed them to the utmost rigour of the law of retaliation, had you not in one moment disarmed me of my malice by a fair confession of your love. Believe me, Leander, I never was a coquette but in self-defence; sincerity is my natural character; but how should a woman of any attractions be safe in such a character, when the whole circle of fashion abounds with artificial coxcombs, pretenders to sentiment and professors of seduction? When the whole world is in arms against innocence, what is to become of the naked children of nature, if experience does not teach them the art of defence? If I have employed this art more particularly against you than others, why have I so done, but because I had more to apprehend from your insincerity than any other person's, and proportioned my defences to my danger? Between you and me, Leander, it has been more a contest of cunning than an affair of honor, and if you will call your own conduct into fair review, trust me you will find little reason to complain of mine. Naturally disposed to favor your attentions more than any other man's, it particularly behoved me to guard myself against propensities at once so pleasing and so suspicious. Let this suffice in justification of what is past: It now remains that I should explain to you the system I have laid down for the time to come: If ever I assume the character of a wife, I devote myself to all it's duties; I bid farewell at once to all the vanities, the petulancies, the coquetries of what is falsely called a life of pleasure; the whole system must undergo a revolution, and be administered upon other principles and to other purposes. I know the world too well

to commit myself to it, when I have more than my own conscience to account to, when I have not only truths, but the similitudes of truth to study; suspicions, jealousies, appearances to provide against; when I am no longer singly responsible on the score of error, but of example also; It is not therefore in the public display of an affluent fortune, in dress, equipage, entertainments, nor even in the fame of splendid charities my pleasures will be found; they will center in domestic occupations; in cultivating nature and the sons of nature; in benefiting the tenants and labourers of the soil that supplies us with the means of being useful; in living happily with my neighbours; in availing myself of those numberless opportunities, which a residence in the country affords of relieving the untold distresses of those who suffer in secret, and are too humble, or perhaps too proud to ask."

Here the enraptured Leander could no longer keep silence, but breaking forth into transports of love and admiration, gave a turn to the conversation, which it is no otherwise interesting to relate, than as it proved the prelude to an union, which speedily took place, and has made Leander and Adelisa the fondest and the worthiest couple in England.

SOME PARTICULARS IN THE LIFE-OF

MRS. WORTHLEY.

RELATED BY HERSELF TO LADY S——.

[FROM THE HISTORIES OF LADY FRANCIS AND LADY S——.]

YOUR Ladyship will not blame me, if in speaking of those persons, whose memories are dear to me, I give them their just tribute of praise. My father, to the advantages of high birth, had joined great learning; his affability made him easy of access, while the innocence of his manners, enforced by those nervous arguments with which he sometimes used to attack the vices, not the persons of men, gained him universal esteem. My mother was the woman that such a man could like: good and amiable. She died whilst I was in a state of infancy; after which my father, though in possession of affluence, contented himself with retirement, where, free from care, his days passed on serenely peaceful. My education I received under his eye; his chief pleasure and study being to assist in it. He had many favorite observations, which he would often repeat to me; but this was one he took the most pains to inculcate into my mind; that it was in the power of every man to lessen or increase his own misery; for if of a contented disposition, though surrounded by misfortunes

misfortunes, he would receive them as easy lessons in the school of virtue. But that the desires of the restless uneasy mind know no bounds, and when his imaginary troubles assume the form of real ones, he yields himself a slave to the usurpers, and consents to his own torment.— 'Tis the former part of this observation that has borne me up, amidst troubles that long struggled to overwhelm and sink me. Going to town with a lady of distinction, distantly related to us, and visiting at Lord E——'s, I there met Colonel Worthley. He liking me, made advantageous proposals to my father, who knowing I was not averse to them, and that his family and fortune were both superior to mine, readily consented. After our marriage, we thought on no other home than my father's; from him I never would be separated, but by that power which at last divided us. Many years flew on; every one saw me happier than the other. Not a wish of mine but was complied with by a husband, whose least action flowed from an affection scarcely to be equalled; my Sophia (which was the first child I brought him) and the parent from whom he received me, being the only persons who shared it with me. How have I rejoiced to see the little prattling innocent placed on the knee of her doating grandfather, her sweet eyes expressing youthful duty, lifted up to his reverend countenance in strict attention: then to hear her, after running to her father and me, slip over the precepts she had caught from him. But, alas! this tranquillity was interrupted in the sixth year of her life, by the death of her instructor.— These lines of Mr. Dryden's are applicable to him:—

Of no distemper, of no blast he died;

But fell like Autumn fruit.—

—Surely he spoke prophetically, when, taking the darling of his age into his arms, some hours before his end:— Thou, child, said he, art born to be the comfort of thy mother, and an honor to thy father's house. May that God, with whom thy infant soul is not unacquainted, strengthen the flower that opens with so fair an aspect, and not crop thy tender stalk, till loaded down by its own burthen; but, O Lord, thy will be done; looking on her

with agitation, whilst with her frock she wiped away the tears that fell on his furrowed cheeks. This loss was the forerunner of a long train of misfortunes, which now trod fast on the heels of one another. Sophia was my only surviving child, though I brought several into the world, who were too young when taken from me to give me any more pain, than what any mother must feel on such an occasion. She was ten years old when a war broke out with Spain. Soon after my husband was called upon by his country to join a large body of troops, and proceed against some of the Spanish settlements. The thoughts of leaving me, in the situation I then was, gave his manly heart a shock he vainly endeavoured to hide. Seeing it, I exerted all the resolution I was mistress of to remove it, assuming a countenance very different from what I then felt. That I might enjoy his presence, till compelled by necessity to quit it, I hired a small lodging, and taking my child and only two servants, went with him to London; in which place he proposed waiting till the embarkation. He was received with particular marks of favour when introduced to his Majesty, on being appointed second in command. All was in too much forwardness for my peace; and the day for his departure too soon arrived. It was then that the mask was thrown off, and discovered the real disorder of our souls—what that was, you can better imagine than I describe. I can only say, my so much boasted fortitude forsook me; not being able to stand so severe a trial. I received a letter from him as soon as he arrived at his place of destination, filled with the delightful hopes of a speedy return, as the fortifications were not capable of making a long resistance against the English arms.—The next after it was directed in a hand I had never seen; not guessing at the contents, I opened it, without the least concern; but on reading these words, “I am sorry to acquaint you with the death of the brave Colonel Worthley,” I sunk senseless to the ground. Recovering, I found myself thrown on my bed, a lady standing by me with a smelling bottle in one hand, in the other my daughter. The sight of her made me wish to preserve that life, which was become less valuable, by being deprived of its richest comfort. The greatness of her joy shewed what
her

her sorrow had been. From my arms she ran into the person's by whose means I had been restored. O, madam, (she cried, locking the child in them, and kissing her with affection like my own) what a child is this! never did I see such sensibility. She then begged I would tell her in what she could assist me. I dismissed Sophia, with assurances that I was quite well, bidding her go to the maid, and get herself dressed, for I was unwilling to disclose before her the cause of my fainting; intending to break it to her by degrees. I then gave the letter which conveyed to me the dreadful news, into the stranger's hand, saying, she would see by it no remedy could reach my wound. All this while I knew not to whom I had the honour of speaking. It was wrote by an officer in the same regiment, with too little caution for such a discovery. But there are some in the world, who are so eager to be the messengers of news, whether it be welcome or unwelcome to those whom it concerns, that their fear, lest any other person should be more expeditious than themselves, leave them not time to reflect on the consequences their abrupt relations may be attended with; and if painful, the means of softening the woe they give, is generally omitted through their haste in revealing it. Indeed, this gentleman added, that my husband had left a character behind him which any man would gladly give up the enjoyment of a few years to attain. But what comfort would this afford me, after having been told, and that so precipitately, how dearly he had made the purchase. She used every method of condolence, not by dissuading me from yielding to my grief, but by kindly bearing a part in it; knowing that time alone could lessen a sorrow so justly founded. By the finest arguments, without stopping its course, she calmed it. This angel, for such her every action proclaimed her, was the late Duchess, your Ladyship's grandmother, whom I looked on as sent by Providence to direct me by what means I could best support its decrees. When I became no stranger to her quality, the knowledge of it could add nothing to my veneration, her virtues having engaged it all before I knew what was owing to her high station. Her Grace told me, that as she passed by my door, a servant in the utmost confusion ran into the street, begging for

for God's sake some one would go to the assistance of her mistress, who was fallen down in a fit. Having proper drops about her to restore my senses, and ordering the chair to stop, she proceeded to my chamber, where the first object that presented itself was my Sophia, trying to lift me from the floor, her infant strength being nearly exhausted; the house resounded with her cries. As soon as she saw me, continued her Grace, she ran to me; Oh! madam, said the sweet child, you are come to save my dear mamma. Are you not come to save her? God Almighty loves my mamma, because she is good; I know he will not let her die. The lovely creature returning to you, hung about your neck, till she saw you restored to life; and then paid me her acknowledgements in a manner that as much surprized me at her early accomplishments, as I had just been at her sensibility. Before I could repeat my thanks to her Grace, for the obligations she had conferred on me, I was taken extremely ill; and in a few hours delivered of a son. The Duchess having staid with me the whole time, on her leaving me, desired my permission to take my daughter with her, where she remained till my recovery, which was perfected contrary to the expectations of all about me. Not a day passed but I was honoured with frequent visits from her Grace; and at last, beginning to be reconciled to my destiny, I made known to her my intentions of leaving the town, and settling in that house where I had spent the happiest part of my life. At first she opposed them; but finding me resolved, was pleased to drop her disapprobation, kindly offering to take her little favourite, as she fondly called my Sophia, under her own care: yet this too she suffered me to decline, on my urging, that in her presence I hoped to recall part of the satisfaction I had lost, in being for ever torn from her happy father. That he was so, all my reflections assured me. I had been absent from it near twelve months, when I again saw my paternal habitation, now stripped of its most graceful ornaments. Every room, every walk, seemed conscious of their fallen honors, and wore the face of mourning. Often, as I have been holding in my arms the dear resemblance of my husband, drawn by nature in stronger colours than Raphael himself could have shewn him

him in, his sister playing by me, gathering flowers to adorn her hair, that fell in shining ringlets on her shoulders; often have I fancied the very birds have changed their plaintive sounds to notes more plaintive, and warbled out their musical commiseration to those sweet orphans.— Here, for some years, was I agreeably amused in forming the mind of my girl; but knowing myself incapable of so important a task, without great assistance, I called in that of the most moral and polite authors.

Having a genius for poetry, I suffered her to indulge it, as she never chose improper subjects. One of her early productions, wrote at the age of fifteen, I have now by me; though her attempt in following this speculation, which is a vision of the seasons, did not come up to the spirit of the author, yet as they were wrote by her, they are to me valuable. I had no desire of returning to London till my son was seven, and my girl seventeen; but then thought it necessary to give him an education he might not be ashamed of, when capable of distinguishing the advantages of a good one. This motive made me resolve to quit my beloved retirement, where I had passed seven years in an uninterrupted calm; determining to revisit it, as soon as I had placed Charles at Westminster school.

When my plan was thus settled, and a day fixed for our setting out, I wrote the Duchess word of my intentions, who had indulged me in an epistolary correspondence, often condescending to honour my Sophia in the same manner. To which instructive favours, I attributed some daily improvements, which the partial eye of a fond mother made me fancy I saw in her.

My surprise could be equalled by nothing but my gratitude, when, on alighting at an inn twenty miles from town, I saw her Grace's equipage standing in the court, and was informed by her servants, that their Lady waited there, in expectation of meeting me. Impatient to pay those acknowledgements my heart was full of, I begged her Grace might be acquainted with my arrival; but could not restrain my feet from following the servant so close, that I found myself in her arms, before his message could be delivered. She embraced my daughter with the same affection, telling us we were now both her prisoners,
and

and must go wherever she thought proper to convey us; giving me to understand the full meaning of her words: which was, that we should reside with her during our stay in town. When I told her I had already lodgings near the Duke's house, she replied, she was not a stranger to my unkindness, but had taken the liberty of discharging them, and thus necessitated me to oblige her.

I need not tell you, that so much condescension was not to be withstood; so, after a short refreshment, we proceeded on our journey, and were received by my Lord Duke with respectful kindness. One month passed away almost imperceptibly. I was beginning to think of my return to solitude, her Grace having insisted on my leaving Sophia with her, at least for that winter, when one day, as we were sitting in her dressing-room, she having just left it to fetch something from her cabinet, Lord Henry (who was but that moment come in from a visit he had been making to a family distant from London) entered it. Not seeing his mother there, he made a genteel apology for what he called an intrusion, and would have retired, but we prevented him.

I had never seen a figure so capable of inspiring the most tender sentiments as was his at that time; though grief and disappointment have since greatly altered it; rendering at the same time that deficiency less observable, by giving additional beauties to a mind, which I then thought incapable of receiving any.

Her Grace soon joined us, having embraced her son, and gently chid him for his long absence, said, she would now make him a very valuable present, so valuable, that he would much regret he had not received it sooner. But you, my dear, taking my daughter's hand, must first permit me to fulfil this promise. She blushed, and was silent.—My Lord respectfully approached them, whilst I, struck with her look, her manner, so noble, so enforcing, could only express what I felt, by the strict attention I observed. Providence has at last, continued she, given me a daughter; you a sister. I shall say nothing of her deserts, only be grateful for this gift, as I have been; or as you find it merits. 'Tis impossible to say which shewed the greatest emotion or eagerness to thank the Duchess. Indeed, I have

have since thought, my Lord seemed to feel the full force of a real obligation. A few days after, I received a letter from the country, by which I found my presence necessary to expedite some affairs of moment. On parting with my children, and their kind protectress, an unusual melancholy seized me; but this I imagined was owing to the difficulty I had in tearing myself from the society of persons so dear to me. Ten months passed without any incidents happening worth your attention, except that I constantly received excuses from her Grace for detaining my girl, and a promise of paying me a visit with her early in the summer.

One evening, as I was walking in a little wood near my house, I saw a chariot and six driving swiftly towards it: As soon as it stopped, a young gentleman, whom I did not immediately recollect, stepped from it; but what was my astonishment, after speaking to one of my servants, to see Lord Henry hastening to meet me. To those enquiries my gratitude suggested, his answers were short and unconnected; but when I mentioned my children, his embarrassment increased: He endeavoured to hide it, giving me a letter, which a secret impulse made me open with impatience, first asking his excuse for doing it. These, Madam, as near as I can recollect, were the contents:—

“ *My dear Mrs. Worthley,*

“ Our good and amiable daughter has for some days past been indisposed with an inflammatory disorder on her lungs; but don't my dear partner in this inestimable treasure, imagine the worst; for the physicians I have called in, who are men of great skill, assure me there is no danger.— Lord Henry, knowing the tenderness I have for my charming girl, has proposed attending you to town: the seeing you will be to her the most effectual restorative, and give sincere satisfaction to, madam, your affectionate and obliged humble servant.

“ P. S.—Miss Worthley knows of your coming to town, but not the occasion.”

On turning to Lord Henry, I observed he hastily withdrew a handkerchief from his eyes. What a noble tenderness is this, my Lord, that can so affect you for the distresses of others; but tell me, my Lord, continued I, has her Grace really let me know the worst of my child's disorder? Indeed, madam, he replied, I flatter myself, there is no danger apprehended, the slightest appearances of which would, I must own, greatly alarm me. O, Mrs. Worthley! you know not the interest I have in the life of that excellent creature. Can you pardon me, madam, for hiding the passion, in which I glory, so long from you? My surprize prevented me from interrupting him, and he went on. Call it not want of confidence, but a diffidence, whether I might ever have it in my power to make her mine. Even to herself I did not disclose my sentiments, till I had prevailed on my mother to give them her sanction, with a promise of endeavouring to add to it that of my father's, who has the highest esteem for Miss Worthley, and never denies any thing to the felicity of his children.

Confounded by a declaration so unexpected, I scarce knew what answer to return. When I would have thanked him for the honour he intended us, he prevented me, by saying, Mention not that, madam; the honour is mine; who never saw those charms generally imagined to consist in titles and splendor, till Miss Worthley gave me hopes I might one day ally them to her virtues. He further added, that the reason her Grace had given Sophia for requesting my presence at this time was, that she might communicate to me his Lordship's choice, and have my approbation of it confirmed. How much the manner of conferring enhances an obligation, to a mind not ungenerous! Mine was oppressed; but with sensations the most agreeable.— We sat out early the next morning, and found several relays of horses properly disposed on the road, by which means we came to town the day following. The Duchess met us at our alighting from the chariot, expressed her satisfaction at seeing me, and said she hoped her dear girl was something better since she wrote to me. His Lordship shewed vast pleasure at this account, eagerly enquiring if he might not be allowed to attend her. Her Grace replied, that waiting my arrival at a window fronting the street,
she

she was just dropped asleep in her chair. I begged to be permitted to go to her, on which his Lordship left us; but as he went out at one door, she that moment came in at the other. Not having seen her so long, the alteration in her person was more visible to me; and struck me with a sorrow I had great difficulty to prevent from appearing. A paleness, like that of death, overspread her cheeks, once animated with the blush of health; her eyes seemed starting, and full of languor; and her voice was so lost, as to be scarcely distinguishable. She asked me, after her joy was a little subsided, if I did not perceive the cold she had taken, by walking too late at Vauxhall; but I ought not to complain, she said, because it was my own obstinacy that occasioned it. I hoped the change of air, I replied, would soon get the better of her indisposition: that I should request her Grace to part with her for some weeks, finding I could not support a longer separation. Yes, Mrs. Worthley, returned the Duchess, we will divide her time between us; for now shall I claim an equal share in the affections of my daughter: but let me conduct you to my closet; I have an affair of importance to communicate to you. See, my son is coming towards us; we'll leave him to entertain Miss Worthley. This once more called the blood into its native throne, which tinged her whole face. On our retiring, her Grace convinced me, in the most endearing manner, that she approved Lord Henry's inclinations; but said, she had not yet mentioned it to the Duke; but she had very little doubt of his compliance, and proposed soon to begin her embassy. The physicians advised the country air as most like y to restore my daughter's health, which made me hasten my departure, though afraid her reluctance in quitting the Duchess would be attended with painful consequences.

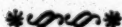
(To be continued.)

POETRY.

CORYDON AND THYRSIS;

A

PASTORAL.



CORYDON.

THE mid-day sun now darts his vertic ray,
And neighbouring swains to cool recesses stray;
Let us, secluded from the heat, recline
Beneath the shadow of this towering pine;
And while in view our lambs disporting play,
Attune your reed, and pipe some sprightly lay.
Oft have I heard of Damon's wondrous skill
In rural ditties, and the tuneful quill;
'Twas he instructed you the piping art,
To cheer the swains, and win your Flora's heart;
Give, then, a sample of his blithesome strains,
This varnished whistle shall reward your pains.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Small praise, I ween, is due my skill in song ;
 'Twas ne'er design'd to soothe the jocund throng ;
 But, now and then, a leisure hour to spend,
 And cheer myself in absence of a friend :
 Yet to my lips I'll now my reed apply,
 And with my Corydon's request comply.
 I'll sing you one with sorrow deeply fraught,
 The last sweet ditty peerless Damon taught.

CORYDON.

Begin—I'll with attention watch our sheep,
 And eye the goats on yonder craggy steep.

THYRSIS.

Far in a wild, beneath a beechen shade,
 Where silver Clyde winds down his oozy bed ;
 The fair Amanda, erst so blithe and gay,
 At Daphne's side reclin'd, desponding lay ;
 Her bursting bosom heav'd with swelling sighs,
 While tears unfeign'd ran streaming from her eyes ;
 Her sheep, unheeded, wander'd to and fro,
 And vocal hills re-echoed all her woe.
 Young Daphne, griev'd to see the nymph distress'd,
 In friendly strains her sympathy express'd :
 " Lo, genial Spring, in rosy garb array'd,
 Smiles on the hills, and paints th' enamell'd mead !
 Prolific Sol now cheers the glad some plain,
 And swells the fruit, and fills the bladed grain ;
 On every spray the feather'd warblers sing,
 And all the groves with rural music ring ;
 Our fleecy nibblers crop the clover field ;
 Clyde's winding banks a goodly prospect yield ;
 The joyous May in all her pomp appears :
 Then why these sighs, Amanda ? why these tears ?

Why

Why all this grief?—all this ill-season'd pain?
Come, dear Amanda, to a friend explain."

Silent and sad, the Daphne wistful ey'd,
And thus, anon, with heaving sighs reply'd:

"O lead me, Daphne, to some desert shore,
Where to the rocks I may my fate deplore!
The gentle Spring no more affords delight,
The dappling flowers are hateful to my sight:
Nor Glotta's * banks, (where once, devoid of care,
I blithly sung throughout the varied year,)
Nor blissful dales, where he meand'ring flows,
Can tears suppress, or soothe my endless woes!
My lambs (would I were innocent as they!)
Where'er they list may for Amanda stray;
Nor hills, nor dales, nor frisking flocks can please—
A long farewell to happiness and ease!"

"You wont, said Daphne, to be blithe and free,
You wont to cheer us with your mirth and glee;
The jocund swains, charm'd with your pleasing song,
With joyful hearts around you us'd to throng,
And on their pipes to join your chorus play.
Wherefore this change, my dear Amanda, say?
What lies so heavy at your throbbing heart,
Amanda, tell?—to me your woes impart."

"Cease, cease, my Daphne, your unwelcome strains!
These gay reflections but increase my pains.
While pure, untainted innocence remain'd,
'Ere Strephon base my witless heart obtain'd,
Like you I sported, and was blithe like you,
My days were cheerful, and my cares were few;
But perjur'd Strephon my affections won,
In him I trusted, was by him undone!—
Ah, now farewell my wonted happy days!
Farewell my wonted innocence and ease!
Farewell, ye groves, and every smiling dell!
Ye wand'ring ewes, and slighted lambs, farewell!—

"My artless Daphne, take a friend's advice,
With caution listen to you wooer's voice,

And

* Clyde.

And through Love's mazes ever wary tread;
 Or—like Amanda—you may be betray'd.
 The while fond Strephon deck'd with wreathes my breast,
 And taper crook with fragrant garlands drest;
 When vows of constancy in yonder grove
 He plighted oft, say, could I doubt his love?
 The while he faltering first reveal'd his flame,
 I little knew (poor simple, thoughtless dame)
 His youthful breast a wicked heart contain'd;
 That by his guile my virtue would be stain'd;
 And when my artless virgin heart he'd won,
 He'd leave me thus—abandon'd, and undone!"

With pity mov'd, young Daphne dropp'd a tear;
 And curs'd the swain, so false, and insincere.

"Severe, said she, is hapless woman's fate,
 If fair, men ruin us, if homely, hate;
 We're sure betray'd, if we through love pursue;
 And if we fly, they flatter and undo."

"From hence, resum'd Amanda, learn with care,
 While yet a maid, to shun each tempting snare.
 For Strephon's sake what anguish I endure,
 And deep remorse, which baffles every cure!
 At dead of night, when Nature's sunk in sleep,
 With sorrows wrung, I'm left alone to weep!
 And when the Sun in eastern sky appears,
 Still I'm dejected, still bedew'd with tears!—
 For him I bear the village taunting scorn,
 By foes insulted, and by friends forlorn.
 The cruel swain, deaf to my piteous moan,
 Has Doris wed, and left me thus, undone.—
 But cease, Amanda, now 'tis vain to mourn;
 Be hush, ye groves, no more my plaint return;
 Farewell, ye glades, and every smiling vale!
 Ye wand'ring ewes, and flighted lambs, farewell!
 And thou, O Daphne, virtue still pursue,
 Be innocent, be blest!—farewell!—adieu!"

Thus having spoke, she frantic reach'd the shore,
 Plung'd headlong in, and sunk to rise no more.

280 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

Here stopt the gentle swain—the listening crowd,
Mov'd with his strains, were all in tears bedew'd:
Such was our Damon's skill, and peerless meed;
And such his cunning of the mellow reed.

CORYDON.

His art in piping he has left with you:
Accept your promis'd gift, 'tis justly due;
And now, till thine be brought, you'll welcome share
My rural sweets, and wholesome country-fare.

SOLILOQUY

OF A

HIGHWAYMAN.

A H! Family forlorn!——
The sport of fortune, famine, and mankind;
Compose thy griefs, Louisa—stop those tears;
Cry not too piteous—spare, Oh, spare, thy fire;
Nor quite distract thy mother, hapless babes.
What shall I do? Which ever way I turn
Scenes of incessant horror, strike my eye;
Bare, barren walls gloom formidably round,
And not a ray of hope is left to cheer;
Sorrowing and sick the partner of my fate,
Lies on her bed of straw—Beside her, sad
My children dear, cling to her breast and weep;
Or, prest by hunger, hunt each nook for food,
And quite exhausted climb these knees—In vain
How ev'ry asking eye, appears at once!

Oh,

Oh, looks, too eloquent ! too plainly mark'd,
 Ye ask for bread ! I have no bread to give ;
 The wants of nature, frugal as she is,
 The little calls, and comforts which support
 From day to day the feeble life of man,
 No more, alas ! thy father can supply !
 To me the hand of Heav'n-born charity
 Hard as the season gripes—The neighbourhood
 Busy'd or pleas'd o'erlook a stranger's woe ;
 Scarce knows the tenant of th' adjoining house,
 What thin partitions shield him from the room,
 Where poverty hath fix'd her dread abode.
 Oh ! fatal source of ill-tim'd delicacy,
 Which bade me still conceal the want extreme,
 While yet the decent drefs remain'd in store,
 To visit my Eugenius like myself ;
 Now shame, confusion, memory unite,
 To drive me from his door——

———Ah ! Cruel man !

Too barbarous Eugenius—this from thee ;
 Have I not screen'd thee from a parent's wrath,
 Shar'd in thy transports, in thy sorrow shar'd ?
 Were not our friendships in the cradle form'd,
 Gain'd they not strength and firmness as we grew ?
 And dost thou shift with fortune's veering gale ?
 Dost thou survey me with the critic's eye ?
 And shun thy friend, because, (oh, blush to truth !
 Oh, stain to human sensibility !)
 Because his tatter'd garments to the wind,
 And ev'ry passenger, more deep betray
 Th' extremity severe—Then fare thee well !
 Quick let me seek my homely shed again,
 Fly from the wretch who triumphs o'er my rags,
 On my Louisa's faithful bosom fall,
 Hug to my heart my famish'd fondlings round,
 Together suffer—and together die.——

———What piles of wealth,
 What loads of riches glitter thro' each street !
 How thick the toys of fashion croud the eye !
 The lap of luxury can hold no more ;

Fortune so rapid, rolls the partial show'r,
 That ev'ry passion sickens with excess,
 And nauseates the banquet meant to charm—
 Yet, what are all these golden scenes to me,
 These splendid modish superfluities;
 What are these bright temptations to the poor?
 Sooner, alas! will pride new-gild her coach,
 Than bid the warming faggot blaze around
 The hearth where chill necessity resides.
 But must Louisa, then—our tender babes—
 Must they untimely sink into the grave;
 Must all be victims to a fate so sore?
 The world will nothing give but barren frowns;
 What then remains—there stands the wretched hut,
 I dare not enter—Heaven befriend them all:
 What then remains? The night steals on apace,
 The sick moon labours thro' the rising clouds,
 Yet—that were well—O, dire necessity!
 It must be so—Despair do what thou wilt—
 ————— I faint with fear,
 With terror and fatigue.—This forest gloom,
 Made gloomier by the deep'ning shades of night,
 Suits well the sad disorders of my soul:
 The passing owl shrieks, horrible her wail,
 And conscience broods o'er her prophetic note;
 Light springs the hare upon the wither'd leaf,
 The rabbit frolics—and the guilty mind!
 Starts at the sound as at a Giant's tread.
 Ah, me—I hear the horse along the road,
 Forgive me, Providence, forgive me, man!
 I tremble thro' the heart—the clatt'ring hoof
 Re-echoes thro' the wood—the moon appears;
 And lights me to my prey.—————
 ————— Stop, traveller!
 Behold a being born like thee to live,
 And yet endow'd with fortitude to die,
 Were his alone the pang of poverty;
 But a dear wife now starving far from hence,
 Seven hapless hungry children at her side,
 A frowning world, and an ungrateful friend,
 Urge him to actions which his heart abhors.

Assist us ! Save us ! Pity my despair,
 O'erlook my fault, and view me as a man ;
 A fellow-mortal sues to thee for bread,
 Invites thy charity, invites thy heart.
 Perhaps thou art an husband, and a father,
 Think if thy babes like mine dejected lay,
 And held their little hands to thee for food.
 What would'st thou have me do, wert thou like me,
 Driven to distress like mine—Oh, then befriend,
 Make our sad case your own—I ask no more ;
 Nor will I force what bounty cannot spare ;
 Let me not take, assassin-like, the boon
 Which, humbly bending at thy feet, I beg,
 Ne'er till this night. —————

————— God speed thee on thy way,
 May plenty ever sit within thy house !
 If thou hast children, angels guard their steps !
 Health scatter roses round each little cheek—
 And Heaven at last reward thy soul with bliss !
 ——— He's gone, and left his purse within my hand.
 Thou much-desired, thou often sought in vain,
 Sought while the tears were swimming in my eye,
 Sought, but not found, at length I hold thee fast,
 Swift let me fly upon the wings of love,
 And bear the blessing to my fainting babes,
 Then, gently take Louisa in my arms,
 And whisper to the mourner, happier tidings.

————— Hark ! what noise was that ?
 'Twas the dull bittern, booming o'er my head,
 The raven follows her—the dusky air,
 Thickens each form upon the cheated sight.
 Ha ! Something shot across the way methinks !
 'Tis but the shadow of this stripling tree,
 That throws its baby-arms as blows the gale.
 Each object terrifies guilt's anxious breast !
 The robber, trembles at —————

————— What have I said ?
 Robber, well may I start—Oh, Heav'ns,
 What have I done ? —————

————— Shall then Louisa live on spoil ?
 Shall my poor children eat the bread of theft ?

And have I, at the peaceful hour of night,
 Like some malignant thing that prowls the wood;
 Have I—a very felon!—sought relief
 By means like these? And yet the traveller
 Gave what I ask'd as if in charity;
 Perhaps his heart, compassionately kind,
 Gave from an impulse it could not resist;
 Perhaps—'twas fear—lest murder might ensue.
 Alas! I bore no arms—no blood I sought:
 How knew he that? Yet sure he might perceive
 The harden'd villain spoke not in my air,
 Trembling and cold my hand was join'd with his;
 My knee shook hard; my feeble accents fail'd;
 The father's, husband's tears, bedew'd my face;
 And virtue almost triumph'd o'er despair,
 —Yet strikes the thought severely on my heart,
 The deed was foul—Soft—Let me pause awhile!
 Again the moon-beam breaks upon the eye,
 Guilt tears me to the ground, I faint, I fall!
 The means of food still should be honest means,
 Else were it well to starve.—

REVIEW OF NOVELS.

CELESTINA, a Novel, by Charlotte Smith, 4 vols. 12s.
Cadel.

HAVING experienced much satisfaction from the perusal of this lady's former productions, we, with expectations of the most pleasing sort, took up *Celestina*, but we cannot say those expectations were amply gratified, nay, it is but candid to own we were in some measure disappointed. There are certainly some well drawn characters, but the story turns principally in one incident, which the author leads her hero and heroine to expatiate so often and so largely upon that we feel the interest we should otherwise take in the fate of the amiable *Celestina*, insensibly deadened. And why will Mrs. Smith persist in introducing in all her works those frail, yet amiable characters, which we fear, from being drawn as possessing every virtue save only that *one*, which is the most solid basis on which to raise the superstructure of female excellence, will appear in too favourable, we had almost said fascinating a light to the younger part of her fair readers; for surely, however, Lady Adeline, in the *Orphan of the Castle*, Mrs. Douglas in the *Recluse of the Lake*, and Emily Cartwright in the present work, may excite our compassion, and awaken all our sensibility they can never be objects worthy imitation. It is certainly dangerous to cloath vice
or

or folly in a specious garb, and lead them forth to public view so gorgeously habited, that their real deformity cannot at first be perceived. Mrs. Smith should remember this great truth—

The heedless fair who stoops to guilty joys,
Good hearts may pity, but they must despise.

And however we may compassionate the sorrows of a fallen sister, and however humanity may prompt us to endeavour to snatch her from impending misery, it is only by renouncing her errors she can hope to appear respectable, or have the least claim to our esteem.

Mrs. Smith, in this work, as in every other, is correct and elegant in her language—Her poetry rises far above mediocrity, of which we shall, in our next, present our readers with a beautiful specimen.

We do not recollect any part that more immediately interested our feelings than the simple, but affecting recital of Jesse in the first volume, and we find her favourite Cartwright, through the whole work, a pleasing consistent character. Willoughby is excentric; Celestina herself rather a pattern of passive than active virtue.

The friend of Willoughby, we greatly fear, is a character too common to be thought extraordinary. The other characters are well drawn, and well supported; and though Celestina has not equal merit with this Lady's former publications, yet it is infinitely superior to the generality of novels.

WANLY PENSON; or, THE MELANCHOLY MAN;
a Miscellaneous history, 3 vols. 9s. Kearsley.

IN this work we find an infinite fund of good sense, and a great share of refined sensibility, yet we are sorry to see an author evidently possessed of such pleasing talents, suffer himself to run into such false reasonings, especially on such a delicate point as religion, and it gave us pain to peruse so ludicrous a tale as that of the Tinker and Pedler applied to so sacred a subject. There are certainly some pathetic details,

details, among which we cannot but reckon, Old Snell's Story, and the sad derangement of poor Betsy Freeman.—The history of Tom Snell borders greatly on the marvellous, yet it is one of those innocent tales as evidently serves to amuse without perverting the understanding, or depraving the heart. The whole work abounds with pertinent and just remarks, from which we cannot but select the following. Penfon speaking of the amusements of London, having innumrated them, continues thus:—

‘ Yet I have visited all these places. What then?—
 ‘ Why, I could now and then enjoy them, were it not for
 ‘ the reflection, that they are the hot beds, where the
 ‘ seeds of the most hateful vices often most vigorously ge-
 ‘ nerate.

“ To assemble there for a little recreation were desire-
 ‘ able, if one could but keep the imps of hell from assem-
 ‘ bling with the children of innocence; but a public place
 ‘ is a villain's marker.

‘ Were it not for this reflection, I say, I could some-
 ‘ times relish the amusements these places afford; but not
 ‘ often. Their frequency, I think, would pall my ap-
 ‘ appetite. Nor can I conceive what insipid beings those
 ‘ must be who require the every-day repetition of such
 ‘ stimulæ. No life! No spirits! till set going in the
 ‘ whirl of dissipation! Why, I would as soon be a school-
 ‘ boy's top.’

The author has left us rather in the dark in regard to the fate of the two ladies, Melinda and Sylvia, and the work seems prematurely hurried to a conclusion. However, as he seems to give something of a hint, that the history of Melinda will, at a future period, be continued, we hope he will not disappoint our expectations. The character of Wanly Penfon cannot be better delineated than by the following sketch, with which the author concludes his narrative.

‘ His mind was of nature's choicest composition; but
 ‘ hurt, partly by the dispensation of Providence, and partly
 ‘ by

‘ by unprofitable pondering. He was a man of unbounded humanity—of fine affection—of the purest friendship. A man too sensible to be happy—who thought too deeply to think well—and who spun the thread of reflection so fine, as to render it (at least to himself) unserviceable. A character, which, in a crowd, is unnoticed, because, like the minutiae of nature, it requires nice observation to distinguish its exquisiteness; a character that, to its intimates, is ever amiable, because it will, even to the monopolizing inquietude to itself, endeavour to compose their tranquillity; but a character to itself barely supportable, because corporeal nature cannot keep pace with its mental refinements.’

LADY JANE GRAY, *an Historical Tale*, 2 vols. 5s. Lane.

AN historical fact this might have been stiled, as the author makes little or no variation from the accounts already given by various historians; he has thrown the subject into letters, but we cannot say the stile is calculated to awaken sympathy, or call the finer feelings of the soul into action. The fate of so lovely, so amiable a woman as Lady Jane is ever represented to have been, cut off in the fullbloom of youth by the tyrannic hand of begottered superstition, must ever call forth the sigh of regret, but it is a fact so universally known, and has been described and lamented by so many eminent authors, that the present work wants even the charm of novelty to recommend it.





Hugh Penfold Wyatt.

Vet. A5 e. 4692

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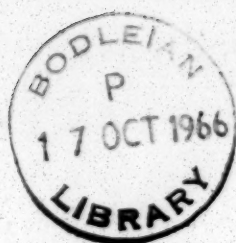
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SOME PARTICULARS IN THE LIFE OF

MRS. WORTHLEY.

RELATED BY HERSELF TO LADY S——.

[FROM THE HISTORIES OF LADY FRANCES AND LADY S——.]

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 275.]

AFTER a few days, accompanied by Lord Henry, we took our leave; but his Lordship was so impatient to join his to her Grace's interest, that having conducted us down, his stay was short; but he fixed an early day for renewing his visit, and for bringing with him the sanction of the Duke, who, he was assured, would not withhold it from him. The time elapsed, her indisposition increasing; and while I waited in anxious expectation of an event, on which not only his happiness, but perhaps the life of my child depended, instead of himself, arrived one of his Lordship's servants. There was something in his look that struck me with terror, which was heightened, when, upon my asking for the Duke's family, the poor fellow gave no answer to my question; but holding out a letter, turned aside his head, wiped his eyes, and sobbing aloud, went from me. A shivering coldness rushed through my veins;

ten thousand ideas crowded at once upon me; but these lines suspended every faculty of my soul:—

“ How shall I tell my good, my kind Mrs. Worthley, the dreadful, dreadful loss I have sustained, that she, that my dear Sophia has sustained? Oh, madam! my friend—my indulgent mother is no more!—An apoplectic fit has carried her off. Miss Worthley’s health is already in so precarious a state, that she must not yet know this addition to my misfortunes. Should she too be snatched from me!—Prevent it Heaven! Indeed I cannot bear the thought.—Tell me she is better—tell me she will soon recover;—then shall a gleam of hope again revisit the distracted soul of your and her most affectionate, and most unhappy,

Henry S——.”

Before I had quite read it thro’, Sophia came into the room. I would have conveyed it from her sight, but it was too late, my grief having brought me to such a state of insensibility, that she took it from my hand without my being able to prevent it. I was surprised to see with what composure she received the fatal tidings:—forgetting her own concern, she endeavoured to lessen mine, by the most filial endearments; but this affected ease her strength could not long support. I was awakened from my stupor by an universal trembling which suddenly seized her. With difficulty I sustained her, till the servants came to my assistance. Violent faintings succeeded each other with little intermission. Judge the distracted state in which I was involved; yet in her intervals was I obliged to appear before her with even a shew of cheerfulness. Seeing the physicians more uneasy at her late symptoms, than I had ever till then observed them, I insisted on knowing their real sentiments; for, said I, if I am threatened with a blow, which to me will be worse than death, I conjure you tell me, that I may prepare to meet it with a resignation due to the divine Power who deals it. After some hesitation, they told me it was their opinion
my

my daughter's disorder proceeded from a sudden decay of her lungs, which might possibly baffle all their skill and diligence; but still added, that there was a probability some of the medicines they had already given, and would farther prescribe, might yet succeed. Heaven lent me resolution at that moment, or no earthly consolation could have supported me. Pardon me, madam, pardon a fond mother, who (though with pain) loves to recount the precious minutes, as they flew, whilst she was blessed with the sight of her beloved child.

When her Grace was interred, Lord Henry sent word he intended being with us in a few days — Contrary to my own belief, I flattered myself his presence might give her spirits, if not health. So greedily do we grasp at the least shadow of hope, where a disaster is foreseen, that will certainly destroy our peace; little suspecting that we only climb a steep precipice, to make our fall the greater. His Lordship's interview with her was affecting beyond imagination; he approached her with an assumed air of calmness; took her hand, his own trembling so that he could scarcely hold it; while passion struggling for vent, choked the passage of his words, and he could only express himself in broken accents.

Not being able to bear the conflicts of his soul in her presence, he left the room with precipitation. Go to him, my dear mother, go to him and comfort him, said she; his seeing me has, I fear, raised in his memory what can never be erased from mine. Happy, that she did not attribute any part of his concern to the alteration in her own health. I told her, I did not expect he would so soon get the better of it, considering the tender duty he always bore her Grace. We must both, my love, endeavour to console him; and your being chearful will, I am convinced, the soonest effect it.

Having said this, I went to seek his Lordship, and found, by the redness of his eyes, that his heart was just relieved by a friendly shower; and he listened with some degree of patience to the reasons I urged for a resignation to our fates, if they destined us to be unhappy.

A fortnight after reduced her to such a state of weakness, that it would not permit her to leave her room; yet had

had she never mentioned to us that she thought herself in the least danger. One morning, when she was remarkably chearful, Lord Henry, delighted at seeing a symptom, which he thought favourable, was proposing a journey to the Hot Wells at Bristol, when she could bear the fatigue of travelling. Your Lordship is very obliging, said she, interrupting him; but don't you really know, looking at us with a piercing serenity, that I am preparing myself for a journey of much higher consequence? We both guessed at her meaning, and sorrow kept us silent; whilst she thus proceeded.—I was never superstitious, yet own my resolution was last night staggered by a dream, which I look on as ordained by Heaven, to warn me of my approaching dissolution. Soon after I was retired to rest, a tranquil sleep took possession of my senses; when methought my dear, my ever honoured second mother, stood before me. The splendor in which she appeared, dazzled my sight, and I endeavoured to hide my face; but advancing towards me, she took my hand, calling me by the tender name of daughter. Encouraged by the sound of a voice so dear to me, I lifted up my eyes. The same bright benignant smile, that always shone upon her countenance, was heightened, not diminished. Her robe was transparently white, and the crown that encircled her head reflected so great a brilliancy, that like the sun it enlightened every thing around it. In one hand she held a golden harp, in the other a mirror. Upon the harp she made the most enchanting music; singing the praises of her God in strains so melodious, that I could no longer restrain the ecstasy of my soul, but joined with her in chanting the same praises to the great Creator; and was surprised to hear my own voice equally harmonious. All that fear and reverence, which had at first seized me, at sight of the shining vision, was now fixed on the omnipotent Power worshiped in my song, of Holy, Holy, Holy: these words I distinctly remember. The music ceasing, she held the mirror to my face, bidding me look on it. I obeyed; but was so transformed, as to have no idea of myself, till the angelic form assured me, I saw no other. The reflection was more beautiful than fancy can paint. Whilst I stood in admiration, a robe was thrown over me, and a crown of
light

light placed on my head, like that of my once earthly, but now heavenly guide; who told me I should soon be in reality, what at present I only saw in a transitory appearance. My joy and emotion were so great at these assurances, that I offered to seize one of her hands: she, knowing my intention, held it out to me. The clay-coldness of it awoke me, when I found I had taken hold of the wood-work of my bed.

Here the dear creature ended. Lord Henry's affliction was too big for utterance. Watching her looks, I saw them alter—I saw his Lordship endeavouring to support her in his arms, which roused me from a fixed thoughtless stupor to a more expressive sorrow. I insisted on his leaving the room, as soon as we perceived the least sign of her return to life, lest the seeing him, in the agonies he then was, might throw her back to the same degree of insensibility, from which she was but just returning. Three days were past in a dreadful uncertainty, expecting each would terminate in the great event that threatened us.—Seeing it now irretrievable, and being both in her room at the fatal moment, Lord Henry on his knees by her bedside, she took a hand from each, and first pressed one, then the other to her dying lips, pronouncing these words, which were all she had spoke distinctly since her seizure: Will you, my much loved Lord, the only one who has ever shared in your Sophia's affections, for my sake, for her own sake, cherish the best of women, and of mothers? I am called upon at this moment to join yours, from whom I have received tenderness truly maternal. Let this comfort you, my Lord, and you my dearest mother, (throwing her arms about my neck) that I am assured by her I shall be blessed—blessed beyond even what you yourselves could wish or imagine. She then recommended, in the strongest terms, her brother to his care, desiring he would be his protector and instructor through the difficult paths of youth, which he knew how to tread with such noble exactness. My Lord, with a fervency near to devotion, assured her he would only live to obey every command of her's; for, said he, bathing her hand with his tears, is not your mother, my dearest life, already mine? shall not then your brother be my brother: While they live will I admit

of

of no other consolation, than in striving to promote their happiness. At this a grateful smile took possession of her countenance, indicating an inward peace, receiving the only addition it could receive, and in less than an hour she expired, without nature's offering the least struggle to detain her soul from the hands of its Maker.

I find myself incapable of dwelling longer on this subject, besides, was I to attempt it, it would be impossible for me to describe my situation: Forgive me then, if I pass it over in silence. The Duke survived his Duchess but a twelvemonth, and no reconciliation taking place between your father and him, at his death every thing that was not entailed with the Dukedom devolved by will on Lord Henry. The fortune, noble and unincumbered, was worthy so generous a possessor. His Lordship going abroad soon after for the recovery of his health, which such a series of painful events had much impaired, did not return till your Ladyship was five years old; in his absence often favouring me with affectionate marks of his remembrance. Every letter repeated the name of my daughter, whom he still lamented. Her lasting injunctions (said his Lordship, in one I received when he had been from England more than three years) are always present with me; in public they are my constant companions, and share my most social hours; in private they are the friends who lead me on to higher contemplations, where I am lost in pursuing the image of her who gave them birth.—I resided in London the time his Lordship was abroad, that I might have the satisfaction of being near my son, who, I was informed, had made a surprizing proficiency in his studies.

I now began to look on myself as one who had hoarded vast treasures in different parcels, all equally valuable and dear to him. With secret delight his eyes were constantly contemplating their worth, declaring, were he to lose any one of them, it would make him miserable. At length a cruel enemy stole into his house, armed so as not to be resisted, and took from him first one treasure, then another, till he had despoiled him of the whole, except one little casket, which the relentless robber had not yet seized. This unforeseen accident made him completely wretched; he refused comfort, giving his soul up to a desponding
grief.

grief. Not once reflecting on the little casket, he was sinking for want of support, when it offered itself to his memory. Surprized that he had so long neglected it, he flew to the place where it was deposited, and found it contained immense riches, which, though not all the sums he was once possessed of, were sufficient to make him sustain their loss with more resignation. Like him too I lifted up my heart in grateful acknowledgements to the divine Disposer of Mercy, for not suffering the despoiler, Death, to take from me the whole of those treasures with which his bounty had enriched me.

I felt the most exquisite pleasure on your uncle's return to England, to find his health perfectly restored, and to see him enjoy, in some measure, his usual chearfulness, though often interrupted by moments of severe melancholy. His Lordship soon after his arrival conducted you to Chelsea school, and has often declared to me, that he felt a paternal fondness for you, which he was afraid you did not receive sufficient proofs of from your natural parents. My sister's person, would he say, is lovely; she has a great share of good sense; but this, like the morning sun when obscured by a cloud, is for the present overcast by her foibles.—Indeed, my dear Lady Frances, a time must come when the love of admiration will cease; for that is the thorn which prevents those seeds of tenderness, which nature always sows in a parent's bosom, from appearing. When they are removed, her warm sense, aided by reflection, will ripen those seeds into flowers.

On my resolving to leave London, Lord Henry consented to honour once more with his presence my small retreat in the country. And it being near the time when young gentlemen are permitted to follow their diversions with their friends for six weeks, we took my son with us, who was then fifteen. Notwithstanding the difference in their ages, Lord Henry made him the partner of his diversions, as well as studies, petitioning me to enlarge the time limited for his return to school to three months. To this I readily assented, knowing the great delight his Lordship had in instructing him, and the example he would have before him to form his mind to every manly virtue. As we were one day talking on indifferent subjects, I hap-
pened

pened to mention a young gentleman of distinction, who, I heard, had just bought into the regiment, once my husband's. My son replied, he knew him perfectly well, that he was always extremely kind to him, and had left Westminster school but a few months. I observed, whilst he was speaking, his eyes sparkling with uncommon pleasure, strongly enforced his approbation of the step Mr. Monkton had taken. This account was by the next post confirmed in a letter Charles received from him. The purport of it was, that he had chosen the only way of life capable of making him happy, and politely desiring a correspondence might be kept up between them. When I had read it, he seemed going to speak with earnestness, but hesitated as if wanting resolution to proceed. The reason of it was explained to me in a few days after, when, as I was walking in the garden, Lord Henry joining me, said he had a boon to ask that he almost despaired of my granting, and owned he thought it an unreasonable one. I begged his Lordship would not entertain so mean an opinion of me, as to imagine I was capable of refusing any thing he should condescend to ask, where he knew he might command. Then, madam, I will presume on your goodness, said he—Having for this week past observed my dear Charles to be thoughtful, I resolved, if possible, to learn from himself the reason of so sudden a change, in which I have just succeeded. It was with some difficulty he acknowledged himself perplexed between his duty to you, and a wish he had entertained of following Mr. Monkton's example, by purchasing a commission in the army. At the same time he declared he had rather die than disoblige you, and would never mention it, if he thought it would occasion you a moment's pain; adding, that if your approbation could possibly be obtained, it would make him the happiest creature in the world. I foresaw the difficulty you must have in complying with his request, and for that reason tried every argument I was master of to dissuade him from it.—He appeared quite satisfied, but earnestly desired I would hint it to you, saying, that if he then found you averse to his designs, he would immediately drop them, determined to consult nothing in his future conduct but your satisfaction, which should be always dearer to him than his own.

I was greatly moved by such expressions of filial duty from so young a mind, which prevailed on me to propose it.— Could my Sophia look down from the mansions of the blessed, how might she glory in such a brother! This was the only time I had ever heard him speak of her since her death. He seemed then so softened by this reflection, that, to turn the bent of his thoughts from that subject, I delayed not to assure him, that as my son had his sanction, and I found his future peace depended on mine, I would not withhold it from him. That his joy might be perfect, I begged his Lordship would let him know I granted it cheerfully; who was pleased to thank me in the genteel-est terms. My son just then coming into the garden, was acquainted by him that he had my permission to follow his inclinations; for which he made a thousand returns of affection and gratitude. Every thing being settled to his infinite joy, it was determined, by the advice of our best friend, to place him at an academy till a vacancy should happen in Col. N——'s regiment, preferred by Charles for two reasons—First, that it had been his father's, whose example he should glory in imitating—next, that he should then share the toil and honour of his profession with Mr. Monkton, for whom he expressed a steady regard, not common to his years. Feeling the infirmities of age creeping on, which would hinder me from taking journeys of so considerable a length as the house I lived in was from the metropolis, and knowing that I should there enjoy more of Lord Henry's and my son's company, the former being almost as dear to me as the latter, I got over every objection to be blessed with it, even that of selling my paternal estate. This I did with less reluctance, as his Lordship, on having my inclinations hinted to him, immediately proposed becoming the purchaser, telling me, that my son, when of age, should, if it was his choice, again possess it on the same terms. It was valued at eight thousand pounds, and the money being lodged in the Bank, where great part of my fortune was before deposited, I yielded it up to his Lordship, and soon after went to town. We waited three years before a vacancy offered for my son to purchase, when Lord Henry insisted on presenting the young soldier with his first commission. What im-

menſe obligations ! but theſe are not half I owe his generoſity, which nothing but thoſe of his tenderneſs can equal. The regiment being in a few months ordered for Scotland, though I knew he would not be expoſed to immediate danger, yet I tormented myſelf with thinking I ſhould ſee him no more. The fate of his father came every moment freſh to my memory, and peace was a ſtranger to my boſom, till his letters made way for a train of more pleaſing ideas. But all my care was amply rewarded by the joy I felt at his return, after an abſence of two years. When raiſed to the rank of captain, and his regiment quartered at Guildford in Surry, I was happy in having him often with me. The morning he came of age, Lord Henry's ſteward ſent in his name, and being inſtantly admitted, delivered to my ſon a letter, ſaying, that would inform him of his buſineſs. As no words can add value to an obligation conferred in ſo noble a manner, let it ſpeak its own inimitable generoſity :—

“ *Dear Charles,*

“ I have ſent Reynolds with the writings of the eſtate I ſome years ſince purchaſed of Mrs. Worthley, with an intention of reſtoring it to you when you came of age. He will refund all the rents ſince it has been in my poſſeſſion. I hope you will find me not an unprofitable ſteward ; for in this affair you muſt conſider me in no other light. I intend dining with you, and congratulating myſelf on this day's happy event. But one thing I ſhall inſiſt on, (you know, my dear Charles, I am peremptory) which is, that you don't mention a ſyllable of what has paſt this morning. In complying with my requeſt, you will highly oblige

“ *Your affectionate*

“ *Henry S ———.*”

See, madam, ſaid my ſon, giving me the letter, ſee how greatly we are oppreſſed by new benefits ! yet does our
kind

kind benefactor refuse the poor tribute of thanks. I cannot express the gratitude our hearts were filled with, which, in obedience to his commands, we endeavoured to restrain. I believe he saw it in our looks; for taking a hand from each, not a word, my good Mrs. Worthley, not a word, my dear Charles, of what has past, or I am gone this instant. Thus were we constrained to pour out our acknowledgements in secret, because they rather distressed than gratified the worthiest of hearts. The regiment, after having remained in England two years, was then ordered to Ireland, where it hath now been almost six. A long, long absence I have found it.

Now, madam, I have only this to add, that upon your Ladyship's return from school, your uncle perceiving you did not enjoy the liberty you deserved, formed a design, which he has at last executed, by making you mistress of Audley Castle. When he first mentioned it to me, he said, he had but one difficulty, if the Duke and Duchess consented, which was the want of a companion of your own sex. I thought an offer from me to attend your Ladyship would not be disagreeable. He was pleased to accept it; and, by his Lordship's desire, I came hither some days before you. He said he intended to surprise his niece; for that your Ladyship should not know, till your arrival, you was to have any other companion than himself.—

———— The angel ended, and in my ear
So pleasing left her voice, that I awhile
Thought her still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

S T O R Y
OF
A N G L A D E.

[FROM THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.]

THE Count of Montgomery rented part of an hotel in the Rue Royale, at Paris. The ground floor and first floor were occupied by him; the second and third by the Sieur d'Anglade. The Count and Countess de Montgomery had an establishment suitable to their rank; they kept an almoner, and several male and female servants, and their horses and equipage were numerous in proportion. Monsieur d'Anglade (who was a gentleman, though of an inferior rank to the Count) and his wife lived with less splendor, but yet with elegance and decency suitable to their situation in life. They had a carriage, and were admitted into the best companies, where probably d'Anglade increased his income by play; but, on the strictest enquiry, it did not appear that any dishonorable actions could be imputed to him. The Count and Countess de Montgomery lived on a footing of neighbourly civility with Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade; and, without being very intimate, were always on friendly terms. Some time in September, 1687, the Count and Countess proposed

posed passing a few days at Villeboufin, one of their country houses: They informed Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade of their design, and invited them to be of the party. They accepted it; but the evening before they were to go, they for some reason or other (probably because Madame d'Anglade was not very well) begged leave to decline the honour, and the Count and Countess set out without them; leaving in their lodgings one of the Countess's women, four girls whom she employed to work for her in embroidery, and a boy who was kept to help the footmen. They took with them the priest, Francis Gagnard, who was their almoner, and all their other servants.

The Count pretended that a strange presentiment of impending evil hung over him, and determined him to return to Paris a day sooner than he intended. Certain it is, that instead of staying till Thursday, as they proposed, they came back on Wednesday evening. On their coming to their hotel a few moments before their servants (who followed them on horseback), they observed that the door of a room on the ground floor, where their men-servants slept, was a-jar, though the almoner, who always kept the key, had double locked it when he went away. Monsieur d'Anglade, who was out when they came home, returned to his lodgings about eleven o'clock; bringing with him two friends, with whom he had supped at the President Roberts's. On entering, he was told that the Count and Countess were returned, at which, it is said, he appeared much surprized. However, he went into the apartment where they were, to pay his compliments. They desired him to sit down, and sent to beg Madame d'Anglade would join them; she did so, and they passed some time in conversation, after which they parted.

The next morning the Count de Montgomery discovered that the lock of his strong box had been opened by a false key, from whence had been taken thirteen small sacks, each containing a thousand livres in silver; eleven thousand five hundred livres in gold, being double pistoles; and an hundred louis d'ors of a new coinage, called au Cordon, together with a pearl necklace, worth four thousand livres.

The Count, as soon as he made this discovery, went to the Police and preferred his complaint, describing the sums taken from him, and the species in which those sums were. The Lieutenant of the Police went directly to the hotel, where from circumstances it clearly appeared, that the robbery must have been committed by some one who belonged to the house. Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade earnestly desired to have their apartments and their servants examined; and, from some observations he then made, or some prejudice he had before entertained against Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade, the Lieutenant of the Police seems to have conceived the most disadvantageous opinion of them, and to have been so far prepossessed with an idea of their guilt, that he did not sufficiently investigate the looks and the conduct of others. In pursuance, however, of their desire to have their rooms searched, he followed them thither, and looked narrowly into their drawers, closets, and boxes; unmade the beds, and searched the mattresses and paillasses. On the floor they themselves inhabited, nothing was found. He then proposed ascending to the attic story, to which Monsieur d'Anglade readily consented. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from attending, saying that she was ill and weak. However her husband went up with the officer of justice, and all was readily submitted to his inspection. In looking into an old trunk, filled with cloaths, remnants, and parchments, he found a rouleau of seventy louis d'ors au cordon, wrapt in a printed paper, which printed paper was a genealogical table, which the Count said was his.

This seems to have been the circumstance which so far confirmed the before groundless and slight suspicions of the Lieutenant of the Police, that it occasioned the ruin of these unfortunate people.

As soon as these seventy louis were brought to light, the Count de Montgomery insisted upon it that they were his; though, as they were in common circulation, it was as impossible for him to swear to *them* as to any other coin. He declared, however, that he had no doubt but that Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade had robbed him; and said that he would answer for the honesty of all his own people; and that on this occasion he could not but recollect that
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the Sieur Grimaudet, who had before occupied this hotel, which Monsieur d'Anglade had inhabited at the same time, had lost a valuable piece of plate. It was, therefore, the Count said, very probable that d'Anglade had been guilty of both robberies, which had happened in the same place while he inhabited it.

On this rouleau of seventy louis d'ors, the Lieutenant of the Police seized. He bid Monsieur d'Anglade count them; he did so, but, terrified at the imputation of guilt, and of the fatal consequences which in France often follow the imputation only, his hand trembled as he did it; he was sensible of it, and said—"I tremble."—This emotion, so natural even to innocence, appeared, in the eyes of the Count and the Lieutenant, a corroboration of his guilt. After this examination they descended to the ground floor, where the almoner, the page, and the valet de chambre were accustomed to sleep together, in a small room. Madame d'Anglade desired the officer of the Police to remark, that the door of this apartment had been left open, and that the valet de chambre probably knew why; of whom therefore enquiry should be made. Nothing was more natural than this observation, yet to minds already prepossessed with an opinion of the guilt of Anglade and his wife, this remark seemed to confirm it; when in a corner of this room, where the wall formed a little recess, five of the sacks were discovered, which the Count had lost; in each of which was a thousand livres; and a sixth, from which upwards of two hundred had been taken. After this, no farther enquiry was made, nor any of the servants examined. The guilt of Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade was ascertained, in the opinion of the Lieutenant of the Police and the Count de Montgomery; and on no stronger grounds than the circumstance of finding the seventy louis d'ors, the emotion shewn by d'Anglade while he counted them, and the remark made by his wife, were these unfortunate people committed to prison. Their effects were seized. Monsieur d'Anglade was thrown into a dungeon in the Châtelet; and his wife, who was with child, and her little girl about four years old, were sent to fort l'Eveque; while the strictest orders were given that no person whatever should be admitted to speak to

them. The prosecution now commenced, and the Lieutenant of the Police, who had committed the unhappy man, was to be his judge. D'Anglade appealed, and attempted to institute a suit against him, and make him a party, in order to prevent his being competent to give judgment; but this attempt failed, and served only to add personal animosity to the prejudice this officer had before taken up against Anglade. Witnesses were examined; but, far from their being heard with impartiality, their evidence was twisted to the purposes of those, who desired to prove guilty the man they were determined to believe so. The almoner, Francis Gagnard, who was the really guilty person, was among those whose evidence was now admitted against Anglade; and this wretch had effrontery enough to conceal the emotions of his soul, and to perform a mass, which the Count ordered to be said at St. Esprit, for the discovery of the culprits.

The Lieutenant of the Police, elate with his triumph over the miserable prisoner, pushed on the prosecution with all the avidity which malice and revenge could inspire, in a vindictive spirit. In spite, however, of all he could do, the proofs against d'Anglade were still insufficient; therefore he determined to have him put to the torture, in hopes of bringing him to confess the crime. — Anglade appealed, but the parliament confirmed the order, and the poor man underwent the question ordinary and extraordinary; when, notwithstanding his acute sufferings, he continued firmly to protest his innocence; till, covered with wounds, his limbs dislocated, and his mind enduring yet more than his body, he was carried back to his dungeon. Disgrace and ruin overwhelmed him; his fortune and effects were sold for less than a tenth of their value, as is always the case where law presses with its iron hand; his character was blasted, his health was ruined. — Not naturally robust, and always accustomed, not only to the comforts, but the elegancies of life, a long confinement in a noisome and unwholesome dungeon had reduced him to the lowest state of weakness. In such a situation he was dragged forth to torture, and then plunged again into the damp and dark cavern from whence he came — without food, medicine, or assistance of any kind; though
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it is usual for those who suffer the torture to have medicinal help and refreshment after it. This excess of severity could be imputed only to the malignant influence of the officer of justice, in whose power he now was.

From the same influence it happened, that though the *Sieur Anglade*, amidst the most dreadful pains, had readily protested his innocence—and though the evidence against him was extremely defective—sentence was given to this effect:—That *Anglade* should be condemned to serve in the galleys for nine years; that his wife should, for the like term, be banished from Paris, and its jurisdiction; that they should pay three thousand livres reparation to the *Count d'Montgomery* as damages, and make restitution of twenty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-three livres, and either return the pearl necklace, or pay four thousand livres more. From this sum the five thousand seven hundred and eighty livres, found in the sacks in the servants room, were to be deducted, together with the seventy louis d'ors found in the box, of which the officer of justice had taken possession, and also a double Spanish pistole, and seventeen louis d'ors, found on the person of *Anglade*, which was his own money.

Severe as this sentence was, and founded on such slight presumption, it was put immediately into execution.—*Anglade*, whose constitution was already sinking under the heavy pressure of his misfortunes, whose limbs were contracted by the dampness of his prison, and who had undergone the most excruciating tortures, was sent to the tower of *Montgomery*, there to remain, without assistance or consolation, till the convicts condemned to the galleys were ready to go. He was then chained with them; a situation how dreadful! for a gentleman, whose sensibility of mind was extreme, and who had never suffered the least hardship or difficulty till then; when he was plunged at once into the lowest abyss of misery, chained among felons, and condemned to the most hopeless confinement and the severest labour, without any support, but what he could procure from the pity of those who saw him; for of his own he had now nothing! Yet, dreadful as these evils were, he supported them with that patient firmness which nothing but conscious innocence could have produced.—

Reduced to the extreme of human wretchedness, he felt not for himself; but when he reflected on the situation of his wife, and his infant daughter, his fortitude forsook him. A fever had, from his first confinement, preyed on his frame; its progress grew more rapid, and he felt his death inevitable; when the galley-slaves being collected to depart, he besought leave to see his wife, and to give his last blessing to his child—but it was denied him!—He submitted, and prepared to go; but being too weak to stand, he was put into a waggon, whence he was lifted of a night, when they stopped, and laid on straw, in a barn or out-house, and the next morning carried again between two men to the waggon to continue his journey. In this manner, and believing every hour would be his last, the unhappy man arrived at Marseilles. It was asserted, but for the honor of human nature should not be believed, that the Count de Montgomery pressed his departure, notwithstanding the deplorable condition he was in, and even waited on the road to see him pass, and enjoy the horrid spectacle of his sufferings. The unhappy wife of this injured man had not been treated with more humanity.—She had been dragged to prison, separate from that of her husband, and confined in a dungeon. She was with child, and the terror she had undergone occasioned her to miscarry. Long fainting fits succeeded; and she had no help but that of her little girl, who, young as she was, endeavoured to recall her dying mother by bathing her temples; and by making her smell to bread dipt in wine. But as she believed every fainting fit would be her last, she implored the jailor to allow her a confessor: after much delay he sent one; and by his means the poor woman received succour and sustenance: but while she slowly gathered strength her little girl grew ill. The noisome damps, the want of proper food, and of fresh air, overcame the tender frame of the poor child; and then it was that the distraction and despair of the mother was at its height. In the middle of a rigorous winter, they were in a cavern, where no air could enter, and where the damps only lined the wall; a little charcoal, in an earthen pot, was all the fire they had; and the smoke was so offensive and dangerous, that increased rather than diminished their sufferings.

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In this dismal place the mother saw her child sinking under a disease, for which she had no remedies. Cold sweats accompanied it, and she had neither clean linen for her, or fire to warm her; and, as even their food depended on charity, and they were not allowed to see any body, they had no relief but what the priest from time to time procured them. At length, and as a great favour, they were removed to a place less damp, to which there was a little window; but the window was stopped, and the fumes of the charcoal were as noxious here as in the cavern they had left. Here they remained, however, (Providence having prolonged their lives) for four or five months. Monsieur d'Anglade, not being in a condition to be chained to the oar, was sent to the hospital of the convicts at Marseilles; his disease still preyed on the poor remains of a ruined constitution, but his sufferings were lengthened out beyond what his weakness seemed to promise. It was near four months after his arrival at Marseilles that, being totally exhausted, he felt his last moments approach, and desired to receive the sacraments—Before they were administered to him, he solemnly declared, as he hoped to be received into the presence of the searcher of hearts, that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge; that he forgave his inexorable prosecutor and his partial judge, and felt no other regret in quitting the world, than that of leaving his wife and his child exposed to the miseries of poverty, and the disgrace of his imputed crime; but he trusted his vindication to God, who had, he said, lent him fortitude to endure the sufferings he had not deserved; and then, after having received the Eucharist with piety and composure, he expired; a martyr to unjust suspicion, and hasty or malicious judgment.

He had been dead only a few weeks, when several persons, who had known him, received anonymous letters: the letters signified, that the person who wrote them, was on the point of hiding himself in a convent for the rest of his life; but before he did so, his conscience obliged him to inform whom it might concern, that the Sieur Anglade was innocent of the robbery committed in the apartments of the Count de Montgomery; that the perpetrators were one Vincent Belestre, the son of a tanner of Mans; and

priest named Gagnard, a native also of Mans, who had been the Count's almoner. The letters added, that a woman of the name of De la Combe could give light into the whole affair. One of these letters was sent to the Countess de Montgomery, who however had not generosity enough to shew it; but the Sieur Loyfillion, and some others who had received at the same time the same kind of letters, determined to enquire into the affair: while the friends of the Count de Montgomery, who began to apprehend that he would be disagreeably situated, if his prosecution of d'Anglade should be unjust, pretended to discover that these letters were dictated by Madame d'Anglade; who hoped by this artifice to deliver her husband's memory from the odium which rested on it, and herself and her child from the dungeon in which they were still confined.

An enquiry was set on foot after Belestre and Gagnard, who had some time before quitted the Count's service. It was found that Belestre was a consummate villain, who had, in the early part of his life been engaged in an assassination, for which he was obliged to fly from his native place; that he had been a soldier, and killed his serjeant in a quarrel, and deserted; then returning to his own country, had been a wandering vagabond, going by different names, and practising every species of roguery; that he had sometimes been a beggar, and sometimes a bully, about the streets of Paris, but always much acquainted and connected with Gagnard, his countryman: and that suddenly, from the lowest indigence, he had appeared to be in affluence; and bought himself rich cloaths, had shewn various sums of money, and had purchased an estate near Mans, for which he had paid between nine and ten thousand livres.

Gagnard, who was the son of a goaler of Mans, had come to Paris without either cloaths or money, and had subsisted on charity, or by saying masses at St. Esprit, by which he hardly gained enough to keep him alive; when the Count de Montgomery took him. It was impossible what he got in his service, as wages, could enrich him; yet, immediately after quitting it, he was seen clothed neatly in his clerical habit; his expences for his entertainments were excessive; he had plenty of money in his pocket;

pocket; and had taken a woman out of the street, whom he had established in handsome lodgings, and cloathed with the greatest profusion of finery.

These observations alone, had they been made in time, were sufficient to have opened the way to a discovery, which might have saved the life, and redeemed the honor of the unfortunate d'Anglade. Late as it was, justice was now ready to overtake them, and the hand of Providence itself seemed to assist. Gagnard being in a tavern, in the street St. André des Arcs, was present at a quarrel wherein a man was killed; he was sent to prison, with the rest of the people in the house; and about the same time, a man who had been robbed and cheated by Belestre, near three years before, met him, watched him to his lodgings, and put him into the hands of the Marechaussee. These two wretches being thus in the hands of justice, for other crimes, underwent an examination relative to the robbery of the Count de Montgomery: they betrayed themselves by inconsistent answers. Their accomplices were apprehended; and the whole affair appeared so clear, that it was only astonishing how the criminals could ever have been mistaken.

The guardians of Constantia Guillemot, the daughter of d'Anglade, now desired to be admitted parties in the suit, on behalf of their ward; that the guilt of Belestre and Gagnard might be proved, and the memory of Monsieur d'Anglade, and the character of his widow, justified; as well as that she might, by fixing the guilt on those who were really culpable, obtain restitution of her father's effects, and amends from the Count de Montgomery. She became, through her guardian, prosecutrix of the two villains; the principal witness against whom was a man called the Abbé de Fontpierre, who had belonged to the association of thieves, of which Belestre was a member. — This man said, that he had written the anonymous letters which led to the discovery; for that, after the death of d'Anglade, his conscience reproached him with being privy to so enormous a crime. He swore that Belestre had obtained from Gagnard the impressions of the Count's keys in wax, by which means he had others made that opened the locks. He said, that soon after the condemna-
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tion of d'Anglade to the gallies, he was in a room adjoining to one where Belestre and Gagnard were drinking and feasting; that he heard the former say to the latter, "Come, my friend, let us drink and enjoy ourselves, while this fine fellow, this Marquis d'Anglade, is at the gallies." To which Gagnard replied, with a sigh, "Poor man, I cannot help being sorry for him; he was a good kind of a man, and was always very civil and obliging to me." Belestre then exclaimed with a laugh, "Sorry! what, sorry for a man who has secured us from suspicion, and made our fortune!" Much other discourse of the same kind he repeated.

And de la Comble deposed, that Belestre had shewn her great sums of money, and a beautiful pearl necklace; and when she asked him where he got all this? he answered, that he had won it at play.

These, and many other circumstances related by this woman, confirmed his guilt beyond a doubt. In his pocket were found a Gazette of Holland, in which he had, it was supposed, caused it to be inserted, that the men who had been guilty of the robbery, for which the Sieur d'Anglade had been condemned, were executed for some other crime at Orleans—hoping by this means to stop any farther enquiry. A letter was also found on him from Gagnard, which advised him of the rumours which were spread from the anonymous letters; and desiring him to find some means to quiet or get rid of the Abbé Fontpierre.

The proof of the criminality of these two men being fully established, they were condemned to death; and, being previously made to undergo the question ordinary and extraordinary, they confessed, Gagnard upon the rack, and Belestre at the place of execution, that they had committed the robbery. Gagnard declared, that if the Lieutenant of the Police had pressed him with questions the day that d'Anglade and his wife were taken up, he was in such confusion, he should have confessed all.

These infamous men having suffered the punishment of their crime, Constantia Guillemaut d'Anglade continued to prosecute the suit against the Count de Montgomery, for the unjust accusation he had made; who endeavoured,

by the chicane which his fortune gave him the power to command, to evade the restitution; at length, after a very long process, the court decided—that the Count de Montgomery should restore to the widow and daughter of d'Anglade, the sum which their effects, and all the property that was seized, had produced—that he should farther pay them a certain sum, as amends for the damages and injuries they had sustained—and that their condemnation should be erased, and their honors restored—which, tho' it was all the reparation that could now be made them, could not bind up the incurable wounds they had suffered in this unjust and cruel prosecution.

Mademoiselle d'Anglade, whose destiny excited universal commiseration, was taken into the protection of some generous persons about the court, who raised for her a subscription, which at length amounted to an hundred thousand livres; which, together with the restitution of her father's effects, made a handsome provision for her; and she was married to Monsieur des Essarts, a Counsellor of Parliament.

THE
CONTENTED COTTAGER.

[FROM THE PARENTAL MONITOR.]

A DRASTUS, a man of deep erudition, profound reading, and a philosophical turn of mind, chose principally to reside in the country, chiefly for the uninterrupted pleasures of contemplation. He was a man not only of learning and property, but of philanthropy, and equally celebrated in his neighbourhood for wisdom, and generosity. It happened that one of his tenants, although he rented the smallest farm, and had a very large family depending on its cultivation, was by far the most cheerful and well disposed. His cottage, though small, was dressed by the hand of neatness, and frugality, with simplicity, were ever the guardians that attended upon his happy family. All situations and all seasons, from the beginning of spring to the end of winter, were rendered delightful by the happy bias of his constitution, which enabled him to turn all events to his advantage. In sorrow he was humiliated, and in prosperity he was grateful. He had lived as tenant of that very farm when the father of Adrastus first took possession of the estate, of which it was a part; nor had he ever made a failure in the payment of his rent,
nor

nor ever had a quarrel in the parish. His toil was sweetened and alleviated by the pleasing thoughts of providing for his offspring; and this constant employment not only inspired him with health, but did not allow him leisure to indulge the whimsical wants of imagination, at the same time, that it protected him from all improper, impertinent, or vicious passions. He had in his time put many estranged hands together; reconciled many pettish, peevish differences; settled many family breaches; suggested, while he was churchwarden, many a little scheme for the benefit of the poor; and never felt one emotion of envy at surveying the possessions of the rich.

These unassuming, though solid virtues, gained him such a reputation in the county wherein he resided, that he obtained, as it were proverbially, the appellation of the "Contented Cottager." He was, in truth,

"Passing rich with forty pounds a year."

An account of him was transmitted to Adrastus, who went to pay him a visit, in order to see how true report had characterised him; for, though Adrastus lived and did much good in the country, yet his abstracted, philosophical, and sedentary situation, made him, personally, but little acquainted with even his own tenants, who were generally turned over to the steward, for the conversation and business of quarter-day.

A man of the contented cottager's disposition, however, was too important an object not to excite the curiosity of a philosopher; and, accordingly, he set apart one afternoon, or rather evening, on purpose for this entertainment. Adrastus arrived at the farmer's about half an hour after sun-set; when

"Twilight grey had in her sober livery all things clad,"

—The farmer, whose name was Matthew Mendland, was sitting at the door of his little cottage, smoking his pipe, and surrounded by his children; his wife was leaning over the fire, preparing a decent and wholesome supper. The

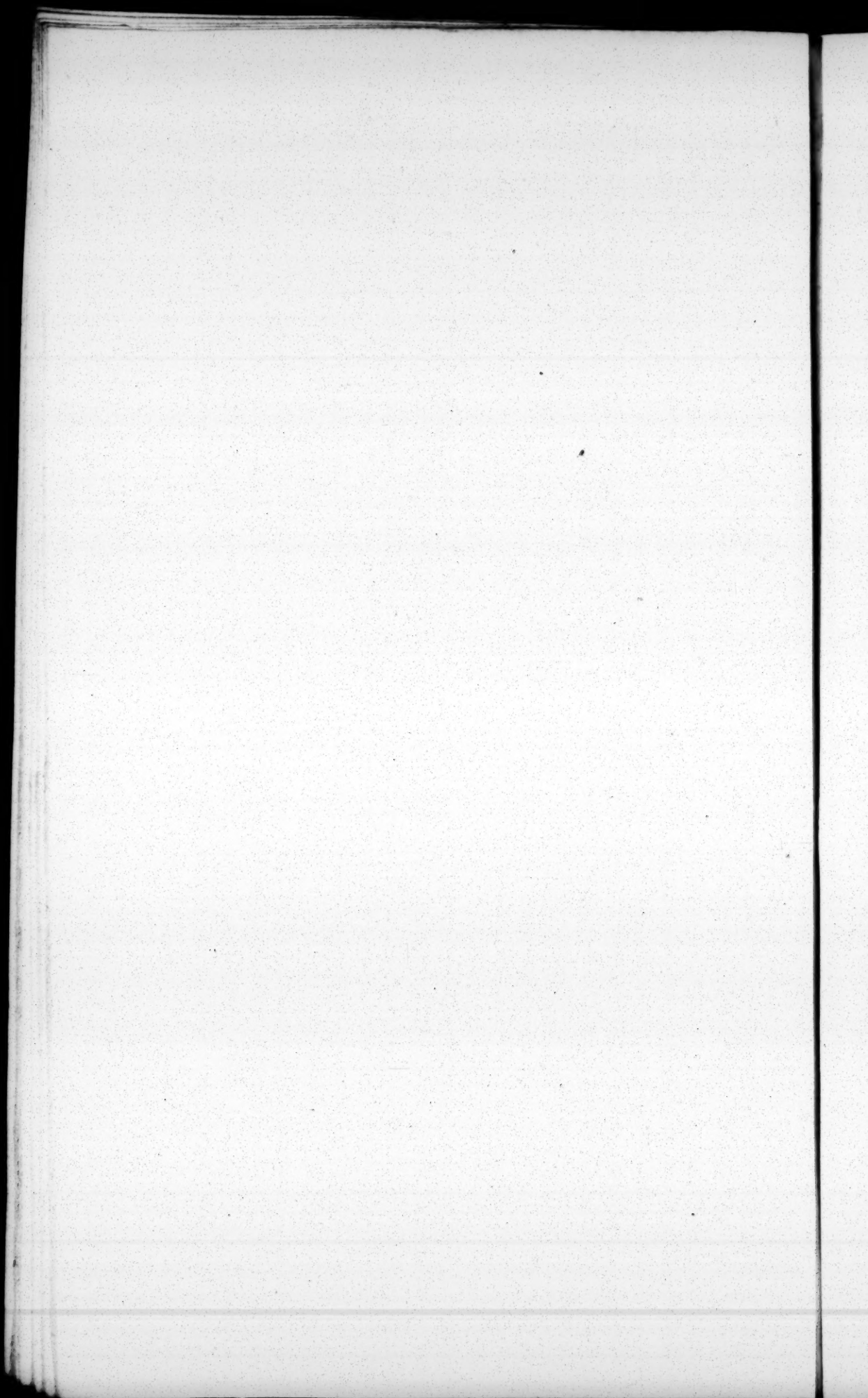
farmer knew his landlord personally, and rose, as to his superior, offering him the best seat in his homely cottage.

‘ Here your honor finds me, said the farmer, in a small, but happy place. I have been upon your ground these many days; and, if you think good to renew my lease, which expires at Michaelmas, I shall most likely end my life in your service. If your honour likes me, I like you. Your dues are always ready to the hour; and I have no more reason to complain of my landlord, than he has of his tenant; and so——.’ Adrastus interrupted him, by desiring to see the lease, and to have a pen and ink, for the purpose of renewing it upon the spot. ‘ As to pen and ink, Sir, replied the farmer, I have no use for them; and so, I never keep any by me: I can’t read or write, and so such things are of no service—but, if your honour wants to write, I can send to the shop for paper and ink, and I can easily send one of my boys to the green to pick up a quill; or, if your honour is in a hurry, Tom shall borrow a feather from the old gander, who is, I see, just waddling to his bed.’ ‘ It don’t signify, at present, farmer, said Adrastus, I’ll sign it another time. But don’t you really know any thing about books? I actually thought you was a scholar; that you have employed all your spare time in study; that you gathered your notions of œconomy, industry, and paternal propriety, from historic examples, or traditionary annals.’ ‘ No, really, Sir, not I, said the farmer; I am a very illiterate man. My father could not afford to give me an education, and I have had neither time nor opportunity since. Nature and the use of my eyes, have been my only instructors; and if I have been able to live respectably to the age of threescore, and even to rear up my children soberly, cleanly, and virtuously, I owe it merely to them. Indeed, to say the truth, my business as a farmer, threw in my way a thousand instructive objects. My yard is stocked with improvement. At the end of that small slip of a garden I have a bit of a bee-hive, filled with little industrious animals, who tell me, what a shame it would be to lead the life of a drone: My maxim upon this is, Sir, that he who don’t make some honey, ought to eat none; and so this made me indefatigable to earn my meal before I sat down to it. Nay, in this part of my duty I am further

CONTENTED COTTAGER.



*"Here your Honor finds me said the Farmer -
in a small but happy Place." — Vide Page 314. —*



ther instructed by the little creatures who inhabit the mole-hill. Is it possible for a man to see the poor things hard at work for the day of necessity, and not take the hint, and lay up a modicum for his own family? I have rested upon my spade, Sir, on purpose to look at their labours, and then I have gone to work again, lest they should have the sense to chide me, for minding other people's business more than my own. I have an old house-dog, your honour—Here, Honesty, Honesty, where are you, Honesty! He, Sir, that aged animal, has kept my cloaths by day, and my cottage by night, till he has not got a tooth in his head; and he does for me, what I would do for one Thomas Trusty, whom I have loved since I was young, and no higher than my band. He once did me a piece of service when it was most wanted, and while I have breath I never shall forget it. He, Sir, who has no gratitude, has no nature in him; and an unnatural man is better dead than alive, because when a person does no good to his neighbour, he has no business here. We are all born to do something, and he who does a kindness deserves to be well remembered for it. With regard to my duty as a husband, I learn that from the very pigeons that coo and court around my dove-house. To this dear old dame I have been lawfully married forty years, and I cannot think what our great folks are about; I find such a pleasure in my constancy, as I am sure I could not receive from inconstancy; and the smiles of a good woman are a rich reward. With regard to the love I bear to these little ones, I am taught the duty, which, as a father, I owe to them, by every living thing around me; the wren that builds her nest under my hovel, the fowls which peck about my yard, or swim upon my pond, the creatures which run about my pastures, teach me to be affectionate to their persons, and anxious for the preservation of my own offspring; and in this manner I have learned my lesson of wisdom, and truth and tenderness from the beasts of my fields, and the birds of the air."

Here the good man paused, and directed his eldest daughter to draw some of his best harvest-home beer. Adrastus was astonished at his simplicity of manners, and at the soundness of his sense, as well as at the propriety of his re-

marks. 'Farmer, said he, you have distressed me, as well as delighted me. I came prepared to offer you assistance, and you have left me nothing to bestow. I have nothing that you have not, but a greater proportion of money, and you are so truly contented as you are, that any additions would, perhaps, disconcert the œconomy of your plan. You are a happy farmer, and a natural philosopher, without the use of large systematic folios, or the toils of a sedentary life.— Give me, however, the lease, that I may put it in my pocket: I will tear the lease and ——.'

'How! your honour, said the poor alarmed farmer, tear my lease instead of renewing it! has then my freedom or my happiness offended you?'

'Yes, Mr. Mendland, replied Adrastus, I will tear the lease, because you have no farther use for it. The little spot of ground you have so long enriched by your care, shall henceforth be a patrimony to your inheritance; you are the proprietor of it from this day. Call on me tomorrow morning, and the writings of surrender shall be made out for you; for the time to come I must be considered, not as your landlord, but your friend. Let me often see you at my table, and in my garden. In short, as frequently as the business of your family will permit, let me get that wisdom and understanding which surpasseth mere mechanical science, in the society of the contented cottager.'

The farmer would have dropt upon his knees, but Adrastus prevented him, saying, 'Rise, Mr. Mendland, the obligation is on my side: I have been obliged. In exchange for a few acres, for which I have no occasion, you have given me a set of maxims and sentiments that are as the purified thrice refined gold of Ophir, and shall never depart from me.' From this moment Adrastus and the farmer were intimate companions. Oh, ye landlords and tenants, 'Go ye, and do likewise.'

THE CONTENTION BETWEEN POVERTY AND RICHES;

WITH THE

ADVENTURES OF FLATTERY.

AN ALLEGORY.

[FROM THE ADVENTURES OF A SPECULIST, &c.]

IN the vale of Tempe, there once dwelt a mighty Prince, whose name was Riches. He married the heiress of the family of Plenty. By her he had a son and a daughter; their names were Prodigality and Avarice.—Prodigality, the son, fell in love with the Lady Luxury, from which match sprung the cripple Misery. Avarice, the daughter, was stole away by her father's steward, Oppression, to whom she bore before wedlock one son, named Infamy.

The kingdom of Riches was bounded on the north by a vast ridge of mountains, on the other side of which, in the cave of Sloth, lived the forcerefs Poverty, to whom Luxury and Prodigality fled, attended by the grand-children of Riches, Infamy and Misery, and persuaded Poverty to make a visit to the land of Plenty. Instructed by her guests, with the help of enchantments, she, in a thick fog,
failed

failed over the rocky confines, and gently dropped, on an unluckly night, into a pleasant vale, called the seat of Good-humour.

Here, midst cooling zephyrs, fanning gales, waving woods, whispering breezes, and murmuring streams, the little God of Love was sporting, and on that fatal evening had been revelling in the palace of Delight. Reeling out, he found this Sorceress: His senses, heated with wine, did not permit him to discover who she was, but he eagerly conveyed her to a farm-house, called Hospitality. In the morning, when he awoke, and found it was Poverty he had by his side, Love fled away affrighted: There she was delivered of a son, the fruits of that night's acquaintance. She called his name Invention, and by him she was maintained. He built for her the palace of Wantonness, where, under the shape of a woman of pleasure, she used to be visited by the servants of Riches. These she soon, by her spells, disabled, and then turned them over to the goaler Disease, who kept them prisoners in the Castle of Shame.

While these things were transacting in the kingdom of Riches, two young ladies, one a legitimate, and the other a natural child of the same father, their names Fiction and Truth, were travelling that way; but before they reached it, Fiction arose before day-break, dressed herself in her sister's cloaths, and came into the city. Invention fell in love with her: She bore him the bastard Romance, by whose help they erected the fort of Superstition. Now Tumult and Despair filled the once happy plains; the palace of Delight was destroyed; and Love sheltered himself in the cottage where Truth was left, and they were both maintained by a very venerable old gentleman, called Honour. Plenty took wing, Riches lay hid, Infamy took possession of his grandfather's estate, and immediately new-modelled his household: Laziness, he made gentleman of the bed-chamber; Hypocrisy, his chaplain; Debauch, his cook; Flattery, master of the ceremonies; Pride, his wardrobe-keeper, and Riot, his companion.

Justice beheld, with indignation, the outrages committed, and sent the shepherd Industry to re-instate Riches, by whose help Poverty was defeated, Superstition pulled down, Plenty recalled, the house of Wantonness destroyed,

and a plain dwelling erected in its stead, called *Content*, where he lived with his bride, the nymph *Tranquillity*, with whom came *Love*, *Truth*, and *Honour*. He then altered his household: *Piety* was made his chaplain; *Exercise*, his physician; *Prudence* and *Honour*, his stewards; *Love* and *Truth*, his partners; *Humanity*, his companion; *Compassion*, *Frugality* and *Obedience*, his domestics; and the sons of *Labour*, his workmen. *Poverty* was banished to her cave, and *Laziness* with her; *Riot* broke his neck; *Debauch* died of a surfeit; *Hypocrisy* took to the stage; *Invention* hired himself to a poet; *Pride* became pimp to a nobleman; *Infamy* was hanged; and *Misery* put into the workhouse.

The *Fairy Flattery* was sentenced to wander over the earth, subject to every inconvenience equal to mortals except death, for a term of years. As she wandered pensive along, a highwayman happened to meet her, but instead of robbing her, carried her home, left off the road, took a large inn, and made her bar-keeper. She there bore her lover a son, called *Deceit*, who turned *Gamester*. It is to be remarked, that her voice was the most melodious in the world, and every body that heard her once sing, fell in love with her; and one day a nobleman's son going to stand candidate for a borough, took her with him to assist his election.

After doing my young Lord's business, the inhabitants petitioned her to stay with them. She soon new-modelled the town: To the men she taught the art of writing love-letters; the women she instructed in the use of looking-glasses.

The Curate of the parish hearing of her power, sent her up with a letter to his Bishop; but on the road a Countess fell in love with her, took her home, and she grew so great a favourite, that my lady would hear of nothing, or grant nothing but what this talkative sprite had a hand in; so that the *Fairy* was employed from the lady's toilet to the turnspit in the scullery.

This lady had many woers, but not any could make an impression on her heart, till one, more sharp-sighted than the rest, bribed the *Fairy* to his assistance, and by her management

nagement, in a month's time married the lady, and in another month, such is the ingratitude of man, kicked Flattery out of doors. She was picked up by a poor poet, to whom she taught the art of dedication; but he sending her with a copy of verses in praise of Virtue to a kept Mistress, the courtesan begged her of him, and maintained her as an interpreter to all her lovers. At last, the woman of pleasure falling really in love, she dismissed Flattery, who then hired herself to a face-painter, then turned mantua-maker, next lady's woman, and at last set up a milliner's-shop, where the Prime Minister met her, and brought her to court. But he falling into disgrace, she forsook him, and resolved from that time forward to attach herself to no one in particular; but, for the good of the public, she is to be heard of at a great man's levee, and a rich man's table; in the beginning of Courtship, and at the latter end of a petition; but seldom seen a month after matrimony, nor ever to be found at the tavern after the third bottle.

DISOBEDIENCE PUNISHED.

RELATED BY MRS. MERTON.

[FROM VICTORIA.]

MISS CARY was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant in Newcastle; she was on a visit to a relation at some distance from home, when she unfortunately formed an acquaintance with Mr. Noel, a man of no family, and small fortune, who had been bred up to the law. Mr. Noel liked Miss Cary's person, for it was agreeable, but his heart was deeply smitten with ten thousand pounds, which it was universally believed would be her fortune. He made great progress in her affection, and on her returning home, made frequent excuses to call and visit her. Old Mr. Cary was very quick-sighted in those matters, and therefore soon perceived that Mr. Noel had a design upon his daughter: He likewise plainly saw that his daughter's heart was engaged, and as he was a fond indulgent parent, he determined that the young man's want of an affluent fortune should be no bar to the happiness of his child. But he had formed a resolution of trying the strength of Noel's affection for his daughter, before he consented to their union. He therefore sent for him, and taking him into his closet, began to question him concerning the meaning of his frequent visits to his daughter. Mr. Noel declared a great regard for the young lady, expressed a fear that he should be thought not a fit match

for the young lady, as his fortune was so inadequate to what she might expect; but added, she was the only woman in the world he could ever think of, as formed to make him happy. Why, Noel, said the old gentleman, I do not think that your fortune is so despicable; you have a clear two hundred a year, and as I find my child has placed her affections upon you, I have sent for you to propose the match. The lover was overjoyed, and poured forth a torrent of thanks to Mr. Cary, calling him generous, bountiful, and many more such pleasing epithets. The old man suffered him to talk himself out of breath, and then addressed him in these words: As you are determined upon marrying my child, I think it will be necessary to inform you of what fortune I can afford to give her. The world, Mr. Noel, suppose me very rich, and it is generally believed that I shall give Sukey ten thousand pounds; but the world in this, as well as in most cases, forms a wrong judgment: I cannot afford to give her so many hundreds. The utmost extent of her fortune will be a thousand pounds, and I much doubt my being able to make up even so much as that. However, as you love her, and she loves you, you will, I dare say, be very happy. I thought, Sir, said Noel, with surprise, that you possessed a large estate in Scotland. So I do, but at my death it will go into my brother's family, as I have no son. Indeed every thing but my ready money will go to them, and that God knows I have but very little of; however, if you are really fond of Sukey, you shall have her, and I dare say she will make you a very good wife. You will pardon me, Mr. Cary, said the young man, I cannot think of marrying with so small a fortune; besides, as Miss Cary is very young, I think she may meet with much better offers. Why, did not you tell me, young man, that you loved my child above all the women in the world, and it was she alone who had the power to make you happy? Certainly, Sir, I admire Miss Cary exceedingly, but, you know, a young man just launching into the world must endeavour to mind his fortune. Then you refuse my girl? Not absolutely refuse her, Mr. Cary, but at present I am not inclined to marry. Then bark you, youngster, when you are inclined to marry, be pleased to remember, that he who does not love Sukey well
enough

enough to take her with a thousand pounds, or indeed without any fortune at all, is not worthy of her; and when I can find a man who I am certain loves her only for herself, to him I will give her, and instead of ten, fifteen thousand pounds for her wedding portion; and when I die, as much more in landed estates. Noel now found what a blunder he had made, and was beginning to excuse himself, when Mr. Cary stopped him short with, As you are not at present inclined for matrimony, you have no farther business in this house; and as to my child, I would sooner give her to a beggar, if he had but a generous heart, than to the first Duke in the kingdom, who regarded her only for her fortune. As soon as Noel was gone, the old gentleman sent for his daughter. My dear Sukey, said he, I believe that you are sensible, that to promote your happiness has been the chief study of my life, and that to see you happily married, would give me the greatest satisfaction. I have long perceived your partiality for Mr. Noel, and this day have made a trial of his love for you. I have found him a mercenary wretch, entirely unworthy your regard; it is your fortune, not you, that he wishes to obtain, and I shall be highly offended if ever you speak to him again. Come, don't fret and make yourself ill, (seeing her in tears) he is not worth a thought: You shall have every thing your heart can wish; you shall go just where you please, only do not make me angry, by retaining an affection for, or endeavouring to see that unworthy young man.

Perhaps Miss Cary at that instant determined to be obedient to her parent, who enforced his commands by acts of kindness, not of rigour. But a billet from her lover, which he bribed one of the servants to deliver, soon altered that just resolution, and she consented to meet him at the house of an acquaintance that evening. Noel had been mortally chagrined at having thus foolishly lost a prize so valuable as Miss Cary's fortune, and determined, if possible, to persuade her to a private marriage, and trust to the powerful feelings of nature to work in her father's bosom, and obtain a pardon for what once done, could not be undone. He knew that she was an only child, and that her father loved her with extreme tenderness; therefore made not the least doubt but her tears and prayers would be too

great for him to withstand. Accordingly, when he saw Miss Cary, he received her with a well-dissembled mixture of joy and concern, and asked her if she had been informed of the conversation that had passed between her father and himself that morning? Yes, she replied, with a significant look, I am well informed, and should not have yielded to your solicitations to meet you this evening, but to gain an opportunity to reproach you for your mercenary designs. Good God, my dear creature, it is your father, I think, that is mercenary, as he refused me on account of my small fortune. Miss Cary listened attentively to what her lover said, and was easily persuaded to believe him. Forgetful of the injunctions laid on her by her father, she continued to see him, and was beginning to consent to his plan of a private marriage, when the news of their meetings reached Mr. Cary's ears. Justly incensed at her breach of duty, and the ungenerous advantage she had taken of the confidence he reposed in her, he hurried to his daughter's apartment; fury flashed from his eyes as he entered.—Disobedient girl, said he, how have you dared to encourage that man, who I told you was so much beneath your regard? Do you think that I had any other motive than your happiness? I tell you, child, if you give your hand to Noel, you give it to a villain, who is too much absorbed in the love of gain, to have a true affection for you, or any other woman; and by the Power that made me I swear, if you do marry him, you shall be convinced of what I say, for I will disown you, disinherit you, and leave you to reap the effects of your stubborn disobedience:—I will leave the whole of my fortune to your cousin George, and never see you again.

One would have thought this sufficient to stop Miss Cary from paying any farther attention to her lover, but so far from that, it only served to hasten the ill-fated girl to her ruin, and in a very short time she gave her hand before the altar to Mr. Noel. When they returned from church, Mr. Cary was out, but on entering his house, was surprised to see Mr. Noel with his daughter. They knelt, and asked his blessing: The amazed father started, as tho' he had seen a viper, and lifting up his hands to Heaven, instead of a blessing, pronounced a curse; May rewards
adequate

adequate to the avarice, deceit, and disobedience of you both, fall upon you ; may the fault of each serve as a punishment to the other : Begone ! your presence is hateful to me. O, Sukey, your ingratitude and disobedience are sharper than the scorpion's sting ! Go, and be happy, if it is possible you can be so, and reflect that you have broke your father's heart.

He retired to his apartment, and sent them a message to quit his house immediately, and never presume to come into his presence again.

The old gentleman never after held up his head, but fell into a melancholy way, and in a few months died, leaving the whole of his possessions, as he had threatened, to his nephew, George Cary. Mr. Noel, while his wife's father lived, behaved to her exceedingly well, but no sooner were his hopes frustrated by the old gentleman's death and will, than he began to treat her with the greatest cruelty, denying her even common necessaries, and continually reproaching her with her poverty. Poor Mrs. Noel, from a gay, lively, charming girl, became pale, thin, and pensive, and wore in her face evident marks of consumption. The wretch, her husband, tho' he saw her dissolution visibly approaching, refused her any medical assistance, inhumanly telling her, that as she had brought him a brat to maintain, he could not afford to pay a doctor's bill. I had forgot to tell you, that Noel had a neat house in this village, where he usually resided, and by that means I became acquainted with these particulars, which I had from Mrs. Noel herself a short time before she died. The feelings of her heart were too acute for her weak frame to support ; she looked back with regret on her past days of happiness ; she was sensible that she had wilfully thrown them from her : Her father's dying without forgiving her, was a continual source of sorrow—Then the reflection that she, by her folly, had clouded the evening of his life, and perhaps shortened his span of time, gave her deep affliction. Add to this the cruelty of the very man for whom she had given up every other consideration, and you will not be surprised that she sunk under it. It will hardly be thought possible, that he could carry his barbarity so far as to strike her, but certain it is that he did—the blow, like a barbed
arrow,

arrow, pierced her heart, and life fled instantly from its pale emaciated mansion. Mr. Noel, terrified at the fatal deed, left his house before any body thought of detaining him; the child had ever been sickly, and followed its mother in a few days. Strict search was made after Mr. Noel, but all in vain, till about ten days after the fatal accident, he was found dead in a lonely wood, to all appearance starved to death.

This was the melancholy end of poor Miss Cary; it is usual for parents about here, when their girls are inclined to be refractory, to remind them of her unhappy fate.

LOUISA AND NANCY;

A MORAL TALE.

LOUISA and NANCY both received their first nourishment at the same breast: the one was the daughter of Sir John Conway, a man possessed of a large fortune; the other of Dame Clodder, whose husband was one of Sir John's tenants, and left her with child at his death—soon after which the above-mentioned Nancy was born. With this Dame, Lady Conway, from her general good character, ventured to place *her* daughter in a short time after she was brought to bed, and in about half a year accompanied Sir John upon an embassy. As soon as they returned to England, they took their daughter home, as she had remained at nurse longer than they intended, but permitted Dame Clodder to come and see her as often as she pleased;

pleased; and she, in consequence of that permission, made frequent visits. At first the little Louisa received her nurse very kindly; but as she grew older, she began to look with coolness on her and her foster-sister; and at last treated them both with an indifference bordering on contempt, which was extremely disagreeable to them, especially to the mother, who often, with tears in her eyes, complained of the change in Miss Louisa's behaviour; a change that touched her to the heart, and a change so very conspicuous, that even Sir John and Lady Conway took notice of: they not only observed it, but reproved her more than once for it, as they thought it discovered both pride and ill-nature, to a reprehensible degree. Nancy, on the other hand, now grown up a pretty country girl, was the less affected by it, as she was become the choice of a substantial farmer's son in the village, an handsome, agreeable lad, who loved her with a sincerity not often to be met with in the higher walks of life. Going, therefore, to be happily, to all appearance, situated, she paid less attention to Louisa's neglect.

About this time Miss Conway, who, by the death of some elder brothers and sisters, became a rich heiress, received the addresses of Lord Trifle, one of the most finished beaux of the age, and much more allured by the vast fortune which Louisa was to inherit, than by her personal attractions; while she, charmed with the figure, and very fashionable appearance of her lover, and delighted with the *nothings* which he was continually repeating to her, looked upon him as a complete Adonis, and sincerely attached to her alone.

Dame Clodder, disgusted as she was at the behaviour of her dearest child, as she called Miss Conway, and pained by her neglect, imagined that she should not act the part of a good mother to Nancy, if she did not endeavour, at least, to secure the patronage of her foster-sister upon her marriage; and therefore took her, with her lover William, to London, where Sir John's family were making preparations for the approaching nuptials.

Lady Conway, with the greatest condescension, gave these young country people a very gracious reception; and bade them follow her to the dressing-room of Louisa,
who

who was at her toilette, attended by Lord Trifle, paying more adoration to his own person, than to that of his mistress, in a large mirror.

Turning about hastily, upon Lady Conway's introducing Nancy and William to Louisa, he said, with an affected shrug, and in accents strongly expressive of contempt, "He is tolerably handsome for a country fellow, *'pen honor.*"

"And why may not a country fellow, Sir, (answered William, who felt himself piqued at the scornful taunts of this *Pepinjay*) be as handsome as a Lord?"

Louisa, whose pride was deeply wounded by this insolence, as she called it, threw out something so severe in reply, that the poor old nurse burst into a flood of tears; and in retiring from the room said, in a tone loud enough to be heard by every body, "That she had it in her power to make Louisa repent of her behaviour." With this speech she went home exceedingly discontented, and falling soon afterwards dangerously ill, desired that the clergyman of her parish might be set for, who, having been shut up a little with her, wrote a letter, and dispatched it by an express to Sir John and Lady Conway, intreating them to come to her with all possible expedition, as Mrs. Clodder, apparently on her death-bed, had something of the utmost importance to communicate to them.

In compliance with this express, Sir John and Lady Conway set out immediately, and Lord Trifle, at Louisa's request, who could not bear the idea of such a vulgar visit, attended her. As soon as they arrived at the cottage, they were conducted to the sick woman's chamber, and found her supported in bed by the worthy curate. She told them that she had a discovery to make of the greatest consequence; but that she was, in the first place, to request the pardon of God, and of her good friends, whose favour she had abused, out of kindness to an ungrateful girl.—She then confessed, "That she had changed the children, while Sir John and my Lady were abroad—that Louisa was Nancy, and Nancy, Louisa."

Shocked beyond expression at this confession, the supposed Miss Conway sunk down in an agony by the side of her supposed nurse's bed, covering her face with her hands;

while the real Louisa, elated by the sudden exaltation, flew into her new-found mother's arms, who, clasping her to her agitated bosom, acknowledged her for her daughter.

Sir John, standing astonished at the feet of the bed, earnestly charged the nurse to be sure that what she had said was strictly true, while a person attended to take down her depositions in writing. When this was done, and when the different parties were somewhat recovered from their amazement, Mrs. Clodder called upon her child to come and embrace her; but she was so much dejected by this mortifying alteration in her condition, that she hurried out of the room, and eagerly went in search of some instrument of destruction, in order to put an end to a life which she could no longer enjoy in the affluence to which she had long been accustomed. Sir John, who had fondly loved her as his daughter, followed her, and endeavoured to reconcile her to her situation, with a promise to make a decent provision for her, and even for her mother, if she recovered, for whom she was herself, from the delicacy of her education, unable to provide. But, instead of making any answer to these generous declarations, she turned away from him, and hastened to find Lord Trifle. The moment she saw him, she asked him, in broken accents, "If the loss of Fortune had deprived her at once of all those charms which he had so lately admired. His reply was insolent, and quite overwhelmed her.

William, who dreaded the loss of his love, as much as Louisa could the desertion of her Lord, followed Nancy, (the real Louisa) to the carriage of Sir John Conway, who, finding her inclination changed with her circumstances, told him with an embarrassed air, "That every thing being so new to her, she really could not think as she had done; but that she would promise never to forget him." Her father's domestics then drove him back from the coach, to the windows of which he hung as long as he could, devouring with his eager eyes the lovely features of his amiable Nancy (now Louisa.) But Sir John, before he set off, felt so much compassion for the poor deluded girl, who, he plainly saw, was severely afflicted by the loss of her rank and splendour, that he told his Lordship he

was ready to bestow a fortune on her every way suitable to his own, if he would adhere to his first engagement.

“What! Marry the daughter of a peasant!” replied my Lord.

“And why not? (said Sir John) Is she not the child of a man who gains an honest subsistence by agriculture (the only true national wealth) and to be preferred to the offspring of a paltry mechanic, or tricking tradesman, who having amassed thousands by the most unjustifiable means, never find their daughters refused by men of real family? But he talked in vain to a man of Lord Trifle’s disposition, who told him, “That it was his alliance he had courted, and that as he had judged it proper to reject him, he had nothing farther to say.”

The new Miss Conway was soon whirled to London in her father’s carriage, and new ideas soon filled her little head, which was almost over-set by the variety of ornaments she had to put on, and the flattering speeches which were addressed to her. She even gave up William, though she still loved him; and consented to marry a Mr. Granby, a man with a large fortune, and a great many years older than herself, who, in short, wanted nothing but an heir to his considerable estate; and imagined he was most likely to be sure of one from a girl, whose constitution had not been spoiled by the numberless irregularities of a town life.

Mrs. Granby having been kept under restraint only for the first year of her marriage, was suffered, from that time, by her indulgent husband to do just as she pleased; and as she had no limitation with regard to her expences, she soon distinguished herself, by closely copying extravagant women of the first rank.

Nancy, who, for two or three months, could not bear to think on the dreadful change of her situation, became at length, by a proper train of reflections, and by the friendly advice and assistance of the worthy clergyman who had prevailed on her mother to make so interesting a discovery, better reconciled to it, especially when she saw her poor mother so depressed; and considered that, though she had been guilty of a criminal proceeding, she had only been
guilty

guilty of it to raise her ungrateful daughter in the world. This consideration had a very powerful effect, and operated so strongly, that she soon became the most dutiful, affectionate, and industrious of children.

While she was employed one day in some rural business near the cottage, a gentleman from Lord Trifle accosted her with a letter from his Lordship, which contained very lucrative offers, provided she would live with him upon the easiest footing, and share the pleasures of London with him, unrestrained by any ties but those of love.

This offer turned all the affection which Nancy (in the character of Louisa) had felt for his Lordship into hatred, into abhorrence. She tore the letter immediately into a thousand pieces, and declared she would reject every one from him in the same dishonorable stile; adding, "That though her situation was changed, her mind was the same." In short, she made herself so useful to her mother, and was so obliging to her neighbours, that a young farmer, in very easy circumstances, ventured to address her; and as he, with an agreeable person, had more knowledge, in consequence of a more liberal education, than any of the rustics in the village, she accepted of him, with her mother's consent, whom she took with her, on her marriage, to the house of her Charles.

William, in the mean while, could not forget Louisa, though he always called her by the endearing name of Nancy: Not all the remonstrances of his father and his friends, nor the certain information he received of her marriage, and of her ceasing to be the amiable character he had once known her, had the least effect upon him; they could not drive her from his infatuated mind. He spent a great part of his time in talking of her to Charles and Nancy, who, from mere pity, strove to prevail on him to think no more of a woman who was not worthy of his love. To such efforts on their side his constant reply was, "'Tis that vile London, 'tis the place that she lives in, that has changed her, and that turns every heart from good to evil. Even your's, my dear friend, (said he one day to the wife of Charles) was formerly corrupted by it; but upon your return to the simplicity of life which reigns amongst us country folks, you had good sense enough to

see your error, and to amend it. Ah! Why does not my Nancy take pattern by you?" On the death of his father and mother soon afterwards, he determined to go abroad. Before his departure, he took a most affectionate leave of the real Nancy and Charles, telling them, "That he would not return to his native land till he was happy."

During William's absence from England, Mr. and Mrs. Granby had run through every scene of fashionable folly and extravagance with such rapidity, that they became actually distressed, in a short time, for money. Sir John and Lady Conway fortunately died before this period—fortunately for them, as they would have been severely pained by the disgraceful situations into which their daughter plunged herself.

By too ardent a pursuit after pleasure, and by too little attention to her nursery, by the want of their maternal care and tenderness which strongly characterize the exemplary mother, Mr. Granby lost two fine boys; and the loss of them proved fatal to their fond father, as he had promised himself golden days of felicity, from having healthy heirs to his fortune. Vexation and regret carried him to his grave; and his imprudent widow was left, by his decease, with a very small income, as her settlement had been given up, during her husband's life, towards satisfying his creditors. She now, therefore, began to take a review of those days which she spent at the old cottage, and she began also to think the days she spent there the happiest she had ever known. She now remembered William; and Nancy could not be forgotten. "How foolishly have I acted! (said she, in one of her repentant soliloquies) How often did I join my mother, when she complained of Miss Conway's proud and neglectful behaviour to us! and how perfectly like her have I behaved to my poor old nurse and Nancy! But I will endeavour to repair my faults—I will go in search of them; I will share the little I have left with the sister of my youthful days." Of these movements in her mind, William was, no doubt, the principal spring, though she had not mentioned him, even in a whisper, to herself. Animated by these movements, she hurried down to the village where she had once tasted felicity, and enquired for Mrs. Clodder. To her great concern,

cern, she was informed of her death; but she felt a real satisfaction on hearing that her daughter was most happily settled. Coming to the door of her rural dwelling, she found her employed about two lovely children, whom she quitted to welcome her unexpected visitant, whom she immediately recognized. On Mrs. Granby's relating her narrative, and telling her that she was resolved to leave the little she had in the world to her and her children, Nancy ventured to promise that Charles would admit her as an inmate. "And where is William?" (said Mrs. Granby, with a sigh) "Is he yet in being?" "I cannot tell (replied Nancy); he has not been in this part of the country these several years; he left it in hopes of forgetting the cause of his sorrow." "Ah! (said Louisa) It is I who have driven him from his native home! It is I, unthinking wretch, who have destroyed the faithfullest and best of men!" She then desired to take a view of his habitation, in which she had once promised herself perpetual happiness. Charles came home soon afterwards, and agreed with his wife to let Louisa have a pleasant apartment, from the window of which she could see the formerly-admired, the still-admired cottage of William. She was not, however, contented with the sight only of this cottage; she could not rest without paying a visit to it regularly every day.

One morning, while she was gone to examine the favourite spot, and while Nancy was dressing her children, a person on horseback stopped at her door, in the dress of a soldier. She at first looked at him with that sort of indifference commonly felt at the appearance of a stranger; but when he cried, "What! Have you forgot me?"—the sound of his voice immediately brought William to her remembrance. He alighted before she could call her husband, and they were both soon convinced, that the soldier before them was their old neighbour. "I have been in the service of my country (said he) against the Americans; I have sought after death in many places, but I have only found honour and fortune. Yet what felicity can they confer on me? I cannot enjoy them. Weary of every thing about me; weary of every scene I behold, and finding my health very much upon the decline, I was permitted

ted to return to my old friends, and in their arms I am come to give up my breath."

"Hold! (cried Charles, interrupting him) do not talk of dying—You must live for the sake of a much dearer friend than those now before you." He started.—

Just at that moment Mrs. Granby returned from her walk—"Good Heavens! (exclaimed she) can it be William whom I see?"

"It is! It is! replied he, rushing into the arms of his Louisa. There is no describing the transports which they both felt at this unexpected, though long wished-for interview.

Mrs. Granby, in a short time, consented to become the wife of her William, and before she knew the fortune he had gained, part of which, with her entire approbation, he settled on Nancy and her children. They were then married, pitched their tent near their humble, happy friends, and had a young family, who afterwards intermarried with the children of Nancy and Charles; and, with their respective parents, proved blessings to the whole village. Struck with the revolutions in their lives, Louisa and Nancy, whenever recollection brought them forward, frankly confessed, that upon a fair estimation of the pleasures of a town life and a country life, which they had both experienced, they could not but give the preference to the latter; as they were, upon the whole, if not so extravagantly transporting, more lasting; and instead of throwing the mind into a delirious state, and destructive of its peace, happily tended to keep it, at all times, in a situation favorable to contentment.

A TRUE STORY

FOR THE USE OF

YOUNG LADIES.

Ah! then, ye Fair,
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts,
Dare not th' infectious sigh, the pleasing look,
Downcast and low in meek Submission drest,
But full of guile! Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch.
Where Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft moments with betraying Man!

HEAR me! O hear me! ye loveliest and dearest of all that is lovely and dear in nature! Surely you must be sensible, that short as the present is, even hear felicity is greatly preferable to wretchedness. Think where you are, and where you must soon be. Do ye know that life is as full of dangers as the firmament of stars? Ask your seniors in years and experience, and they will tell how delicate and perilous the season of youth is. Read Henrietta's Story, and from her fate tremble for your own.

The

The parents of this young lady were respectable, tho' not wealthy. They loved her much, and her attachment and attention to them were the consolation of their old age. Nature endowed her well both in body and mind, and her education was equal to her other accomplishments.

One night at a ball, as often happens on such occasions, she was seen by a young gentleman of fortune, who at first sight fell violently in love with her. His name for the present shall be Stanely. He beheld her at first with the eye of sacred love, and made honourable proposals.—Her heart was as young and as susceptible as his: And it was not long before she was smitten with an equal flame. But his circumstances were greatly superior to her's. His offers for that, among other reasons, were sufficiently acceptable both to her and her friends.

It was now time, however, to consult his own. With them, he found a disparity of fortune an insuperable obstacle. Minds that have no happiness but in hoarding, think there can be no happiness without it. This mortifying disappointment he carefully secreted from his charmer. It was soon whispered, notwithstanding, among her connections; nor did he in the least deny it, the moment an explanation was demanded.

The natural consequences of this affecting discovery was, that his visits were prohibited, while the attachment of the lovers continued inviolable. In vain was every method then tried to alienate their affections from one another. No considerations could mitigate their mutual fondness, no precautions keep them asunder. How strong the reciprocal prepossessions of young hearts! How fatal the chains of love! How capricious the tricks of fortune!

Henrietta's parents, naturally apprehensive of the consequence of an intrigue, without the least probability of marriage, in order to prevent all further correspondence with Stanely, sent her to France, where she lived with a distant relation for some time. Her lover, however, soon found out the place of her retreat; nor was he long in flinging himself at her feet. He told her, they were made for each other, united by Heaven, and that Hell itself should not henceforth part them; that he was willing
even

even now to give her his hand, and abide by the consequence; that for his own part, no sufferings could affect him so much as her absence; that his father would certainly disinherit him, but that he would work for her, beg for her, rob for her, die for her; that could she bear to live with him without the formality of matrimony, he could maintain her handsomely; and as his father could not live long, they could then marry at their own convenience.— This passionate declaration, so captivating to female credulity, prevailed; her virtue, which had probably been none of the strongest, gave way; and in a few months they returned to London perfectly in the *ton*, lived together according to the fashion, and set up an equipage.— The friends of both equally abandoned them, only that Stanely's father, who still lives not very distant from Watling-street, and was a man of gallantry himself in his younger days, did not grudge the expence of a mistress to his son.

It is but justice to the memory of Stanely to observe, that possession did not in the least abate his tenderness; and that there is not a doubt but he would have married her according as he promised, as soon as he found it consistent with his future prospects. His preliminary conduct was criminal and romantic, but he had a large share of resolution. Providence, however, interfered to blast an union that originated in guilt; for they had not cohabited above two or three years, when poor Stanely fevered and died. But, O! what a scene of cruelty on the one hand, and distress on the other, then ensued! Henrietta had one child by him, and at this time was big with another. His unrelenting friends, notwithstanding, stripped her of every thing, rudely pushed her out of the house, and even suffered her to be prosecuted for his debts.

In such a condition, and thus circumstanced, she had not one human being with whom to consult, or into whose bosom she could deposit her complaints. Modest women did not avoid her more studiously than she avoided all others. And since the man of her heart was no more, the whole world appeared to her a blank, and all her comforts seemed buried in the grave with him. To what quarter could she then look for relief? “My dear boy, (she would say to her son) thou art now fatherless, and

without a friend. Thou hast reason to blush at the very name of thy mother. My sorrows will soon end with my life; but what can deliver thee from all the infamy and wretchedness which I have entailed on thy head!"

My heart will not suffer me to describe minutely the misfortunes this poor Lady has sustained, and still sustains from her own follies and her lover's relations. She was brought to-bed of a girl shortly after Stanely's death, and she regards her children with an affection truly and exemplarily maternal. One would think she had suffered enough for all her misconduct; for she had certainly perished from mere want, or rotted in a goal before this time, but that the tenderness of her own father returned, who, with a generosity and compassion that do honour to humanity, instantly afforded her all the relief and consolation in his power.

The two tender infants shared as much of his sympathy and attention, as if they had been legitimate. The babe on the breast he put out to the nurse, and sent the boy into the country with his mother, where they lived in the greatest retirement. But say, ye tender-hearted, how wretched must not her life be, with opulence exchanged for penury, honour for shame, and hope for despair! The friends of Stanely reprobate her and her children with the most savage antipathy; and the law can afford her no redress.—Happy, if she can find any comfort from Heaven, and her own heart! for to her, life, in all its appearances, is henceforth a tree without fruit, and a well without water.

My fair Sisters, take care of your hearts; admit no guest there whom you do not perfectly know. Who can tell what mischiefs result from rash attachments! Above all things preserve your innocence; it is a treasure, in possession of which you can never be poor. Whatever is flattering in our sex, tends to seduction; and be assured happiness never succeeds to lost honour.—

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd;
And be with caution bold;
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glitters gold.

REMARK-

REMARKABLE INSTANCE

OF THE

EXERCISE OF JUSTICE,

BY THE SULTAN OF DAMASCUS.

A POOR villager complained to Mahumoud, Sultan of Damascus, that a young Turk of distinction had broke into his house, and insulted him so, that he was forced to abandon it with his wife and family, to the shameful abuses of that bold intruder, who afterwards escaped, and remained unknown. The Sultan, very much moved, charged the sufferer to come immediately and give him notice, if ever that Turk should repeat the insult; which he did three days after, and the poor man complained to the Sultan accordingly, who taking a few attendants, immediately went with him. It was night when they came to the house, but the Sultan ordered all the lights to be put out, then rushed boldy in, and with his sabre cut the ravisher in pieces. After which, he ordered a torch to be lighted; and looking on the face of the malefactor, immediately, with an air of joy, fell on the ground, and praised God. When he rose, he bid the man of the house bring what victuals he had, which was only some stale brown bread and butter-milk, of which the Sultan eat and drank heartily;

tilly; and then being ready to return, at the poor man's request explained all the mysterious circumstances as follows:—You must know, said he, that upon hearing this complaint, and the description you gave me of the criminal, I concluded he could be no other than my own son; therefore, lest my eyes should suborn my heart, and the tenderness of nature enervate the arm of justice, I resolved, through the undistinguishing veil of night, to give it scope. But when I beheld it was not he, but only an officer of my guard, I fell down with gladness, to give thanks unto God that my own offspring had not in this affair deserved my wrath, nor met with my vengeance. And after all, I asked what provision you had at hand, to satisfy my hunger, and repair this fleshly frame, which my resentment would not suffer me to gratify either with sleep or sustenance from the moment I heard this accusation, till I had thus punished the author of your wrongs, and shewed myself worthy of my people's obedience: for this one example shall make it known among them, that you have a Prince, under whom there is no sufferer so mean, who need fear to be denied redress; and no offender so great, as may hope to escape punishment.

THE FATAL CONCEALMENT;

A SENTIMENTAL ANECDOTE.

M. MILOT, an inferior officer in the Swiss guards, had long been violently in love with Mademoiselle Abbeville, the only daughter of a Baron of that name.—His passion was returned with equal ardour by the lady; but the Baron's known haughtiness made concealment necessary, till such time as the young gentleman should be promoted in the army, or should succeed to his paternal estate; an event which he had reason to believe could not be very distant.

Matters were therefore conducted with the greatest secrecy, and, in general, with much prudence. But people in love never have all their wits about them. One day, when the fond couple had been amusing themselves with visions of their future felicity, the Baron came home unexpectedly. The grand object in such a case was, how to prevent discovery; consequently the most secret, not the least suspicious place was chosen—M. Milot was hid in the young lady's bed-chamber.

Whether Baron Abbeville gathered any thing from the looks of his daughter, or had intelligence from any of his domestics, is uncertain; but, though not naturally suspicious, he found a pretence to visit every room in the house, not omitting the bed-chamber, where the trembling
lover

lover was concealed, which he violently broke open. M. Milot started up, and instinctively put his hand to his sword. The Baron desired him to draw: he refused.—The Baron insisted; and repeated reproaches, both of cowardice and baseness, at length deprived M. Milot of self-command: He complied; and the consequences were fatal to the Baron.

Mademoiselle Abbeville had walked out into the garden to compose herself, after having expressed, perhaps, too much surprize at her father's sudden return. A noise in the house alarmed her; and the first object that met her eye, was her father breathing his last, and her lover standing by him, with a bloody sword in his hand. The emotions of love at once gave place to those of sorrow and filial tenderness—she fell on her father's bosom, and called for justice upon his murderer. A hint was enough; in a few minutes a party of the guards appeared. M. Milot had not offered to retire; they seized him.

No sooner did Mademoiselle Abbeville perceive her lover in danger, than the object of her concern was changed. She sprung up from the bed, where the body of her father was now laid, and embraced her dear Milot with the most extravagant fondness, reproaching herself bitterly for not contriving his escape. This was an awful trial to the youth. He did not value life, while under the displeasure of his mistress: Now he saw himself ready to be deprived of it, when it again promised to be worthy his care. Remorse, love, fear, and amazement were at once visible in his countenance; but I should in vain attempt a description of what painting would fail to express. The guards themselves stood for some moments motionless at the melting scene, forgetting their barbarous office; but the captain, who is generally the most unfeeling of the troop, at last took the poor youth by the arm, and tore him from all that made him covet life, or fear death, leaving Mademoiselle Abbeville to all the horrors of despair.

Thus, by one unlucky accident, were two of the happiest lovers reduced to the greatest extremity of human misery.

When

When I was first informed of it, and reflected upon the many misfortunes, and crimes occasioned by girls entertaining lovers without the knowledge of their parents, I could not help exclaiming with Lady Randolph in Douglas,

—— “ Although the earth should gape,
“ And from the gulph of hell destruction rise
“ To point dissimulation’s winding way,
“ Let never woman tread it !”

FEMALE CREDULITY EXEMPLIFIED.

Man for the ruin of our sex was born,
The beauteous are his prey, the rest his scorn;
Alike unfortunate, our fate is such,
We please too little, or we please too much.

THERE are a set of men in the world, who, to the disgrace of human nature, are never happier than in the pursuit of the destruction of some beauteous, innocent, and too easy believing fair one. What a melancholy consideration is it, that there are so many Baltimores in the present day continually flying in the face of every law, human and divine, putting modesty to the blush, virtue out of countenance, and, like the devil himself, seeking whom they may devour; the various deep-laid schemes, and hellish contrivances made use of, not only to ruin the harmless, unsuspecting virgin, but the virtuous
and

and blooming wife, too plainly evince the depravity of the age and the sensuality of the times. Happy, thrice happy the wife, prudent and discerning female, who is proof against all the arts of seduction, and resolutely withstands every temptation and attack upon her virtue. But where is the woman who is sufficient for these things? A few there are with whom I am acquainted, and boast myself in being numbered among their advocates and defenders; patronesses of true merit, real worth, and unsullied virtue, who look on the man base enough to seek the destruction of innocence, with a just disdain; while they reward the honest, upright, and noble spirited man with the friendship and esteem he justly deserves.

As beauty recommends the virgin to the admiration of those around her, so it renders her more liable to be surrounded with designing flatterers; such persons as Florimond is described in a late publication under the title of the Rural Christian.

“ Fond of intrigue, he was at heart a rake,
 “ Went to deceive, then ruin, then forsake;
 “ His handsome person prov’d his greatest snare,
 “ This made him court, and courted by the fair.
 “ Deprav’d in manners, and to vice a slave,
 “ He was, in truth, a villain and a knave.”

Of such devils in human shape, ye amiable fair ones, beware, lest ye also become the dupes of their artifice and cunning. The gay, the thoughtless, and genteel Amasia, lately fell a hapless and lamented victim to the treachery of one of these vile and abandoned sycophants; fond, too fond of the public places of amusement, she was often seen at them a fine and striking figure, followed and caressed by the artful and dissembling; her parents died when she was about eighteen, within four months of each other, and left her to the care and guardianship of a rich aunt, about forty, and in the single state, whose name, for many reasons, we will conceal under that of Lavinia.

A young lady in the midst of riches, the bloom of beauty, and a croud of admirers, which Amasia proved at
 eighteen

eighteen years of age, being indulged with every thing she could wish, and having only an aunt to control her, who was so imprudently fond and indulging as to deny her nothing; for such a one to want sufficient solidity and discretion to preserve her from every snare laid for her undoing, is not to be wondered at, especially if we consider her tender age, little knowledge of mankind, and love of pleasure natural to her years.

Alcander, a young gentleman, son of an eminent merchant in the city, well versed in the dictates of adulation, of polite address, and a gay disposition, having seen her several times at the theatres, Pantheon, and Vauxhall, took an opportunity of enquiring who she was, and after some little time got introduced into her company by a friend of Lavinia's, and often made one of her party to the haunts of pleasure, music, and dissipation, by which means he so far ingratiated himself into her esteem, as to be a frequent welcome visitor at her aunt's: By his assiduities to appear agreeable to Amasia, she became greatly prepossessed in his favour, and could not help discovering it, though she did not know but it might be accounted an imprudent forwardness in her, as it undoubtedly was.

Alcander, when he found his conquest over her affections compleat, being desirous of taking the advantage of it, warmly prest her to grant him the possession of her person, backing his request with all the arguments prostituted abilities could suggest, but she nobly resisted them; till finding there was no other method of securing him to herself than by complaisance, she unhappily yielded to his persuasive solicitations, after getting him to sign an agreement to marry her when he came of age, which he wanted about five months of, as his father declared he never would give him a single shilling if he did before. Unfortunately for her, his father died about a month after, leaving him sole heir to 700*l.* a year. Alcander being now entirely at liberty, determined to travel into foreign countries, and in a letter to Amasia informed her of his design, and took a last farewell of her; the reading of which had such an effect on her, that she was found hanging in her bed-chamber the next morning.

THE TRIUMPH OF FORTITUDE AND PATIENCE

O V E R

BARBARIETY AND DECEIT;

A TRUE STORY.

[FROM THE FEMALE SPECTATOR.]

OF all the acts of injustice which the depravity of human nature can commit, there are none certainly deserve to be more severely censured, than that of parents squandering away their substance, and leaving their children exposed to beggary and contempt. To render miserable, by our neglect, any thing whose sole dependence is upon us, is highly ungenerous; but to rob those of their birth-right, who, but for us had not existed. To make wretched what owes its being to us, for the gratification of some darling passion in ourselves, is such a piece of cruelty, as one would not believe, if daily observation did not convince us of it, any thinking being could be guilty of.

A Gentleman, to whom I shall give the name of Extrodious, was left, by the good management and frugality of his ancestors, in possession of a very considerable fortune.

tune. He married a virtuous young lady, by whom he had a very numerous offspring; every year bringing an increase to his family, one would imagine should have made him industrious for the improvement of a patrimony, out of which so many had a claim for provision; but, alas! the immoderate love of pleasure prevailed above paternal affection;—he was so passionately devoted to all the luxuries of life, that he seemed not content with those he saw enjoyed by others, but was continually inventing new modes of indulging every inordinate inclination; and still the more expensive they proved, the more he hugged himself with having it in his power to put them in practice.

But it was not long this worst of husbands, and of fathers, had the means of rioting in such voluptuousness—A few years wasted all he had been master of in the world, and he fell into the extreme poverty. His wife, who for some time had languished under the apprehensions of what was to come upon them, could not support the ills she had foreseen, and died of a broken heart. All their children, except one, were seized with various distempers, and bore their mother company in the grave.

Jemima, a girl of about twelve years of age, was left alone to feel the miseries those dear relations were exempted from by death, while he, who had brought them on all, who ought to have been dear to him, seemed insensible of his errors, and continued disposing of every thing of value, either about his house and person, till there was nothing left to sell. He then tried his credit with his kindred, acquaintance, and tradesmen, but they all knew too much of his circumstances to comply with any request he made them of that nature.

Some persons, whom he had not dealt with before, indeed, supplied him for a little while; but were no sooner informed of the truth of his affairs, than they withdrew their hands: And on his behaving towards them with more haughtiness than they thought befitting a person by whom they were likely to be losers, threw him into prison, whence not one friend made any efforts to redeem him, and he died in a short time.

Even the young Jemima might have been obliged to have recourse to public charity for a wretched sustenance,

had not Dalinda admitted her into her family. This lady was the only sister to Extrodus, was a widow, had a large jointure, and no child; yet did she not take her little niece through any motive of compassion or affection:— For, like her brother, she was too great a lover of herself, and the pleasures of the world, to have the least true regard for any thing beside, but merely to avoid the shame of having it said, that one so near to her in blood should wear the livery of the parish.

The treatment, however, which the poor creature received, was little better than what she would have met with in any of those places, from which her aunt made a mighty merit of preserving her.

The education allowed her would not have been sufficient to have enabled her to support those shocks of fate which afterwards befel her, had she not been endued by nature with all those qualifications, which most others acquire but with labour and difficulty.

Without the help of precept, she was blest with an innate piety and resignation to the divine will—without any of those instructions, which are looked upon as necessary to good breeding, she had a native affability and sweetness of deportment, which shamed all the formal rules of politeness and decorum; and without the least advantage from example, but far the contrary, could easily distinguish what amusements became a woman of honour to give into, and what did not.

As she knew very well the misfortune to which she was reduced by her father's ill management, and the little prospect she had of living in the world according to her birth, she reflected, that all that could make her easy under her present or future sufferings, was patience and humility, and therefore endeavoured, as much as possible, not to think on the pleasures which those of great fortunes were in possession of, but on the little wants and exigencies of those who either were born to nothing, or, like herself, were deprived of their first hopes. She observed, that to be poor, was not always to be miserable; and that riches were frequently not accompanied with happiness.— This enabled her to know, that content was sufficient to

render any station comfortable, and that without it all was wretchedness.

In fine, without any aid from books, she was a philosopher in her way of thinking at fifteen; and perhaps more truly so than the most celebrated of those, whose morals and maxims are laid down before us, as the best guides of our sentiments and actions.

As to her person, she was of a middle stature, perfectly well turned, easy, and genteel in all her motions. If the features of her face could not be said to be cast in the mould of beauty, there was yet a great deal of regularity and harmony in them; which, joined with a very delicate complexion, fine hair and teeth, and a certain sweetness, with the happy composure of her mind, diffused through all her air, made her appear extremely lovely.

Many there were who thought her so; but the misfortune of her family prevented them from making their addresses on an honourable score, as did the modesty of her behaviour from approaching her on any other; and she lived till the age of eighteen, without being able to say she had any one man who had declared himself her lover.

But among the number of those who had long in secret admired her, there was one, whom I shall call Lothario, who presuming on his great estate, fine person, and former successes with our sex, at last ventured to tell her what none before him had ever done.

This gentleman had been a frequent visiter of Dalinda, and the charms he found in her young niece made him more so. He had many opportunities of entertaining the object of his passion without any notice being taken of it by the other, who, as has been already observed, was not very assiduous concerning her; and he had the artifice to contrive it so, as to be there as much as possible, when either by her being not up, or gone abroad, he should have no interruption from that quarter.

Jemima thought it was her duty, in the absence of her aunt, to entertain him with all imaginable respect, before he discovered the sentiments he was possessed of in favour of herself; and she afterwards, at least for a good while, was not sensible she ought to change her manner of behaviour in regard to him.

Whether

Whether it were that he had the advantage by being the first that had discovered a sensibility of her charms, or whether it were that there was really somewhat more engaging in him than she had seen in any other man, is altogether uncertain; but it is not so that her young heart was insensibly caught with the fine things he said to her, and she could not help feeling that pleasure which none but those who love are capable of, whenever she either saw or heard him.

Great was the progress he had made in her affection, before she suspected he had any other design upon her than such as her prudence, as well as inclination, would permit her to encourage; but happening to be alone with him one evening, he began to take some liberties with her which very much alarmed her modesty, and pushing him from her with all her might, ‘How, Lothario, (cried she) is this treatment befitting you to give a woman of virtue? Or could you think me worthy of an honourable passion, if I could submit to bear it?’

These words, and the looks and gestures with which they were accompanied, soon made him desist; but he knew so well how to excuse the boldness he had been guilty of by the excess of his passion, that the woman in her soul prevailed in his favour, and she consented to a reconciliation.

How many are there of our too unwary sex, who would have thought no more of this affair, but have received the pardoned lover in the same manner as though he never had offended, and by such a conduct emboldened him to transgress again, perhaps, to the utter undoing of the believing maid!

But it was not so with Jemima: He had no sooner taken his leave of her, and she had leisure to reflect on what had passed between them, than all those apprehensions, which are the surest guardians of virgin innocence, rose in their full force upon her troubled mind. On recollecting the many passionate and tender declarations he had made to her, she found there was not one that gave her any assurance that he intended to pass his life with her; no mention had ever been made of marriage, and tho’ he professed to have for her the extreme love that ever

man was possessed of, yet her own good sense, as well as the report of the world, convinced her, that there requires more art in the prosecution of a lawless flame, than in one whose end is honour.

She trembled, therefore, lest in all he had said to her he had no other aim in view than her ruin; and the secret inclinations she found towards him in her own heart, heightened her terrors on this score—She knew she loved, and dreading, that in some unguarded moment that love might prove the destruction of her virtue, resolved to found the bottom of his design, which, if she perceived was not conformable to those rules she wished it might be, to tear herself from his conversation, dear as it was to her, and never see him more.

Let any woman, who has ever known the force of that passion with which *Jemima* was actuated, well weigh the struggles of a soul thus divided between love and honour, and give her the applause she merits for so strict an adherence to the latter.

She was, however, in some debate within herself, in what manner she should break the matter to him. Her native modesty would not suffer her to be the first that proposed marriage, which she thought should always be the province of the man, and knew not how to frame her mouth to utter what she would have blushed to have heard from that of her lover, much as she in secret wished it.

To write her mind also on this affair seemed little less bold, but she found an absolute necessity of knowing what she had to expect from him, and this was the method she at last made choice of.

But how often did this innocent young creature begin, and leave off—examine what she had said—then tear the paper, as thinking it confessed too much. Long it was before she could find any words which would not shock her timidity, and at the same time express her meaning.—However, after various efforts, that resolution, which she still persisted in, enabled her to complete a letter in these terms:—

TO LOTHARIO.

SIR,

"THE little experience I have in writing letters, especially to your sex, renders this a presumption, which can be excused by nothing but the cause that enforces me to it. You know, Sir, the misfortunes of my family, and that I have nothing but my virtue and reputation that I can call my own: The first will doubtless call in question the two others, should I continue to listen to the addresses of a gentleman of your fortune. Permit me, therefore, for the future, to deny myself the honour of your visits; the disparity between us will not allow me to think you condescend to make them for any other end than your amusement, and how low soever I am reduced, have too much pride to be the property of it.

Were it possible, which I am far from the vanity of imagining, that you really found any thing in me worthy of a serious attachment, you are very sensible I am under the care of a relation, who ought to be made acquainted with it, and whom you cannot suppose will make any objections to what she finds is for the true interest of one who shares so much of her own blood.

In consulting her on this affair, you will give the best proof of your sincerity, and is the only means to satisfy the scruples of

JEMIMA."

This she sent to him by a chairman, not caring to entrust it to any of Dalinda's servants, lest they should discover it to their lady, whom she was unwilling should be let into any part of the secret, till Lothario himself should reveal it, which she was sometimes ready to flatter herself he would do; so easily are we led to believe what we wish.

Satisfied, notwithstanding, she was within herself, that she had by this means discharged what her virtue and her prudence demanded from her; and for the rest, she had piety enough to leave the event to the Supreme Disposer
of

of all things, and who, she was well convinced, knew what was best for her.

As for Lothario, it is certain that the thoughts of making her his wife had never once entered his head; nor, it is probable, had he foreseen the difficulties he now found in gaining his point, he never had attempted to address her at all; but the humour of mankind is such, as not to endure being overcome, and to desist after having proceeded so far, seemed to him a meanness of spirit, and he thought would argue a pusillanimity and diffidence in himself, which his pride could by no means submit to.

Her letter, however, both astonished and gave him an infinite vexation. He easily perceived by it, that she had more resolution and strength of mind than he could have possibly expected to find from a person of her years and experience of the world, and how to answer it in such a manner as might effectually deceive her, and at the same time not prove himself a deceiver, should the affair ever become public, took him up a long consideration.

Puzzled as the innocent Jemima had been in dictating her epistle, Lothario, though an adept in all the arts of intrigue, was not less so to make a proper reply to it; nor, perhaps, would have been able to do it in such terms as would have been satisfactory to her, and yet agreeable to his own designs, had not invention come suddenly into his head, perfectly conformable to the baseness of his heart, and, I believe, the only one that could have been found out to ensnare the person, whose undoing he thought nothing too much to accomplish. But as the old poet justly enough observes,

“ ——— What cannot wicked will effect,
 “ When bound by no restriction but its own,
 “ And bent to act whatever it inclines ?”

Thus Lothario having formed his scheme, returned, to the plain sincerity of Jemima, this ambiguous, but delusive answer : —

TO THE BEAUTIFUL JAMIMA.

" Sweetest of Creatures,

" IT were to attempt an impossibility to go about to describe that unspeakable rapture which overwhelmed my heart at the receipt of your dear letter. A thousand and a thousand times I kissed the charming name, before I had power to examine the contents to which it was subscribed; but when I had gained power enough over myself to do it, good Heaven! how much was I surprized, not, my lovely maid, at the proof you seem to require of my affection, but that there was a possibility for you to doubt if any thing in my power would be refused: Every request, every wish of your's shall always have with me the force of commands, and it would be the greatest joy Heaven could confer upon me, to anticipate all you can desire. I have to say to you on that head, and therefore entreat you will give me an opportunity of revealing to you a secret, which indeed I intended should have died with me, but now find an absolute necessity of entrusting to you.

Dalinda is this evening, I know, engaged at Lady Rounciful's, I will therefore come as if designing my visit to her, but beseech you to be at home, that I may offer you a more convincing testimony of the validity of my flame, than that insufficient one mentioned in yours.

In the mean time, my angel, be careful how your too scrupulous thoughts may wrong a heart wholly devoted to you, and which will ever be so while life remains in

Your most passionate,
and faithful admirer,
LOTHARIO."

" P. S. The caution you observed in sending to me gives me the highest idea of your prudence and good sense; but you will find, when I have had the pleasure of imparting something to you, that your good angel had a hand in inspiring you with it on this occasion, and that there was an astonishing necessity for the happiness of us both, that you should act in the manner you did."

This

This letter had all the effect it was intended to have in exciting the most impatient curiosity in Jemima, and engaging her to allow him another private conversation.—She longed with no less earnestness than himself for the appointed time of her aunt to go abroad, and his approach, that she might have the mystery unravelled, and also hear what testimony it was that her lover intended to offer of the sincerity of his passion.

Instigated by motives in which the most rigid virtue can find nothing to condemn, she received him with an obliging softness, which he knowing her too well to suspect of affectation, looked on as a propitious omen to his wishes; but having before well weighed that she wanted not penetration, he had prepared and studied over the part he was to act, to the end that no unguarded gesture or expression should open a way for the least suspicion to gain entrance.

His first salutation on her had a more grave air than she had ever seen in him; and when they were seated, though he began to thank her for the favour of her letter, yet he seemed not in a hurry to explain the meaning of his reply to it, and pretended a kind of inward agitation; when perceiving he was silent on that subject, she let fall some words, as if she was a little impatient for it.

How severe is my destiny, lovely Jemima! How difficult is it for me to behave in so critical a juncture! said he, with a deep sigh. How were the transports your dear letter raised in me alloyed by the command it contained! How terrible was it to me to find you exacted from me, as a proof of my love, what would be the ruin of my love to comply with, yet have it not in my power to convince you it would be so without forfeiting my honour; a jewel ever sacred to me; dearer than my life, and next in value to my love!

These words, instead of unfolding, rather heightened the mystery, and Jemima not being able to conceive any part of their meaning, desired he would be more plain.

On which, Did not you insist, answered he, that I should reveal the secret of my passion for you to Delinda? And was not the injunction enforced by the cruel menace of seeing me no more, in case of a refusal?

I know not, sir, resumed she, blushing, between surprise and shame, whether I might express myself properly on that occasion: But certainly there was nothing so very difficult in acquainting an aunt with the sentiments you are possessed of for her niece; provided, continued she, with a half frown, they are of a nature you are not ashamed to own.

Believe, then, pursued he, after some moments of a well counterfeited disturbance of mind, that I had not waited for the commands of Jemima, to discover to her aunt all I felt for her dear kinswoman, had not that aunt given me too plain, too long, and too continued proofs, that she thinks more favourable of me than I ever wished.

How, said Jemima, astonished beyond measure, can such a thing be possible! Then paused, and reflecting on many passages she had observed in the conduct of her aunt in regard to other gentlemen, hesitated but a very little, before she yielded all her faith to what Lothario alledged.

The truth is, that Dalinda, to say no worse of her, was one of the greatest coquets of the age; vain, gay, and extravagantly envious and malicious against those charms she saw preferred to her own; and this perfect knowledge of her disposition made Jemima now reflect, which before she had not done, that she was not a very proper person for a confidante, even though she had been less interested than Lothario pretended.

She gave an implicit credit, however, to what he said: so liable does the being guilty of some errors render us to be censured of others, of which we are perfectly innocent; for in fact there was not one syllable of truth in what this artful man insinuated of Dalinda's affection for him, and it must be owned, he could not have hit on a more plausible invention to remove all the scruples Jemima had entertained on his keeping his passion for her a secret to that lady.

Fearing, notwithstanding, there might yet remain some diffidence in her breast, he added a thousand little circumstances to corroborate the truth of his relation, as knowing, that on gaining this point the success of his design in a great measure depended.

Being convinced, by her behaviour, that he had nothing to apprehend on that account, he now began to renew the business of his passion—seemed to chide the diffidence she had expressed of his honour—protested he never had a thought or wish tending to the prejudice of her virtue, and had no other aim in view than making her his wife.

The misfortune of your family, said he, is of no manner of consequence to one, who you know has an estate sufficient to support us in more grandeur than is needful for happiness; but, continued he, I have a mother, who, I grieve to say, is of a far different way of thinking. All the perfections that Heaven could bestow on human nature would to her be of no estimation, if wealth and opulence were not added. This unhappy temper in her has prevented me from making those public declarations I otherwise should have been proud to have done, of my inviolable attachment to you: As she has been the best and most tender parent to me, notwithstanding her avarice, and is now extremely ancient, I tremble at the thoughts of sending her to the grave, perhaps, sooner than nature intended, and with the dissatisfaction of seeing me do the only thing she never would forgive in me.

Here he ceased to speak, but Jemima's thoughts were at this instant in too great a perplexity to make him an immediate answer.

In the mean time he looked earnestly upon her face, and easily perceiving, by the various changes in her countenance, every emotion as it rose and fell in her soul, found his work was not yet perfectly compleated; and that also it required the whole art he was master of to beguile a maid, whose own innocence, and simplicity of mind did not hinder her from being extremely cautious of the wiles of others.

He, therefore, first began with all the endearing expressions that love and wit could form, joined with all the solemn protestations that could assure her of his faith, to persuade her to enter into a contract with him, and exchange vows to live mutually for each other, till the death of the old lady should remove that only impediment, which he pretended was between him and the consummation of his happiness.

The

The heart of Jemima was in reality too much engaged to him, without the help of vows, for her to be fearful of breaking those she should make to him in favour of any other person, though an offer should happen, of one as much above Lothario in the goods of fortune, as Lothario was above herself.

She looked, therefore, on this request as an undoubted proof of his love and honour; and thought it would be equally ungrateful to him, as well as unjust to herself, not to comply with it. The engagement between them was as firm as words could make it; but Jemima in that moment considered not the invalidity of a verbal contract without witnesses, and never once exacted, or ever mentioned a desire that it should be put into writing; which, doubtless, was owing to the hurry of spirits the former part of his discourse concerning Dalinda had put her into; and when afterwards she had leisure to reflect, she feared to betray a want of confidence in him, which she knew not how far he might resent.

Both parties were, indeed, well enough satisfied with what they had done: Jemima imagined she had by it secured herself a husband whom she infinitely loved, and with whom she should one day live in all that splendour which is so enchanting to a young heart, though never so well fortified with virtue and discretion. Lothario, on the other hand, flattered himself, that he had by this means put off her guard, and lulled to sleep all those scruples which had hitherto prevented him from the accomplishment of his dishonourable design upon her innocence.

He would not, however, too suddenly seem to take advantage of the contract, lest such a behaviour should, and would infallibly have done, make her believe, that all his professions of fidelity were no other than snares to deceive her: but gently and by degrees he became more and more free, and whenever she attempted to repulse any liberty she thought too great,—Are you not my wife? would he cry to her; though the ceremony of the church be yet uncelebrated, the vows we have exchanged are the essential parts of marriage—you ought not then to deny every thing to my impatient passion.

To

To which she always resolutely answered, that she should ever look upon her soul as his wife, but as to her person it must remain a pure and undefiled virgin bride, till those mystic words should be pronounced, which alone had the power of converting two distinct bodies to one.

He affected to laugh at the logical definition she gave of the union of marriage; but **was** not a little disappointed to find all the artifices he had practised with such success on others, had **not** the desired effect on her. He had **now** but one card more to play, and that was to persuade her to marry him privately; alledging, in the first place, the violence of his passion; and in the next the danger of their secret intercourse being discovered by her aunt; who, he said, would, doubtless, be malicious enough to do every thing in her power to separate them for ever.

This was an offer which Jemima had not power to refuse, not only because her heart took a part in it, but also because her reason seemed to approve it.

She reflected, that the sacred ceremony was not less binding for not making a great noise: That private marriages were almost as frequent as public ones; that nobody could condemn her for securing to herself so great a fortune; and that, as it was the last and greatest testimony of his honourable intention towards her, it would be rather an overstrained modesty than real prudence to refuse accepting it.

There required, therefore, not many arguments to prevail on her to consent to a thing, which she not only wished for in her own mind, but was convinced was right in itself: she agreed to be disposed of by him in the manner he desired; provided only, that nothing of the necessary forms of marriage should be wanting.

He told her, that he should be no less careful than herself in that point; that he had one friend whom he would venture to confide in, and he it was that should perform the office of father: that he would take care to provide a licence from Doctors Commons, and a ring, only desired that she would yield that the ceremony might be performed in some private room, because it was impossible to an-
swer

swer, but some accident might betray the whole affair if it were celebrated in a church, notwithstanding all the caution that could be observed.

As she knew nothing was more customary among persons of condition than marriages of this nature, she made not the least objection as to the place he judged proper for the performance.

This material point being settled, they proceeded to others in relation to her way of life after marriage. In the first place, she was to quit her aunt's house on the very day, and retire to lodgings he should prepare for her; and as they could not cohabit together, he was to pass only for one of her kindred when he came to visit her: that whenever he went out of town, he was to supply her with a sufficiency to defray all expences she should or could possibly be at till his return: that he should write constantly, but without subscribing his real name, once at least every week, during his absence at any time; and that her answers should be always contrived, so as to pass for those of a gentleman of his acquaintance, in case any of them should happen to be intercepted, either by his mother, or any other person.

All other preliminaries being fixed, to the satisfaction of both parties, Lothario prepared lodgings for Jemima, a ring, licence, and every other requisite for the nuptials the very next day, and the ensuing one, early in the morning, she packed up her clothes, and quitted her aunt's house, leaving a letter directed for her, which contained these lines:—

TO MY HONOURED AUNT.

“MADAM,

“AN opportunity now offering of easing you of the trouble I have so many years been to you, I gladly embrace it; and hope you will pardon my not acquainting you either with the motives of my departure, or the place to which I go. Be assured, there are strong reasons for my acting in this manner; and that wherever I am, I shall do nothing that may call a blush into the face of any of my family

family. Think and speak therefore favourably of me, I beseech you, madam, till the situation of my affairs permits me to acquaint you with the truth, and the world shall be made sensible of the fortune of,

Madam,

Your most obedient niece,
and humble servant,

JEMIMA."

With a heart perfectly at ease, and unapprehensive of any future storms in her voyage of life, did our Jemima now launch out into the wide ocean of the world: She discerned not the rocks and sands which lay between her and that harbour of calm delights so enchanting in the prospect; nor had she skill to see the gathering clouds, which were that instant preparing to burst in fury on her head.

It must be confessed, she had behaved with a discretion superior to her years, and such as not all her sex, who love as well as she did, would have been able to preserve, amidst so many temptations: But, alas! how weak are all the efforts of female wit against a lover armed for our undoing.

Lothario, who meant nothing less than not to perform one syllable of all the promises he had made her, finding it impossible to gain her on any other terms than marriage, and bent not to be frustrated in his wish, resolved to humour her with a mock ceremony; and to that end got a fellow, who was dependant on him, to personate a clergyman; his own valet de chambre, whom she had never seen, was habited like a country gentleman, and acted the part of the friend he had told her of in giving her hand.

To add to the seeming sincerity of the thing, when he pronounced, after the sham parson, these words — 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' he put into her hands a purse, containing two hundred pieces of gold. When the ceremony was over, he invited the pretended doctor and gentleman to partake of an entertainment he had caused to be prepared at a neighbouring tavern; but they both excused themselves, being ordered to do so, fearing,

no doubt, but *Jemima* might discover something by their behaviour, if with them any longer time, that did not appear of a piece with the characters they represented.

Not only in this, but in every thing else, he preserved such an extreme caution, to hinder her from having the least suspicion how cruelly she had been betrayed, that not even the bare thought there was a possibility of it ever once entered her head.

She lived therefore happy, because contented; she had not been accustomed to much public diversion; nor was she so desirous of it as most young people are: Her aunt, though the gayest woman in the world, and a continual sharer in all the modish pleasures of the town, had always confined her at home, working some curious ornament or other for her dress, or else employed in family affairs; so that living in the manner she was now obliged to do, in order for her concealment, was not at all irksome to her: she had some hours, almost every day, the company of the man she loved, and knew no want of any other.

But this halcyon season lasted but a short time: business, or a satiety of the charms he had taken so much pains to gain, now called him to the country. Prepared as she was for it, by the knowledge he did not live constantly in town, she could not think of parting without agonies insupportable: He did not, indeed, fail to comfort her the best he could, and assured her he would contrive to make his absence as short as possible; nor did her inexperience of mankind enable her to discover, that what he said to her were rather words of course, than flowing from the sincere ardors of affection, so had not that addition to her grief.

Soon after he was gone, she found herself with child, which before she had been insensible of: She wrote the news of it to him in the character of a third person, as had been agreed between them; and received for answer, that he would not have her under any concern about her pregnancy, for he should not fail to take a proper care both of her and the infant she should bring into the world; but expressed nothing of that satisfaction at hearing she was about to make him a father, as might have been expected from a husband who so tenderly loved his wife, as she had flattered herself he did her.

She

She could not help being a little alarmed at it at first, but the consideration that the fears of intercepting might lay some restraint upon him, joined to the confidence she had both in his love and honour, soon dissipated all uneasy reflections on that score.

In about four months after he returned to town; but his presence, which she had imagined would give her perfect happiness, in a great measure destroyed what she had enjoyed in his absence. While he continued in the country, she was every day pleasing herself, that the time of his approach still grew more near, and indulging the idea of those felicities she doubted not but his coming would bestow; but when she saw him, how were all those golden hopes frustrated? His words indeed were obliging, but his looks gave the lie to his tongue: His eyes, those true intelligencies of the heart, no longer sparkled with that impatient ardor which once was the indication of his passion: The visits he made her were much shorter than usual: He was always full of business; always in a hurry; and whenever she mentioned the condition she was in, and seemed to lament, that a child really begot in honour, should, at its first entrance into the world, be looked upon as the offspring of shame, he only affected to laugh at her romantic notions, as he called them, and said, he thought she had reason to be quite easy; that the finest women in the world had gone through the same; and that when once the time arrived that he should acknowledge her for his wife, she would be amply recompenced.

All this *Jemima* knew as well as he, and had often reflected on as the only comfort under her present situation; but then she thought the remonstrance did not so well become his mouth, and that the delicacy of his passion should have made him rather grieve that she could not appear at present with all the advantages of being his wife.

She did not, however, make any complaints on this score; and though she had too much reason to suspect a very great decay in his affection, yet she only endeavoured, by all the endearments in her power, to awaken it to its former energy, without letting him know she perceived any alteration.

But what secret anguish she endured while acting in this manner, let any woman, whose prudence has enabled her to do the same, be judge?

As for Lothario, he gave himself no trouble to dive into her sentiments, but contented himself with finding she made him no reproaches. The truth is, he was now entirely taken up with a new object: The charms of a lady in the country had rendered him utterly forgetful of those he had left in town; nor did his return to Jemima call back any of those languishments he once had felt for her.

He staid no longer in London than some business which brought him up absolutely obliged him to do; and when he took his leave of Jemima, ordered her not to write to him till she could receive a letter from him; because, as he said, he was going to pass the hunting season with some relations he had in a different country, and could not fix any place to which they might with safety be directed.

This story, though invented merely to avoid the trouble of her letters, and the pains of dissimulation in answering them, was believed as sacred truths by Jemima; and tho' she regretted the suspension of the only pleasure she could enjoy in his absence, yet she did not, even in thought, murmur at the occasion.

But, not to be too tedious—He departed; many weeks passed over without any letter from him; and, as the expiration of her pregnancy drew near, her anxieties increased; but what was a considerable augmentation of her distress, the persons with whom she lodged having all along regarded her as a kept mistress, and indeed had no reason to do otherwise, told her, that she must not expect to lie-in at their house; that her being there so long had occasioned much talk in the neighbourhood; and that if she did not speedily remove, they should be obliged to send to the officers of the parish.

How hard was all this to be borne by a woman, who was conscious she never had transgressed the rules of virtue, and detested far more than death being the creature they imagined!

It was in vain she offered to deposit in their hands more than the sum that would have been demanded by the parish. All she could say had not the least effect on their inexorable

able hearts; they told her, that it was by the reputation of their house they lived, not by such as she; that they would have no bastard born among them; and, in fine, reproached her in a manner which would have made any one less sincere to her promise, declare the whole truth: but the duty she owed Lothario as a husband—the obligation he had laid her under of keeping their marriage an inviolable secret, and the firm belief she had that her innocence would one day be cleared, gave her patience to sustain, not only this shock, but also many others which afterwards she met with.

Her youth, however, her condition, and the good nature and complaisance she had always behaved with in the family, at last wrought so far upon them, that they promised to speak to a midwife of their acquaintance, with whom, they told her, she might live till delivered of her burthen, and, if she thought fit, for a sum of money, leave it behind her, to be disposed of so as never to be troublesome to her.

The first part of this offer was too agreeable to Jemima not to be accepted with thanks; but the latter shocked her soul, to think there could be women in the world capable of such barbarity to their children, as to leave them to the mercy of those mercenary creatures.

She expressed, notwithstanding, no part of her sentiments on that head to them, perceiving they were fixed in this opinion, and any thing she could urge in vindication of herself, would appear no more than the affectation of a virtue she was far from putting into real practice.

A bargain, though at a very extravagant rate, being made, Jemima removed with an aching heart to her new habitation, where, however, the fawning behaviour of the woman (which she mistook for true good-nature and compassion) rendered her in a little time more easy.

As she had now more reason than ever to be impatient for a letter from Lothario, which till she received she could not write to him, and the people whom she had lodged with had assured her, that the moment one directed for her should arrive, they would send it to her, she was also well satisfied on that score.

At

At least she was so till a much longer time than she expected was passed over without any letter being brought; and the hour of her delivery being come, she found herself the mother of two sons; then it was she began to think it cruel in him, who alone had the power of comforting her, to shew so little regard to what might be her fate.

Let any one figure to themselves the melancholiness of her condition—no husband, no relation, no friend about her to alleviate that rack of nature, in which all the tenderness that can be shewn, and every kind of consolation that can be given, is necessary to render it supportable; yet how light, how trifling, were the sorrows she now endured, to those which soon, very soon after, she was obliged to bear.

She had not been long confined to her maternal bed, before her maid, whom she had hired after leaving her aunt's house, and had been recommended to her by the people with whom she lodged, went privately away in the night, taking with her all of value that poor Jemima was mistress of, not only her money, but her watch, tweezer, a diamond solitaire, and several other trinkets, which Lothario, in his days of fondness, had bestowed on her, leaving her nothing for defraying the expences of the place she was in, and supporting herself and children, but a few cloaths.

It must be owned that this was a great loss, but Jemima felt not half the weight of it at first; she considered herself as married to a man who could, and she doubted not would, repair it amply; therefore made herself not much uneasy about it.

But when the time, in which women in her condition usually keep their children, was expired, and she had received no letter from Lothario, then it was that she began to feel how truly miserable she was—no nurse provided for children—no money to defray the charges of her lying-in—the late cringing behaviour of the midwife now turned to sourness and threats of putting her out of the house. In this terrible situation she ventured to write to Lothario, and with much persuasions prevailed with the woman to permit her to stay till such time as she might reasonably expect an answer.

No answer, however, coming, the cruel old wretch compelled her to sell her cloaths, in order for the payment of her money, then turned her out of doors with both her children, for nobody would take the charge of them, without security that they should not become burthensome to the parish.

Behold her now a wretched wanderer ! no friend to relieve her ! no habitation in which she might shelter herself and infants from the inclemency of the air ! To have recourse to her aunt, seemed little promising ; yet did she venture to write to her, letting her know she was married, though not to whom, and beseeching she would afford her some relief, or at least not to suffer her two babes to perish for want of proper care being taken of them.

She had got leave to sit in a shop while she wrote, and sent this letter by a boy that ran on errands for the neighbourhood ; but that inhuman woman was so far from taking any compassion on her case, that she ordered one of her maids to go to the place where the boy had said she was, and tell her that she would have nothing to do with her : that if one shilling would save her and her brats from starving, she would sooner throw it in the kennel than bestow it on her ; and that if she durst to come into the neighbourhood where she lived, she would send her to the house of correction.

The poor girl was obliged to obey her lady in delivering this cruel message, but softened it as much as her capacity, or indeed the meaning of it would bear.

Though Jemima, who knew perfectly well the severity of her aunt's temper, had armed herself against the worst she had to expect, yet she could not hear this unnatural reply to her request without swooning away : The people of the shop had the compassion to give her a glass of water with some drops, but as soon as she recovered, desired she would go, as they knew not what might happen, and she had two children with her.

Dalinda's maid could not forbear shedding tears to see a person, on whom she had waited, reduced to this miserable condition ; and put three shillings into her hand, which she said was all she at that time was mistress of.

Poor Jemima thanked her with a humility befitting her present state, but told her, that whatever the opinion of the world might be of her, she did not doubt but in a short time to be able to repay the shillings she had lent with more than an equal number of guineas.

She then went to several houses which had bills for lodgings on their doors, hoping to get some shelter till she could write again to Lothario; but the little infants she had in her arms prevented every one from taking her in, and it growing towards dark, she was obliged to go to an inn, where even there she could not be admitted, till she had consented to be locked all night into her chamber; so fearful were they of her going away before they were stirring, and leaving the children on their hands.

How dreadful was this night to our unhappy sufferer? With what floods of tears did the fair forlorn hang over the dear babes, and mourn their wants more than her own: while they, insensible of their misfortunes, fed from their mother's breast, smiled in her face, and seemed to chide her griefs.

Yet was she not so lost and overwhelmed as to be incapable of reflection; she remembered there was a just, a merciful, and an almighty Power, who saw her miseries, and knew she had not by any act of shame brought them upon herself, she therefore doubted not but to find relief from them, tho' by what means she could not foresee.

(To be continued in our next.)

POETRY.

THE CRUEL SQUIRE ;

O R,

HOME IS HOME, HOWEVER HOMELY.

IN a cot of mud, instead of brick,
Liv'd an old couple, Nell and Dick :
Hard they labour'd while the cou'd,
To rest in age, when rest all shou'd.
Their honest handy-work was sped,
And Dick their only child was dead.
So, frugally, and not the best
They eat and drank, and took their rest,
Not doubting but their stock would hold
Till the last sheet around them roll'd.
No chimney-side but learnt to tell
Strange tales of happy Dick and Nell.

B b b

To

To know the truth, one day the 'squire
 Call'd in and warm'd him at their fire ;
 Eat toasted cheefe, and drank some ale,
 Not like his own, 'twas small and stale.
 But how it touch'd his soul to find,
 In such a pair, such peace of mind !
 Not touch'd him, as it ought, to raise,
 At once, his wonder, and his praise ;
 Wonder that blifs should dwell so low,
 And praise, that Heav'n ordain'd it so.
 The marrow-piercing thought was this,
 ' Wealth pines ! and poverty has blifs !'
 My friends, quoth he, with artful guile,
 Thus age and honesty shou'd smile.
 You lead your lives as sweetly here,
 As I, with all I boast a year.
 Yet, if you'll come, and with me spend
 A month or so, my chaise I'll lend ;
 You shall be welcome, I protest,
 I would not wish a worthier guest.'
 They knew not what to think or say,
 But thank'd him, in their home-bread way.
 ' Mayhap, said Nell, the 'Squire's in joke.'
 He vow'd he most sincerely spoke ;
 And they should find it. Home he went :
 And chaise, indeed, next morning sent.
 Said Nell, ' The favour's vast and high !
 We dare no other than comply.'
 Dick said, ' We'll risque it, Nell, dy'e see.
 Nay, what's the Squire to you, and me ?'
 A second thought the first confutes,
 So quick they don'd their Sunday suits,
 And bowl'd away ; drest at his door,
 The 'Squire receiv'd them. When before,
 To guests like these, was mansion wide ?
 The rooms had don'd their utmost pride ;
 The servants waited gay and thick,
 To Nell, said madam, Sir, to Dick.
 They din'd and supp'd, on twenty dishes,
 And lay——O far beyond their wishes !

Thus

Thus wore a week, the 'Squire so kind !
 Alas ! they knew not half his mind !
 Dick was fatigu'd, and so was Nell.
 Quoth Dick, ' I'll feign myself not well ;
 Nor will the thing be feigning quite,
 I'm sick at heart, and you're not right,'
 Here wisely, Dick, forbore to name
 What Nell advis'd the day they came.
 Mark this, upbraiding husbands all ;
 A wife's past failings ne'er recal.
 Their sickness to the 'Squire they told,
 Said, ' They might die, for they were old,
 And 'twas their wish, an't pleas'd the sky,
 Where they had liv'd, in peace to die.'
 The 'Squire agreed, but with a sneer,
 Cry'd, ' O, you're discontented here !'
 He sped them going, but how pain'd,
 That his vile end was yet ungain'd !
 End ne'er was viler, for 'twas this,
 To change his anguish for their bliss.
 This end he fancy'd must ensue,
 If instant open'd on their view,
 Scenes of gay affluence quite unknown,
 Which pride would prompt to wish their own.
 But pride was far from them ; their end
 Was just to live, and not depend.

That night, said Dick, as round the fire
 They sat, " Heaven's blessing crown the 'Squire,
 But not his greatness to partake,
 Wou'd I this little cot forsake.
 Our ale beats all his sparkling wine,
 For that's the 'Squire's, and this is mine.
 There, when behind their master's back,
 Cou'd I command or Tom, or Jack ?
 No ; this would laugh, and that would snigger,
 And cry, Good luck ! that awkward figure !
 Here, when I please, to Nell I say,
 Do this, or that, and she'll obey,
 Obey with such concern to please,
 As easy, but when I'm at ease,

And what I value more than life,
 Nell's all mine own ! my all ! my wife !
 Quoth Nell, and round his neck she flung
 Her arms, 'I lov'd thee less when young,
 You're all to me ! no more we'll roam !
 However homely, home is home.'

In this let men of fortune rest,
 That Heav'n impow'rs them to be blest
 For cots of mud, wish'd well or ill,
 When'er they can be happy, will.
 Still, still may vice, to Heaven's high praise,
 But crush herself, and virtue raise,

THE VANITY OF AMBITION.

———— Mors sola fatetur

Quantula sunt Hominum corpuscula. —

Juv.

THERON, amongst his travels, found
 A broken statue on the ground ;
 And searching, onward as he went,
 He trac'd—a ruin'd monument.
 Mould, moss, and shrubs had overgrown,
 The sculpture of the crumbling stone ;
 Yet e'er he pass'd, with much ado,
 He guess'd and spelt out——Sci—pi—o.

Enough

Enough, he cry'd, I'll grudge no more
 In turning the dull stoics o'er ;
 Let Pedants waste their hours of ease,
 And sweat all night at Socrates ;
 Teach boys, with tedious notes and rules,
 (Those idle *recipes* of schools,)
 To cure Ambition ; I can learn
 With greater ease, the great concern
 Of mortals ; how we may despise
 All the gay things below the skies.

Methinks, a mould'ring pyramid
 Learns us what ancient Sages said ;
 For me, these shatter'd tombs contain
 More morals than the Vatican.
 The dust of Heroes cast abroad,
 And kick'd, and trampled in the road ;
 The reliques of a lofty mind,
 That lately wars, and crowns design'd
 Toft, for a jest, from wind to wind,
 Bid me be humble, and forbear
 Tall monuments of fame to rear,
 Which are but castles in the air.
 The tow'ring heights, and frightful falls,
 The ruin'd heaps and funerals
 Of smoking kingdoms, and their kings,
 Tell me a thousand mournful things
 In melancholy silence——

—————He,
 That living, cou'd not bear to see
 An equal—now lies torn and dead—
 Here, his pale trunk—and there, his head.
 Great Pompey ! while I meditate,
 With solemn horror, thy sad fate,
 Thy Carcass scatter'd on the shore,
 Without a name—instructs me more—
 Than my whole library before.

Lie still—my Plutarch then, and sleep ;
 And, my good Seneca, pray keep
 Your volumes clos'd for ever, too ;
 I have no further use for you ;

For when I find my virtue fail,
 And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
 I'll take a turn among the tombs,
 And see whereto all glory comes :
 There the vile foot of ev'ry clown
 Tramples a Charles—or Nassau down ;
 Beggars—with awful ashes sport—
 And tread on Cæsar's—in the dirt.

TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

SCIPIO of Stoic cast, who first
 Stoutly refused to fear the worst,
 Who knew no ill could e'er befall,
 When conscious Virtue 's all in all,
 When old Antigonous's son,
 So oft a king, so oft undone,
 Like a tempestuous whirlwind came,
 And sat Megara in a flame ;
 Stript of his all, half naked went
 To seek the haughty victor's tent ;
 The tyrant smil'd, but mov'd to see
 Merit expos'd to misery,
 Ordered the captains of his host,
 To give him back the goods he'd lost.
 Scipio the Monarch's boon denied ;
 Forbear mistaken Prince, he cried-
 I've nothing that I value lost ;
 Wisdom and virtue still I boast.
 The astonish'd victor blush'd with shame,
 Conscious of Scipio's brighter fame.
 This man, said he, has conquer'd more
 By virtue than I have by power ;
 Cities may burn, and empires may fall,
 But virtue triumphs over all.

THE PEASANT OF THE ALPS.

[FROM CELESTINA, BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.]

WHERE cliffs arise by Winter crown'd,
And thro' dark groves of pine around,
Down the chasms, the snow-fed torrents foam,
Within some hollow, shelter'd from the storms,
The Peasant of the Alps his cottage forms,
And builds his humble, happy home.

Unenvied is the rich domain,
That far beneath him on the plain,
Waves its wide harvests and its olive groves,
More dear to him his hut, with plantain thatch'd,
Were long his unambitious heart attach'd,
Finds all he wishes, all he loves.

There dwells the mistress of his heart,
And *love*, who teaches every art,
Has bid him dress the spot with fondest care;
When borrowing from the vale its fertile soil,
He climbs the precipice with patient toil,
To plant her favorite flow'rets there.

With native shrubs, a hardy race,
There the green myrtle finds a place,
And roses there, the dewy leaves decline;
While from the craggs abrupt and tangled steep,
With bloom and fruit the Alpine berry peeps,
And blushing, mingles with the vine.

His

His garden's simple produce stored,
 Prepar'd for him by hands adored,
 Is all the little luxury he knows ;
 And by the same dear hands are softly spread,
 The Chamois' velvet spoil that forms the bed
 Where in her arms he finds repose.

But absent from the calm abode,
 Dark thunder gathers round his road,
 Wild raves the wind, the arrowy lightnings flash,
 Returning quick the murmuring rocks among,
 His faint heart trembling as he winds along ;
 Alarm'd ! — he listens to the crash.

Of rifted ice ! — Oh, man of woe !
 O'er his dear cot — a mass of snow,
 By the storm sever'd from the cliff above,
 Has fallen — and buried in its marble breast,
 All that for him — lost wretch — the world possest,
 His home, his happiness, his love !

Aghast the heart-struck mourner stands,
 Glaz'd are his eyes — convuls'd his hands,
 O'erwhelming anguish checks his labouring breath ;
 Crush'd by despair's intolerable weight,
 Frantic he seeks the mountain's giddiest height,
 And headlong seeks relief in death.

A fate too similar is mine,
 But I — in lingering pain repine,
 And still my lost felicity deplore ;
 Cold, cold to me is that dear breast become,
 Where this poor heart had fondly fix'd its home,
 And love and happiness are mine no more.

REVIEW OF NOVELS.

IPHIGENIA, *a Novel, in 3 vols.* Price 9s. Lane.

THIS story, in itself extremely interesting, is told with the most elegant simplicity, and abounds with observations both instructive and entertaining. It is also rendered still more valuable as the author has in no instance "over-step'd the modesty of nature," and as the incidents it contains are such as may daily occur in the walks of human life. The sentiments are dignified and noble, and the language (admitting a few trifling imperfections) bold and energetic; in short, it is the language of a heart, which directed by morality and reason, has arrayed virtue in the most engaging and brilliant colours, and held up vice as a dreadful contrast, so that it cannot fail to interest every heart whereon the sweet stamp of nature remains uncontaminated. But that the reader may have an opportunity of judging for himself, we shall select, for his perusal, part of a letter, dictated by the father of Iphigenia to her friend in the East Indies, immediately after an interview with the amiable Ethbert, whom they had all supposed to have been dead.—

‘ In a state of mind, madam, unfit to trace with her own
 ‘ hand the particulars of an event that has surprised, affect-
 ‘ ed, and rejoiced us all beyond expression. My daughter
 ‘ requests I will undertake to pen the narrative, of which
 ‘ she is at present incapable.

‘ It was from me you received the intelligence, which,
 ‘ I doubt not, ere now has filled your heart with sorrow,
 ‘ that Mr. Ethbert Worthington, your amiable cousin, was
 ‘ deprived of life, in a manner so truly dreadful: But while
 ‘ you weep over the recollection of that account, remem-
 ‘ ber, that Heaven oft’ permits us to be afflicted by illu-
 ‘ sions; that the apparent evidence of our senses cannot
 ‘ always be relied on, much less the breath of rumour;
 ‘ and that, in consequence of these truths, though the re-
 ‘ mains of the noble Ethbert has long been believed to
 ‘ rest near the dwelling of his hitherto disconsolate pa-
 ‘ rents, though we have visited the spot we supposed to
 ‘ contain his dust, yet, it is possible, all this may have
 ‘ arose from error, and your amiable regretted cousin may
 ‘ yet be in existence, and at this moment hoping again to
 ‘ embrace you, the friend and sister of his soul, and wel-
 ‘ come your return to the delightful shades of Arran-Vale.

‘ Thus prepared, Madam, I trust, you will, without
 ‘ danger of alarm, peruse the following plain statement of
 ‘ facts, for mine is a pen that cannot adorn its tale.

‘ Returning from my late melancholy visit to the un-
 ‘ happy Mr. Wyndham, as I crossed an unfrequented
 ‘ moor, I beheld a cloud of smoke ascending near me, and
 ‘ I drew close to it, I found it arose from a lonely hut, which
 ‘ was on fire in several places. It was a scene of horror
 ‘ exceeding any thing I ever witnessed! The flame began
 ‘ to blaze fiercely! no aid appeared to join the efforts of
 ‘ myself and servant, the hovel being miles distant from
 ‘ any other human dwelling we could observe. The
 ‘ night was fast approaching, and the cries of infantine
 ‘ distress echoed around us from within the hut. I sprang
 ‘ from my horse; I bade my servant follow; but as we
 ‘ attempted to enter, the fire burst forth furiously upon
 ‘ us, and we were compelled to retreat. The cries in-
 ‘ creased; I cannot express what I felt, when suddenly
 ‘ I saw an object issue from one of the windows. I flew
 ‘ towards

‘ towards him, and found it was a man whose youth, and
 ‘ elegance of form and aspect, engaged my attention even
 ‘ in that moment of distress. He seemed like myself a
 ‘ traveller, and after he had leaped from the window, which
 ‘ was at no great distance from the ground, without seeing
 ‘ me, he received in his arms a woman, apparently life-
 ‘ less, and five children, two of them infants, from a per-
 ‘ son, who I found was his assistant within the cottage, and
 ‘ who followed those he had preserved just before the cot-
 ‘ tage sunk amidst the flames.

‘ Worthy Humphry, generous fellow, exclaimed the
 ‘ stranger I had first seen, to the other, who I instantly
 ‘ discovered was his servant, thy goodness shall not lose
 ‘ its reward; take care of the children, while I raise the
 ‘ poor woman, for I do not think she is dead. The ser-
 ‘ vant took the two youngest children in his arms, the
 ‘ rest followed him, and the gentleman gently lifted their
 ‘ mother from the ground, and, turning about to convey
 ‘ her to some place of safety, he beheld me, and started!—
 ‘ The moon was just risen, but the night was cloudy; he
 ‘ could therefore discern our persons chiefly by the light
 ‘ of the fire, but was too much agitated to observe us
 ‘ much.

‘ An errand of mercy brought you to this spot, I doubt
 ‘ not, said the interesting stranger, hastily.

‘ But Heaven, I returned, has appointed you the agent
 ‘ of his preserving Power. We assisted their benevolent
 ‘ exertions, and seating those who owed to them the pro-
 ‘ longation of their being, under a hedge that stood at the
 ‘ extremity of the moor, we consulted together what
 ‘ steps were most eligible to be pursued, and our two at-
 ‘ tendants were dispatched to the next town, which was
 ‘ near seven miles distant, to procure some conveyance
 ‘ for the drooping sufferers. The woman still continued
 ‘ without sense or motion; but her pulse beat, and she re-
 ‘ tained a warmth that encouraged us to hope life was not
 ‘ fled. In this situation we remained near three hours,
 ‘ when our messengers arrived with two post chaises, in
 ‘ one of which were seated the gentleman with the woman,
 ‘ and the eldest of the children, and in the other myself

‘ with the four little ones, while our servants followed
 ‘ with the horses.

‘ Immediately on our reaching the town, medical assistance was called in; the children were all scorched by the flames, but not materially, and the woman began to evince signs of returning animation before the morning dawned. By the hour of breakfast she was perfectly restored to her life and senses, and soon after gave us the following artless and melancholy account:

‘ She was the widow of a laborious man, and with him had inhabited in humble happiness the hut in which she was found, near twenty years. Her husband had been killed by an accident a few days after the birth of her youngest child. Since that she had suffered want, united with inconsolable affliction. In vain she had applied for assistance to the surrounding gentry, who are a disgrace to the name, and last of all to the parish, but was rejected by all. They insisted she was able to work and maintain her family, and refused her any succour. Her children surrounded her, crying for bread, until no longer able to bear her calamity, she took a dose of laudanum, hoping to sleep her last, and the children playing with the fire during her insensibility, must have scattered it about the hovel ere they lay down to rest, and occasioned the misfortune we had witnessed.

‘ Poor persecuted being! said the strange gentleman, as the woman concluded her pathetic story—But be comforted, such evils shall assail you no more: I will, to my best, be a friend to you and your orphans. The grateful creature threw herself before him, and passionately embraced his knees. He raised her with a benig-
 ‘ nity and emotion that spoke him of an exalted nature, and my heart glowed with the warmest esteem and approbation. The cottager retired with her children, to take some refreshment. We interchanged looks of inquiry; but were some time silent, when, suddenly starting from his seat, the stranger exclaimed:—Assuredly it is the same! then approaching me with a fierceness in the countenance lately so mild and benignant, that really alarmed me, and made me imagine his senses must be deranged—Tell me, Sir, he cried, with a haughty menac-
 ‘ ing

‘ ing air and tone, is not your name Sedmore ? I bowed
 ‘ an affirmative, and turning wildly from me, he struck his
 ‘ forehead with his hands, and in a frantic manner ex-
 ‘ claimed. My worst, my cruelest enemy ! Oh, Iphigenia !
 ‘ Iphigenia !

‘ The name of Iphigenia, and the unaccountable decla-
 ‘ ration of my being the enemy of a man I had never till
 ‘ then beheld, interested my feelings, and roused my cu-
 ‘ riosity in a manner I had never before experienced, and
 ‘ I demanded to know the meaning of his expressions.

‘ I mean, said he, that you are a villian ! I seized his arm
 ‘ as he lifted it up against me : There was a something
 ‘ about him that inspired my soul with regard for his safety,
 ‘ and, trembling, I cried, Rash youth, desist ; I wish not
 ‘ to injure or offend you ; I never did designedly ; and if
 ‘ by any means I have unknowingly, I would gladly make
 ‘ you any honourable retribution in my power.

‘ Villains I see, said he, can assume the character of ge-
 ‘ neros and brave ; but you are known to me. Where
 ‘ was that open, liberal, honest spirit, when you seduced
 ‘ an inexperienced girl to infamy—when you betrayed the
 ‘ beauteous, blooming, once angelic Iphigenia, and reduc-
 ‘ ed her to a level with the most base !—When, he added,
 ‘ with a look of horror—oh, when you robbed me of my
 ‘ soul’s dearest treasure !—He was almost choaked with
 ‘ his emotions, and I exclaimed—Iphigenia ! my Iphige-
 ‘ nia ! your soul’s best treasure ! Heavens ! who are you ?
 ‘ and whence arise those mistakes ?

‘ Mistakes ! he repeated—shall we not then believe our
 ‘ eyes ? Did she not descend to wear your name ? Did she
 ‘ not attend you in prison, and minister comfort to you
 ‘ there ? Oh, what must your seducing arts have been to
 ‘ have subdued such rectitude, such purity, such a high
 ‘ sense of honor as she possessed ? But she is lost, and I
 ‘ must forget her !

‘ Lost, I echoed, no my Iphigenia is not, I trust, lost !

‘ Thine ! thine ! he cried, enraged, monster ! Do you
 ‘ avow your baseness ? Now, nothing but your blood can
 ‘ satisfy me !” “ That I shall not refuse you any satisfaction
 ‘ honor can claim, or you can wish, when called upon.—

‘ If

‘ If you know my character, I replied, you must be convinced; but first I am desirous to know your name.

‘ Then know, he said, to your confusion, that my name is Worthington! Ethbert Worthington! I seized him, unconscious what I did, in my arms: but he threw me violently from him, and, as I fell with my head against the corner of a table, I cried—Would you murder the father of your Iphigenia? A scene too touching for my delineation then ensued; he was at first incredulous, but I convinced him of the truths I declared, and to which you are no stranger. The struggles of his heart were inexpressible—his rapture and gratitude to heaven unbounded, when he found that Iphigenia still retained her native innocence and honor, and was then with his parents at Arran Vale, where I was hastening.’

Reviewed by another Hand.

THE author of this novel has evinced great merit thro’ the whole performance, and breathes the true spirit of religion, morality, and virtue.

The heroine is a character perfectly consistent, and irresistibly interesting. She is supposed an orphan, unacquainted with her family or name, and dependant on the bounty of strangers for support; subject to unjust suspicions; surrounded by difficulties and temptations; tho’ she acutely feels her misfortunes, her mind retains all that firmness and dignity so necessary to support her thro’ every trying scene. After many painful vicissitudes of fortune, she at length discovers her father, and sits down surrounded by every earthly felicity. The passion of love in this novel is not made the chief incident on which every other is to turn; it is introduced in so natural and rational a manner, as only to dignify the characters; Mrs. Leopold and Lord Danbury are the foils of the piece. Clarinda is strikingly unfortunate, and the pathetic recital of her sorrows speak so forcibly to the heart, that not to have felt them, must have pronounced us unworthy the appellation of human beings; even the weak misjudging Mrs. Jeffe-

ries called forth a sigh of commiseration. The amiable characters of the piece are such as reason must admire, and humanity can imitate without fear of being left far behind. In short, the whole performance is such as does honour to the author's head and heart, and cannot fail to improve whoever gives it an attentive perusal. The language is correct and elegant.

INDIAN COTTAGE; OR, A SEARCH AFTER TRUTH;
8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Lane.

THIS charming little tale is a translation from the French of that elegant and much-admired writer M. Saint Pierre. The plot is very simple and beautiful, and brings an air of novelty to recommend it; while it presents the mind with the richest repast that virtue is capable of enjoying. While it displays the most extensive and exalted views of true morality, and the genuine philosophy of the heart, it brings to light some of the remaining barbarities of an enthusiastic people—it sweetly contrasts the character of the proud, self-sufficient, and bigotted Bramin, with that of the amiable, though despised Paria, whose well cultivated mind glares with the richest fruits of sincerity, philanthropy, and true religion. It contains also a most elegant satire upon that studious and ambitious class of men who obtained the name of *Dilettanti*; those men whose searching minds and enlightened understandings expanded to the farthest bounds of the earth in quest of gaining knowledge of the most wonderful sciences. These the author gently reminds of their neglect of the most curious and important of all discoveries, that which immediately relates to mankind, and mankind only; and for this reason, with a delicate and remote species of Irony, makes the learned doctor neglect the three thousand five hundred questions of the Royal Society, to be satisfied with three, on which he himself knew not how to determine,

mine, and which the most learned of the *Pandects* could not dissolve. He was soon convinced, that a knowledge of truth was only to be learned from the heart of simplicity, as it only reposed in the bosom of sincerity, and that it was alone worthy of being communicated to the most humble and happy class of men who were blest with these qualifications.

If the translator has not given new beauties to his original, he has not depreciated its merit, as he has no where lost sight of the elegant simplicity and moral rectitude of the humble and admired Paria.

He has very judiciously supplied the reader with notes to explain some terms which would have otherwise been deemed a blemish in the story. The language throughout is very good, and the story told with the most exquisite graces of winning simplicity, although it required not the assistance of studied eloquence to set it off, which is better calculated to give value, where merit, in other principles, is deficient, than to increase the value of genuine sentiment and sound investigation, which never fail to interest the reader when related in the most plain manner.

THE INDIAN COTTAGE. Price 2s. Bew.

INFERIOR to the above edition, the excellent introduction being omitted, and having no notes to illustrate and explain the manners and customs of the East Indies. These notes are absolutely a considerable addition to the work.

THE TRIUMPH OF FORTITUDE AND PATIENCE

O V E R

BARBARITY AND DECEIT ;

A TRUE STORY.

[FROM THE FEMALE SPECTATOR.]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 368.]

HOW great was the consolation which religion now afforded Jemima ! Without that aid she had inevitably fallen into despair, and perhaps been guilty of some deed shocking to nature ; but her piety gave her a courage prodigious, amazing, and not to be paralleled by any of our sex !

She had also the power of considering what was most proper to be done ; money she had none, but that poor pittance she received from the charity of Dalinda's servant ; friends she had none ; she had been kept so much confined by her aunt, that she had acquaintance but with few ; an intimacy with none ; a lodging she found it was impossible to procure : What remedy then remained ? Fate offered but one, and that was to declare the whole secret of her marriage with Lothario : Had she done that, she thought it possible to find some person who would supply her necessities,

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ties,

ties, at least till he could be wrote to, and the truth explained; but even this she could not be assured of, and if she had, could by no means think of forfeiting the promise she had made Lothario, of keeping his name and engagement with her from the knowledge of all the world, till after the decease of that mother, whose peace he pretended was so dear to him.

As she could not be positive that he was either false or unkind, since many accidents at such a distance might have prevented her receiving any letter from him, she resolved to suffer any thing rather than violate her faith.—“I can but die with my little ones for want, said she to herself, and life would be a misfortune to us without the affection and support of him from whom alone we can expect it.”

After many troublesome and confused thoughts, she found the only remedy from starving was to beg, and since that must be the case, it seemed better to her to get, by such means as she could, into the country where Lothario dwelt, than to stay in London without a settled habitation: She thought, if she had but strength to walk, the sight of her distress, and her two children, would excite the charity of some persons to give her something towards helping her on her way; and that when she arrived near her husband's seat, she should be able to find out whether he was yet returned from the excursion he had told her of, and if he was, to send him an account where she was, and the accidents which had brought her thither.

Some may, perhaps, think this a strange resolution, and find it difficult to believe it ever could be put in practice; yet what else remained for her to do? She had no other resource than that one, which, as I have already observed, she was absolutely determined against.

Early the next morning, therefore, did she quit the inn with her dear load, and set out on her weary pilgrimage—What adventures befel her in it, shall be hereafter related, but we must now see what was become of Lothario.

That gay, unthinking rover, now gave himself as little concern about Jemima, as about any of the former victims of his too dangerous allurements: A serious attachment
had

had ever been the subject of his ridicule, and his creed in the affairs of love, these lines of Dryden's :

- “ There's no such thing as constancy we call,
 “ Faith ties not hearts, 'tis inclination all;
 “ Some wit deform'd, or beauty much decay'd,
 “ First constancy in love a virtue made :
 “ From friendship they that land-mark did remove,
 “ And falsely plac'd it on the bounds of love.”



A fine young lady, with a very large fortune, however, being proposed to him for marriage, he either was, or imagined himself, very much in love with her : He was at least enough so as that her charms erased all the impression made by those of the unfortunate *Jemima* ; and though the first letters of that poor creature had reached his hands, he happened to receive them at times when he was in a hurry, going on some party of pleasure or other with the new idol of his affections.

I must do him the justice, notwithstanding, to say, that those last, which contained the history of her distress, had not the good fortune to meet him for some time, the reason of which was this : He was at a very great horse-race, with his charmer, her uncle, and several other of her relations ; and not being altogether free from vanity, as they rode round the circle, he must needs, to shew his skill in horsemanship, oblige the beast to prance and curvet more than at that time he cared ; he grew restive, and giving a sudden spring with all his force, whether it were the girths of the saddle had not been taken due care of, or whether the strength of the horse exceeded the art of the ostentatious rider, is uncertain, but he was thrown off, and dragged with one foot in the stirrup for several yards, before any one could be quick enough to come to his relief.

By this accident one of his legs was broke, and his body was extremely bruised. As the seat of his mistress's uncle was much nearer than his own, he was carried there, and the most skillful surgeon in those parts immediately sent for.

Here he continued from the time *Jemima* was turned out of her lodgings till she had lain in, and was also cruelly forced from the house of the midwife. What letters she

sent came safe to his house, but the tenderness of his mother would suffer none to be sent to him, as thinking, if they were of no consequence, it would be but impertinent to trouble him with them till he was more recovered; and if they were such as might be any way affecting to him, the knowledge of their contents might add to his disorder.

This good lady, however, had not the curiosity to open any one that came, as there were several besides those from Jemima; for, in fine, she was in every thing, except her maternal tenderness, the very reverse of what her son, to carry on his base designs, had represented her.

Heaven, long a witness to the wrongs Lothario had been guilty of to our credulous sex, now thought fit to take the part of innocence betrayed and distressed: His leg was perfectly recovered, but those inward bruises he received brought on him a decay, which was very visible to himself as well as others; he had a continual soreness at his stomach, and an oppression at his heart; in short, he was judged to be falling into a consumption, and the change he felt in his frame of body, made an adequate change in his way of thinking. He reflected on a thousand things he had been guilty of, which, in the time of acting, he looked on only as the amusements of youth, now as the vices of of it; and all those wild frolics, which once he imagined constituted the character of a fine accomplished gentleman, seemed now to him to form that of the most abandoned libertine.

As soon as he was able to endure his coach, he was carried home, where he met with all the letters of Jemima; which, through being obliged to write in a mysterious manner, did not sufficiently describe her distress, nor indeed was then the worst part of it arrived, expressed yet enough to strike him with horror at the base deception he had put on her at first, and his cruel forgetfulness and neglect of her afterwards.

He wrote immediately one general answer to all those from her, letting her know the accident that had befallen him, conjuring her to be easy and satisfied till she saw him, which he told her should be as soon as health would permit; but, in the mean time, inclosed a bank bill of an
hundred

hundred pounds, in order to satisfy the foolish scruples of the people she was with.

This was directed to the midwife's house, for in her last she had acquainted him with being compelled to take that asylum, and arrived two days after that in which Jemima was turned out of doors; the woman had the impudence to open it out of curiosity, believing she should never be called in question for it, or see Jemima more; but when she found the tenderness it abounded with, and the air of respect it carried, she repented her of her temerity, and sealed it up again, with the bill in it, in the best manner she could.

Lothario in the mean time became extremely ill, his inward languishments every hour increased; he loathed his food—was unable to take any repose, yet had not power to quit his bed—the physicians found him in a very deep consumption, and could not flatter his afflicted mother with any hopes of life. He easily judged, by the countenances of all about him, as well as what he felt within him, that he should be but a very little time a sharer in this world: The receiving no answer from Jemima to his last letter, greatly added to his disease—he concluded she was dead—perhaps, said he to himself, through grief of my unkindness, and the barbarous treatment of those mercenary wretches she was thrown among.

At other times, Heavens! would he say, what a monster of villiany must I appear to the world whenever this black mystery is unravelled: Was it not enough, that I, by lies, and all the stratagems that wicked wit could form, betrayed her innocence, and triumphed over a virtue impregnable to common arts; but I must also murder the unfortunate victim of my wild desires! 'Tis possible too, added he, the little wretches who owe their being to me.

Horrors unspeakable attended these reflections: He fell into a kind of despair; but in his calmer moments wished only that she might be living, and that heaven would allow him life enough to make a reparation for the injuries he had done her, and the miseries she had sustained.

Frequently revolving in his mind what it was he ought to do, he grew at last resolute to do it: Accordingly he related to his mother the whole affair, shewing her Jemima's

ma's letters, and explaining every passage; the old lady was extremely amazed, but far from condemning the present sentiments of his heart. But the bare acknowledging his error did not now seem sufficient for the penitent Lothario: He dispatched a messenger to London, the very same man who had performed the office of father in giving him her hand; he had orders to search for her in all parts, and not return till he had found her; and that in case he were so fortunate, to bring her down in a coach and six, with her two little ones, and proper attendants, for a woman whom he declared his lawful wife.

Wonderful resolution! But what cannot sickness bring about? when the gay scenes of life are all closed up; when all the companions of our former pleasures fly our converse, and we no longer are society for any but the old and grave; when melancholy faces only approach the darkened room; when our strength decays, all our spirits languish, and death knocks at the heart; then it is that the idea of our past errors rise in dreadful prospect before the eyes of our imagination, and menace future woes.

His mind, however, was somewhat more composed after the departure of the messenger, but his body had little or no relief from medicine: His mother was inconsolable, but did every thing in her power to comfort him; and as she found the care of Jemima and his two sons chiefly engrossed his thoughts, gave him continual assurances, that if she was so miserable as to survive him, those persons so near and dear to him should share all her tenderness.

The fellow entrusted on this errand by Lothario, went about it with a great deal of alacrity, not only as he saw his master's peace, perhaps his life, depended on the success of it, but also as he had always thought what he had acted in regard to Jemima was treacherous and base.

Having a good horse, and a willing mind, he reached London sooner than could have been expected. The first place he went to was the midwife, whom he rated bitterly for her cruel usage of a young lady, who, he said, might easily be discovered not to be one of those who prostitute themselves for hire. She made what awkward excuses she could; said, It was madam's own fault; if she had told her the truth, care should have been taken of her and

her children too. Then, to prove her honesty, delivered into his hands the letter, with the bill before-mentioned in it.

Thence he went to Dalinda, but with what a torrent of abuse and scurrility did he hear the reputation of the poor Jemima overwhelmed by this barbarous woman! And when he endeavoured to put a stop to it, by assuring her, that she was his master's wife, that he had declared her such to his mother and all his friends, and that he himself had been witness of the marriage; she either did not, or pretended not to believe one syllable of what he said, but persisting in calling her vagabond, infamous strumpet, and all the opprobrious names that malice could invent, concluding with wishing she and her brats might be dead, that with them the scandal she had brought upon their family might cease.

The man was shocked at her brutality, but perceiving that the more he espoused the cause of this unhappy creature, the more bitter she grew, and also that there was no intelligence to be gained from this quarter, took his leave, though not without telling her, he was certain that his master, if he lived, would resent the treatment she so unjustly gave his wife.

Where now to direct his search he was wholly at a loss. Being fully informed by the midwife of the miserable condition in which she left her house, he had recourse to all the parish-nurses, hospitals, work-houses, leaving no place of public charity without making the most strict enquiry; but not the least information could he receive, and after having rambled over this wide city and suburbs for several days without any success, he began to fear, lest in that depth of misery she had been plunged into, she should have fallen into despair, and put an end to her own life, and those which she had no longer any means of preserving.

With a mind, which these thoughts rendered very much troubled, did he set out for his return, almost dreading to see his master's face, since unable to carry home to him any part of what he so ardently wished, that it seemed as if his life depended on it.

Jemima's sufferings were, however, not yet arrived at their period; Heaven thought fit to try her yet a little farther

farther, thereby to make her virtue more conspicuous : while the servant of Lothario was in quest of her with honour, peace, and plenty in his hand, she was running through dangers, hardships, and sorrows, which nothing but the Supreme Giver of courage, and her perfect confidence in him, could have enabled her to sustain.

Slow was the progress she made in her long journey, not being able to travel more than five or six miles in a whole day, though it was then summer, and the sun ruled three parts of the four-and-twenty hours.

It would be endless to recount the many rebuffs she met with when craving any assistance to help her on her way, and the difficulty she found in getting lodging for herself and little ones, even though she offered to pay them for it before-hand. The wretches scrupled to give her shelter because she had not a pafs, and some were cruel enough to tell her, they were sure she had been whipped out of London ; for were she an honest woman, the magistrates would not have refused to give her that testimony of her good behaviour.

Some few indeed were more merciful, and whatever their opinion might be of the cause of her misery, the distress they saw her in excited their charity, and for their own sakes made them relieve her wants.

Alternately she happened among savages and christians, but even the latter, too much influenced by appearances, were very sparing of their bounty ; and it would have been utterly impossible for her, weakened as she was by hard living, and the immense fatigue she underwent, had not that Almighty Being, who, when we think him farthest from us, is often nearest to us with his aid, snatched her now almost sinking soul from the miseries in which it had so long been plunged, and graciously rewarded the virtue it had tried.

She had not reached quite the mid-way to where she wished to be, before she became so weak, that she rather crept than walked, and sometimes was near falling. Unable to support the weight of the two children at once, she would lay one down, and carry the other a little farther ; then place that in the same manner, and go back
and

and fetch him she had left behind, by this means, though she eased her burthen, she increased her steps.

Either a pebble, or some piece of broken glass in the road, had cut one of her feet; and she sat down under a hedge, and plucked off her shoe and stocking, where perceiving the blood run pretty plentifully, she washed it with her tears, and wiped it with a handkerchief she took out of a little bag tied to her side, which contained all the poor necessaries she had for herself and infants.

Little did she think any eye, but that of Heaven, saw her in this employment, till having dressed her wound as well as she could, and given suck to both her children, she was preparing to prosecute her journey in the same fashion, but was hindered by a footman, who came running hastily cross the field toward her.

As soon as he came near enough to be heard by her, 'Stay, good woman, said he, you seem to be in an ill condition to travel; my master and lady, who have observed you, have therefore ordered you should come to their house, and take some refreshment.'

She lifted up her hands and eyes to Heaven in token of acknowledgment, and saw, which before she had not done, the back part of a fine seat, which had a summer-house on the garden-wall, and directly opposite to the place where she had been sitting.

The man took both the children out of her arms, and carried them for her, and she followed, though with a very limping pace, through a little gate on the farther side of the field, which opened into the back part of the house.

Jemima was then conducted into a parlour, where sat a gentleman and lady, both of middle age, but who had all the virtues of humanity imprinted on their faces. The lady asked her several questions, as whence she came, how far she intended to travel, and the reason of her being reduced to such a miserable situation; to the two former our heroine answered with plainness and sincerity, but as to the latter only said, many odd circumstances had concurred to render her so. The gentleman then said, 'I suppose you have lost your husband, perhaps, before the birth of these children. No, Sir, replied she, I hope he is still living,

and that the same gracious Power which has brought me so far on my way, will in the end conduct me to him.'

As they perceived she spoke with some agitations, and the marks of grief were bursting in her eyes, they would not trouble her with any farther interrogations, but ordered the footman to let the housekeeper know, it was their pleasure this unfortunate stranger should have every thing needful for her refreshment.

Nothing could be performed with greater punctuality than these commands; our fair wanderer found herself treated with no less tenderness than she could have been, had she been known for what she was.

But the hospitality of those worthy persons did not stop here. They would not suffer her to think of prosecuting her journey in the manner she had done. They informed her, that a waggon always passed by that road, which went to the place to which she was going, and she should be put into it with her children, and money given to defray the expences.

This was joyful news indeed to Jemima, not only as it would be such an ease to her fatigue, but also that she should arrive there much sooner than she could propose to do by the way she had hitherto travelled; and now all her prayers to Heaven were, that she might find Lothario at her arrival. 'Should he happen to have left his seat, and gone to London, while I have been pursuing him with these weary steps, (said she to herself,) it would be the extremest malice of my fate, and all I have so long suffered will be but the beginning of my sorrows.'

But these desponding thoughts only just flashed upon her, and were gone. She would give way to nothing which should render her unworthy the care of Providence, by distrusting it, and resolute to be always thankful for the good, and to endure with patience all the ills it should inflict, brought her mind into that happy composure, which meaner souls are incapable of knowing.

The third day after her arrival at this asylum, was that in which the waggon usually came by; but little did she think she was much near to the accomplishment of her wishes than her most sanguine hopes would have flattered her with.

How

How wonderful, how mysterious are the ways of Heaven ! By what unseen, unguessed at means, are frequently the greatest events brought about !

She rose early in the morning to give as little trouble to the servants as she could, and came down stairs. As they were preparing her breakfast, and she was sitting with one infant in her lap and the other lying on a little stool near her, a footman came hastily in, and called to the butler, saying, ' John, here's your brother at the gate.' The fellow ran hastily, and presently returned with a person with him, whose face Jemima thought she was acquainted with. But on viewing him more attentively, and hearing him speak, recollected it was no other than him who had assisted at her marriage, and been passed upon her as a country gentleman.

A thousand various thoughts at once assailed her : To see before her eyes a person, who so well knew the truth of her engagements with Lothario, and at the same time to see him in a character so widely different from what she could have expected, raised in her such confused emotions as her spirits were unable to sustain, and she fainted away.

The servants running to her assistance, made the stranger turn his eyes that way, but, good God ! what was his astonishment, his joy, when in the face of this fair afflicted, he plainly discovered the features of her he had with so much pains been searching after. All the time they were bringing her to herself, and some moments after her recovery, he was able to utter nothing but acclamations of transport, and she herself was the first to gain presence of mind to enquire about Lothario. He then gave her a brief detail of the anxiety Lothario was in to see her, and the impatience the good old lady expressed to embrace her and her two grandchildren ; of the fruitless inquiries he had made for her all over London, and how he was returning with a heart oppressed with grief, when he was so fortunate to call that way to see his brother.

Though Jemima did not comprehend the whole of the affair, yet she gathered enough by what he said, to know that Heaven had been working very great things in her favour.

The eclaircissement, however, of her quality and condition, was plain enough to all who heard it; but one of the maids, who had taken a particular fancy to her, was so transported at it, that she could not forbear running in to her lady, and acquainting her with what had passed. The lady herself was astonished at so extraordinary an event, and impatient to be confirmed, sent for Jemima, and the servant of Lothario, whose master they were perfectly acquainted with.

After having gratified her curiosity to the utmost, and hearing the dangerous situation of Lothario's health, she thought no time was to be lost, and therefore told Jemima she should have her coach and six immediately got ready, which, as the roads were good, would carry her home that night.

It would be needless to recite the congratulations of the one part, and the acknowledgements of the other. It is easy to suppose they were befitting the persons and occasion. I shall only say, that the lady would needs compel Jemima to exchange the habit she had on, for a rich robe de chambre of her own, and all other things she had occasion for. She also made the children be wrapt in fine mantles, and as soon as every thing was ready, they set forward, attended by the lady's own woman in the coach, and a servant on horseback.

No ill accident intervening, they arrived, about the dusk of the evening, at the seat of Lothario, where Jemima had the infinite satisfaction to find herself received with the extreme tenderness by a mother whose character she had formerly been made so much to dread.

The first testimony she gave her of her goodness, was to make presents to those who had attended her, which were two guineas to the footman, three to the coachman, and five to the woman, into the latter of whose hands she also put a letter she had wrote to her lady full of acknowledgements of the favours she had conferred on her daughter-in-law and grandchildren, and intreating she would accept of the small token of her gratitude which she inclosed in it, and was indeed a diamond ring of considerable value.

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The happiness of Jemima would now have been perfect, had Lothario's state of bodily health been equal to that of his mind; but, alas, his mortal frame was too far exhausted, and the lamp of life near being extinguished on her arrival. Great precaution was taken, lest what he most desired should be fatal to him; they did not therefore inform him all at once that she was come, yet when he saw her, he fell into faintings alarming to all present.

It would be impossible to describe the concern that overwhelmed her tender heart, and what a mixture of delight and grief she felt at the marks of an unfeigned affection he gave, on his recovery, to herself and little ones.

Perceiving within himself, however, that his date of life was almost expired, he ordered his will to be made, in which he settled five hundred pounds a year by way of jointure on his dear wife, six thousand pounds as a portion for his younger son, with some few other legacies, and the bulk of his estate on the first-born of Jemima.

But I must not forget to inform my reader, that in order to leave every thing as secure as possible, he had the best civilians as well as divines consulted on the subject of his marriage, who all agreed it was valid, and no manner of dispute could afterwards arise upon it.

His worldly affairs being thus settled to his mind, he devoted himself entirely to the thoughts of a future state, and died in a few days full of resignation and composedness.

Such a loss could not but be very affecting to Jemima as well as to his mother, but both these excellent persons were too well acquainted with their duty not to submit to the will of Heaven: so I shall only say, that after the first emotions were over, each endeavoured to console the other.

Our heroine indeed gave the truest proof of her affection, by forming, and persevering in a resolution never to know a second bed, and by the care of his children's education, who promise to be hereafter shining examples, that, in an age abounding with vice and folly, it is not impossible to be wise and virtuous.

It is now sixteen years since the decease of Lothario, in which time she has rejected every offer made her upon the
score

score of marriage, and has continued to live with the old lady, and paid her all the respect of a daughter; and the other treated her in the same manner as if she had been her own. An entire harmony has always subsisted between them, and the story of Jemima's sufferings being soon made public, every body admired the proofs she had given of so uncommon a fortitude; all but Dalinda, who had too much envy in her nature to hear of her niece's happiness, and the praises given to her, without throwing out a thousand invidious reflections, which, however, were little regarded by those who heard them. A pure and upright mind will, like the sun, ever get the better of all the mists of detraction and ill-nature. As one of the best of our English poets says :

- ' Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
- ' Yet never let the noble mind despair ;
- ' For blessings always wait on virtuous deeds,
- ' And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds."

But of all the admirers of her good qualifications, none was more sincerely so, than that lady, by whom she had been so bounteously relieved, and at whose house she fortunately met the only person who had it in his power to put an end at once to her fatigues.

The two families are perfectly united, and as neither of them are any great lovers of the town, whenever they make an excursion it is only to each other.

And now let me end this tedious narrative with wishing, that whenever any of the fair sex shall be in the dilemma with Jemima, they may, by the same fortitude and patience be extricated from it.

THE
DISSIPATION
OF
LONDON TRADESMEN.

THE public prints have lately abounded with reflections on the dissipation and extravagance of the London tradesmen; many of which, though severe, I must allow to be just. The number of their country houses within a few miles of this city, and the liberal support afforded to so many places of public amusement, &c. especially while our trade continues in its present miserable situation, call loudly for the severest lashes of the satyrast. And happy were it if this evil, so much complained of, had reached no farther than London and its environs. We find it spreading like a contagion to the remotest parts of the kingdom. If we visit the market towns, we perceive there an appearance quite different from what was seen in former times: and even in our villages, formerly so celebrated for their simplicity and industry, pride, and ambition rear their baleful heads in a manner equal, at least, to what is observed in the metropolis. In short, this rage for dissipation and grandeur, so far from being confined to any particular spot, seems to have taken possession of every class of the people, and threatens us with ruin. History informs us, that no state ever subsisted long after the introduction of luxury, and as the same cause must naturally produce the same effect, we shall, I fear, have abundant reason to regret, that so dangerous a guest ever got footing

ing among us. But as I would not trespass too much on the patience of our readers, I shall proceed to give them an account of a late journey, which business obliged me to take into the country.

The first person I called on was a customer, from whom I had long expected a remittance. My presence, though he was apprized of my coming, threw him into some confusion, occasioned, no doubt, by a consciousness of not having it in his power to settle with me as he had formerly done. He had till then paid his accounts with honour, with the strictest punctuality; but the case is now altered. I had indeed been informed before I went down, that in connection with two or three others, he had been enabled to make an appearance much above his circumstances, by a circulation of paper (a kind of nominal wealth, which has contributed to the ruin of many traders) which being now in a great measure stopped, and not having resolution to retrench his expences, lest he should lessen his consequence with his neighbours, his affairs became embarrassed. I accepted an invitation to dinner, where the air of elegance (I might have said profusion) which appeared, at once surprised and alarmed me. He has a wife and five children, from whose dress, a stranger would have supposed them to have been the children of a person of no inconsiderable fortune. After dinner the eldest daughter was desired to give us a concerto on her harpsicord, which she performed in a manner I hope never to hear imitated by another tradesman's daughter. When she had finished, the next was ordered to sing,

“ By my sighs you may discover

“ What fond wishes touch my heart,” &c.

which she accompanied with her guitar, and which I could not help accompanying with the same wish her sister's performance had excited. After taking a glass or two, our conversation turned to something of more importance, though not productive of much satisfaction to me. I was prevailed on to accept of a part of my money for the present, and an assurance that I should not wait more than three months longer for the remainder. I departed with

a mixture of anger and pity at the man's folly and extravagance, in launching so imprudently into expences, which few trades can support, and adopting a ridiculous mode of education which now too much prevails, and to which his circumstances were by no means adequate. I need not tell you, that I did not press him for orders, being determined, as soon as I could close my account, without taking a step repugnant to humanity, to trade no more with a man who was so great a stranger to that œconomy which should ever be inseparable from the character of a man of business.

The next day I mounted my horse, and set off for W—, where it was market-day. I rode moderately on; my thoughts employed on what I had observed in the place I came from; but had not proceeded more than three miles, when my ears were saluted with the sound of human voices, which I imagined were addressed to a pack of hounds; and I fancied, that as I was ascending an eminence, I should be entertained with a view of a chace; but I was soon undeceived; for on turning my head, I saw two country 'squires (as I supposed) whose hallooing had led me into a mistake, and two ladies in smart riding habits, who came galloping behind me, all exceedingly well mounted. I turned aside to give them the road, which they perceiving, slackened their pace; and one of the gentlemen, with an air of civility, accosted me with "How is't, myharty?" Being desirous of company, I returned the salutation, and a conversation ensued; which, however, we had not long been engaged in, before I found that I had twice erred in judgement; for on my observing that there were great crops of corn upon the land, and that it was next to an impossibility that things could continue at the extravagant and shameful price they had long been at, I discovered that my companions were farmers, who, with their wives, I conjectured, were going to W—market. He who first addressed me, reddened a little at the words I have just mentioned, and expressed his astonishment at my sentiments. He said, "That tho' things were higher now than they were formerly, he was surprised that any body should call them shameful, seeing as how they gave so much more for land now than they used to do,

which bore so hard upon the farmer, that it was almost impossible to get a living," &c. Complaints of this sort came with so ill a grace from those I was in company with, and clashed so much with their appearance, that I could not resist the desire I had to enter upon a discussion of the subject; I therefore ventured to give it as my opinion, that though indeed every one must feel some concern for the advance of the rent of farms, yet the small farmers only had a claim to our compassion: They, indeed, might be distressed: but as to the —. Here I was interrupted; was told I was quite ignorant of what I was talking about, and found our acquaintance was at an end; for the ladies were desired to put on, and the poor farmers pranced after them, but not till they had given me to understand that they thought me 'one of the empty-headed Lunnion Cockneys, who thought themselves wonderful wise, but were a pack of d——'d fools.' I received this piece of brutal rusticity with tolerable patience, having no inclination to quarrel, and suffered them to pass on, enjoying a horse-laugh at my expence.

When I arrived at W——, I called on an intimate friend, who was my school-fellow, and whose disposition bore a near resemblance to my own. Whenever we meet, we always communicate our sentiments without reserve. He received me with that cordiality which ever accompanies real friendship, and enquired to what fortunate circumstance he was indebted for the pleasure of seeing me in the country, as he thought I had for some years declined travelling. I assured him, I should not have taken the journey, had I not thought it necessary to wait on my country customers in person; for though I had no reason to accuse my rider of remissness in his business, yet I found the country tradesmen too backward in making their payments, and that indeed trade was got into quite a different channel from what it was some years ago, and which I should not wonder at, if I found them as I went on, living in such extravagance as had already fallen under my notice. I then told him what I had observed in the family where I had dined the day before, and could not help adding, that the mode of living was not more altered among tradesmen than it was among farmers, if I may judge from those

those I met with on the road, of whom I gave the account I have just related.

‘ Indeed, replied my friend, the mode of living is strangely altered in these parts within these few years, and I believe you may find it so in most places throughout the nation. All classes of people seem now eager in the pursuit of dissipation. The tradesmen who do not live and educate their families in the manner you describe, are hardly taken notice of—Industry and good housewifery are but little regarded—Dress, dancing, and music are introduced in their stead. And as to the farmers, those you saw were a fair sample, you may now form a tolerable idea of that class of gentry for twenty miles round. I know no set of men who partake more of every species of fashionable diversion; they are only known on the turf, and in the chace by their uncultivated minds. Were they not betrayed by their rude manners, it would be difficult to distinguish them from the first gentlemen in the country. And with the women it is not now as when

“ Betwixt her swagging panniers load,

“ The farmer’s wife to market rode.”

No, no, every thing of that sort has been long discarded: the duties of the dairy are neglected to attain excellence in leaping a five-bar gate, and no small portion of the time of some is employed in preparation for a display of their persons at a monthly assembly. There are indeed a few worthy characters in the neighbourhood who might justly be mentioned as exceptions to what I have advanced; but, in general, a short stay amongst us would convince you they bear too strong a resemblance to the picture I have now given you.

I shall only add, that before I returned to London, I perceived my friend had not been guilty of exaggeration, and that although the Londoners are justly entitled to the ridicule which has been so liberally bestowed on them, yet the country people deserve no less the censure of the moderate and judicious part of mankind.

G U N H I L D A ;

AN OLD

BRITISH ANECDOTE.

GUNHILDA, sister to Hardicanute, king of England, was celebrated for beauty and sanctity of manners. She had been courted, in her father's life, by the Emperor Henry III. The lustre of this match gilded all the woes which others easily foresaw must arise in matrimony, with a person of this prince's disposition. Humbler crowds of admirers, because subjects, though they were of the first rank, were disdained; and the friends of Gunhilda thought she could not be miserable if she was great. The match, therefore, was concluded between her and the emperor; while Hardicanute conceiving he could not have a fairer opportunity of displaying his magnificence, ransacked all art and nature to celebrate the nuptials. This was done with such exquisite luxury, with such memorable profusion, that it got even into the songs of the bards of those days, and was transmitted by the rude minstrels of the times, in the lays which survived the age of Matthew of Westminster, the historian. At last, the effusion of pomp and luxury being over, the fair bride was sent over to her consort. Henry took in such large draughts of love, that they intoxicated his brain, while jealousy, prompted by conscious demerits whispered him, that so many charms were not made for him alone. Suspicion was strengthened by the adulation

tion of those who found it more easy to sooth than to combat the prepossessions of princes; and at last, imagination forming circumstances, Gunhilda was accused of adultery. Such accusations in those days, were too arbitrary and too delicate, to be handled in the common way of evidence and defence: To be suspected was to be guilty; and nothing could wipe off that guilt but the precarious success of single combat between two champions, one for the accuser, and one for the accused. We must suppose that the fair Gunhilda had, in all her numerous train, only one Englishman; his name, from his diminutive size, Mimecan, bred about her person, and an ocular witness to the purity of her conversation.

The day of combat being come, a gigantic champion for the accusation stepped into the lists, and swaggering about like another Goliath, threw out his defiance against the power of living beauty. The wretched Gunhilda in vain cast round her fair eyes, unable to read in the countenance of any person present, one sentiment of manly compassion for her fate. She was just fixing them upon the prospect of death and infamy, when the generous Englishman stepped forth as the champion of her honour. He was her own page; his years were too tender to make it suspicious that he had any motive for danger, besides the vindication of injured innocence, and his person was too diminutive for Gunhilda ever to entertain a thought of him for her champion. However, supplying weakness with courage, and aiding courage by cool dexterity, the beardless champion, with his sword in his hand, advanced against his enormous antagonist. The security of the latter proved his destruction; for endeavouring rather to tread out his adversary's life than to fight with him, Mimecan was tall enough to reach the giant's hams with his sword, and to cut them in such a manner, that his bulk, thundering to the earth, the gallant boy gave him his death's wound; then, dividing his head from his body, he laid it at the feet of his lovely mistress.

While Gunhilda, with a soul truly royal, looked upon the event of this combat as her deliverance, her narrow hearted lord considered it as her vindication: With open arms he invited her to her former place in his heart; but she, at once
abhorring

abhorring the fury of his jealousy, and disdaining the easiness of his reconciliation, sought peace where it can best be found—in retirement from worldly grandeur, with virtuous affections. In vain were menaces and blandishments applied to shake this purpose of her soul: she obtained a divorce from his bed and person, and died an illustrious example of innocence triumphing over malice, and wisdom adorning innocence, by a seasonable retreat from farther temptations, and therefore from farther dangers.

HERMIT OF THE DESERT,

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

IN a rural retirement at several leagues distance from Ispahan, the capital of Persia, lived Almiradin the son of Scheffan. He was bred there from his early youth, his father, who had experienced the misfortunes attendant upon public life, had withdrawn thither with his son, when yet imperfect accents lisped upon his tongue. Here, far from the haunts of men, he had trained him up in the ways of virtue; he had taught him to adore the great creator in his work; the morning hours were witnesses to his orisons, and the setting sun beheld him pouring out his thanksgivings, he enjoyed all that tranquillity could give, what more had he to wish; he was happy because he esteemed himself so.

His days rolled on in peace till the angel of death removed the venerable Scheffan to the gardens of Paradise. Then first his thoughts began to wander. His guide was

lost, and he suffered his fancy to range in a labyrinth of perplexities. "My father, said he, was good: I esteemed him wise. He is removed long before the time, which I have heard is allotted by nature to the sons of men. Is this the reward of his righteousness. He taught me that the just were rewarded; do not his misfortunes and his death impeach his wisdom? Why also was he driven from the society of mankind, and why am I now alone in this frightful desert? I have been told indeed that the world is full of misery and deceit; those who have been disappointed, may say so; but all men surely are not thus disappointed. I have heard the sage himself say, that some succeeded, and surely those are not always the wicked; if so, where is the over-ruling Providence of Heaven; but thou reasonest in vain, O son of Scheffan, who shall put it in thy power to prove the truth of these things? Bred as thou art in a desert, the sons of men will disclaim thy society: they will reckon thee with the brute creation; thou must expose thyself to shame and vexation, or waste thy youth for ever in this solitude, which is rendered insupportable by the loss of thy father and friend. O, that the days of Almiradin were numbered, that he might know the certain account of the evils he might expect in them!"

While he thus spoke, his heart burning within him, he suddenly perceived an old man, of a reverend figure, in white robes, standing at his side. "Son of the Desert, said the stranger, wherefore is thy countenance cast down? I have heard thy complainings. But what is it now that thy heart requireth, if heaven should prove favourable to thy wishes. Behold the Highest and his prophet shall grant it to thee. Recline now with me beneath the shadow of this palm, and make me not a stranger to thy secret wishes."

Then the stranger sat down with Almiradin, who unburdened his soul to him, and hesitated not to tell him that he wished to see the world, and to experience the satisfaction of its wealth and honors.

"O son of Scheffan, cried the old man, be it as thou hast said, Look what thou seest yonder." Almiradin said, "I see a chariot drawn by Griffins." Then answered the stranger, giving him a casket sealed up, "Mount it, and fear nothing."

At that instant, he saw a monstrous eagle darting down upon a speckled serpent which struggled to get loose from her hold, while she strove to bear him away to her nest; but before the contest was ended, the chariot caught the recluse up into the air, and bearing him many thousand leagues with astonishing rapidity, set him down at last at the end of a long hollow valley, and then disappeared, leaving the casket by his side, which he took up, and walked directly forward.

Upon enquiry of the first person he met, he found this was the valley of Bagdad, and that he was now on the road to that city. Before he entered it, he opened the casket, which was inscribed with his name, and found it to contain oriental pearls and diamonds, of the finest water. —He was not so little acquainted with the world, but that he knew these things must be of immense value. He resolved to report himself a merchant, dealing in such commodities, and going directly to the court of the Bascha, made him a present of a few of the finest among them, in order to insure his favour, and afterwards going amongst the dealers in gold and jewels wherewith that place abounded, he contrived by degrees, without shewing his own ignorance, to gain a knowledge of the worth of his commodities. The most of these he soon exchanged for rich stuffs and other kinds of merchandise, and soon became a capital trader. He thought at one time that this would be the summit of his ambition; but when he had attained to this, he found himself unhappy; he thought his success was envied by some; he supposed that all tried to over-reach him; in fine, he thought the life of a merchant a most toilsome and disagreeable one, as depending on uncertainties, and having met with some little losses, he heartily prayed to Mahomet to be delivered from it.

“ Oh! cried he aloud, that I could be as one of the couriers who stand in the presence of the Bascha of Bagdad!”

At that instant, Hussein, the Bascha's son, was passing by; he heard his exclamation, and bade him follow him to the palace; he took a particular prejudice in his favour, and preferred him at his father's court. They swore the strictest amity; but Hussein had a beautiful slave, whom

whom he tenderly loved, and of whom Almiradin also became enamoured; from that hour he began to hate his friend and benefactor; Hussein, at last surprising him in the very action of soliciting her to prove false to him, a contest ensued, which could not but prove mortal; Almiradin had no other way than to endeavour to destroy his friend, in order to preserve himself. He prevailed, and Hussein fell beneath his arm. He could not but reproach himself; but his safety must still be his principal care. He attempted to hide the body; but he was surprised by one of the youth's domestics; a general alarm was spread, and the guards came pouring in upon him, with the Bascha at the head of them.

"Alas, said Almiradin, brandishing his sabre, red with blood, what have I now to do, but to sell my life as dear as possible." But I might yet be happy were I as the Bascha. The people of Bagdad say he is a tyrant. O prophet! how happy might we all yet be, if they were but governed by Almiradin.

As he thus exclaimed, the Bascha, who led the van, urged by revenge, rushed upon him; the criminal drawing strength and courage from despair, engaged the governor, and succeeded so far, as with one stroke of his sabre, to lay him dead at his feet.

Immediately on this, the guards, instead of rushing to vengeance, began to insult his body, praised the courage of Almiradin, and resolved to put him up for Bascha, without waiting for farther authority. The fickle multitude on being informed of their choice, approved it, and the murderer was carried in triumph to the palace.

He had now attained all his wishes; and now he forgot the Higheft, and his prophet; he looked upon himself as superior to fortune, which hitherto he seemed to have commanded; he gloried in his crimes, instead of being thankful that he had escaped the punishment which they so justly merited, and as he thought he had nothing to fear, he soon became a cruel tyrant.

The wealth, the wives, and the daughters of those, who were unhappy enough to be subjects of his government, were made a prey to his rapine and lust, nor were their lives safe, who dared to utter a complaint. Many of the

principal inhabitants fell by the hands of the public executioner, while Almiradin feared nothing from the power of the Sultan his master, because he thought that prince was at a great distance, and, at that time, involved in a war with his ambitious neighbours.

His first minister and the master of the household had suffered disgrace and death, merely for giving him good advice. Seiston, a wretch of obscure birth, and sordid principles, was his only favourite, because he flattered him in his vices, and by him in effect were all the people of Bagdad governed.

Almiradin had lately made him captain of his guard, as being the only one he thought fit to entrust with such a command. At this very time he had taken away the wife of a principal person in the city, and had ordered him to be put to death, for making remonstrances against such a violent proceeding. The people, already ripe for a revolt, were roused by this last act of tyranny. They assembled and repaired in a body towards the palace. Almiradin ordered out his guards to quell the tumult, and rested himself secure upon their strength and valour, and upon the fidelity of Seiston; but what was his surprise, when a wounded slave came running to him as he sat in an alcove in his garden, who informed him that his treacherous favourite had betrayed him, that the guards at his instigation had revolted, and that they were now coming to seize him, in order to be reserved for the judgment of the Sultan.

The wretched Almiradin now could hope no pardon; he saw death and tortures before him; his conscience reproached him, and the treachery of Seiston stung him to the heart. Now again he thought of the Highest and of his prophet. "Oh! said he, that I were again the Hermit of the Desert, Oh, that I were again poor and innocent, then should I again be happy."

As he spoke thus, the noise of the palace gates bursting made his heart die within him, he sunk down before the seat of the alcove, in a trance; but on reviving (as he thought) what was his surprise to find himself sitting under the palm tree, with the old man standing by him.

At that instant the eagle bore away the serpent in her talons, which she had but just made a conquest of.

While he remained in mute awe and astonishment, "Son of the dust, said the stranger, art thou yet grown wiser? I am the angel of instruction. All that thou hast beheld is but a vision, which was shewn within a space of time, so short as is to thee inconceivable. Go, child of error; Learn that what Heaven has designed thee for must be best. All that I have shewn thee would have happened hadst thou sought the haunts of men. Be thankful then for the dispensation of Heaven." The angel then vanished from view, and Almiradin returning to his cell, spent the rest of his days in solitude.

THE HISTORY OF

ZEMIN AND GALHINDA.

AN EASTERN ROMANCE.

IN the early ages of the world, all the inhabitants of the earth were subject to Firnaz, the genius of pleasure. He was a good spirit, and a favourite of the Most High.—The air, the mountains, the woods, the rivers, the seas, and the subterranean abyss, obeyed his commands; the nymphs, the sylphs, and groves, acknowledged his jurisdiction. To do services to mankind was his greatest satisfaction, and no sooner was an infant brought into the world, than he appointed proper guardians to incite the rising mortal to virtue, or turn him from vice.

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But, of all his favourites, none shared a greater degree of his affections than Zemin and Galhinda, two children descended from a race of kings, one the most sensible youth, the other the fairest girl of all Circassia. As they surpassed their companions in merit, the genius was resolved to supply them with an adequate proportion of happiness, and mutually bless them with each other. He inspired Zemin, as yet but a boy, with sentiments of courage, justice, and virtue. He adorned Galhinda with charms, that none could behold without the most ardent sensibility.

But, in order to render the education of both still more complete, the genius separated the young prince, at the earliest period, from the breast of his fond mother, to a place where he could have no commerce with the bewitching beauty of the opposite sex. A forest, remote from the habitations of men, became his retreat. Instructors the most celebrated were appointed both for his morals, exercises, and amusements. His mind was formed by the most prudent counsels, and tinctured with every science, without its vain subtilties, that only serve to embarrass and perplex. Two sages, whose songs had often engaged the attention, even of the genius of the woods, were particularly dear to him. Those he heard with pleasure, while in the intervals of more serious study, they sung the actions of heroes, and the distresses of suffering virtue. Thus was his understanding formed by precepts, while the manly exercises gave strength and grace to his limbs, and in all these none could dispute the victory with him.

In every gesture, every look, something noble might have been discovered, and all his conversation announced the hero. Sixteen years were expired, and as yet he was ignorant that there was a more beautiful part of the creation hitherto concealed from his view. Firnaz had imposed silence in this respect, nor had the love-breathing lyre told him yet any thing of the happiness of mutual love.

While Zemin, thus unconscious of the power of beauty, grew up in solitude, and advanced in wisdom, Galhinda was formed by Firnaz himself to give perfect felicity. She had, by the orders of the genius, been shut up remote from
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men in a retired palace, where she passed the first years of innocence among companions almost as fair, and quite as harmless as herself. Here she strayed among cool meadows and refreshing streams, attended by twelve nymphs, as beautiful and as fresh as the morning; her young heart was not as yet agitated with desire, and virtue only had a power of giving her any emotions. She would, at proper intervals, descend from her palace of marble to a retired valley, and there with her lute, joined to the sweetness of her voice, celebrate the charms of piety, charity, content, and friendship. These were all the pleasures she knew, and even her dreams had never informed her that there were any still greater.

In the mean time she approached that period when age has expanded every charm. Her desires seemed to increase with her years, and she found in her breast a chasm that friendship alone was not able to supply. She chanced to wander near a glassy fountain; the polished surface reflected back her beauties. Surprised, she stood in silent contemplation of her attractions.—“Strange! cried she: to what purpose are all these charms? Or why have I been made thus lovely? The rose is beautiful, to obtain a place in my bosom; the violet sheds perfume for me only; but why am I thus fair? Am I only formed beautiful in vain?” In this manner Galhinda reasoned with herself, while Firnaz, the guardian genius, concealed in a cloud, attended to the soliloquy.

While Galhinda was thus agitated, Zemin felt not less strong, though equally inconceivable emotions. His brow, once so serene, resembled now the sun hid in clouds. He courted solitude, and fled from his friends, who offered their company. Here he usually gave way to the torrent of his reflections, while Firnaz, his guardian, secretly and unobserved, watched all his uneasinesses, and enjoyed his perturbations. “Now, cried the genius, now will be the time to gratify their desires, and to make two of the most deserving objects on earth happy. With what rapture shall I enjoy their mutual astonishment at first meeting each other! How refined a pleasure is that of being able to please!”

Thus

Thus saying, he flew upon the zephyr's wing to where Galhinda was enjoying a balmy slumber. A dream which had been produced by the genius, presented to her imagination the image of the prince. She fancied him searching the forest in pursuit of a lost friend, with apparent inquietude. He seemed to fly, and while she appeared to pursue, the illusion was dissolved by her waking.

She had, in the mean time, been transported, while she slept, with a rapidity swifter than thought, to the retreat of the young prince, and upon awaking, she perceived nothing but what was strange around. But what were her emotions, when she beheld approaching the very image that had been so lovely in her dreams. She was quite disordered, and the prince himself suffered not less than she did. Language is unable to express their sensations at that juncture. Their fears, their transports, can only be conceived by souls formed for tenderness and each other. In the mean time Galhinda, incapable of resisting her natural timidity, modestly looked down, as if dazzled with his charms. The prince was absorbed in a succession of pleasingly-painful ideas, yet found courage to approach the object of all his desires. He attempted to speak, but he was not able to articulate a syllable. He attempted to grasp her hand, while she gently repressed his temerity. In this state of fear, desire, and mutual admiration, they continued for some time. Firnaz then spread a shining light around them, and appearing before them under a celestial form, thus addressed the happiest lovers that ever added grace to humanity—"Happy, happy, mortals, in me behold the cause of your present felicity. Fate designed you for each other, and I charged myself with the execution of its decrees.—Yet trust not to personal beauty alone for a continuance of your mutual passion; the love which is of a long duration, must be truly founded in mutual esteem. That passion which deserves the name of love, must arise only from an union of those sentiments, which form the basis of the soul. Lovers, formed for each other, are attracted to this happy union, even without perceiving the cause of the attraction. Let humanity teach you to turn a part of that regard you have for each other on those around you. Let not that virtue, in which you have been early instructed, ever forsake

fake you, and still continue to improve by the brightness of each other's example, till you have attained the perfection of the celestial flame." Thus saying, Firnaz surrounded them with a cloud, and disappeared: But he left them, as companions, Wisdom, Joy, and Peace. Those tender lovers were still attended by that celestial guard, and the most distant posterity have learned to admire the fidelity and virtue of Zemin and Galhinda.

SADI AND ZELIA.

[FROM THE INQUISITOR.]

SADI, the son of Mahadan, the rich possessor of a fertile valley, watered by a beautiful river—who had slaves at his command, and was called by the sons of the East, Sadi the Happy. Ah! what avails possessions and treasure? And what is terrestrial happiness to man? It vanisheth like a dream—it departeth like the mist of the morning before the beams of the sun.

Sadi, the once rich and happy, is a slave and wretched. Go tell this to the daughters of joy—sound it in the ears of the sons of pleasure; for prosperity has hardened their hearts, and made them callous to the feelings of humanity.

Zeli was the fairest among the daughters of Arabia; she was tall, and straight as the pine tree; stately as the young cedar; her skin was like the ripe olive: her eyes bright stars; her locks were like the polished ebony; and her teeth, fair rows of pearl; her lips were the colour of the ruby; and her breath like the breezes blowing from the spicy islands.

I built a bower for my Zelia: I adorned it with beautiful flowers, and planted sweet smelling shrubs around it.

With lofty trees I fenced out the sun beams; and the birds dwelt in their branches. In the recess was a silver stream; the osiers and wild flowers hung upon its banks, and the swans sported on its bosom.

I sought my love among the daughters of the plain; I wooed her in the shady places; I brought her to the bower I had planted; I culled for her the choicest fruits; I brought her silks from the looms of Persia; I platted her hair with fresh flowers; I put costly jewels in her ears; and with pearls made bracelets for her arms.

We were the happiest among the happy; in the morning we arose together and worshipped the bright luminary of day. We strayed over the fertile valleys; we sported with the young fawns; or retired from the heat, and reposed in the thick shade.

If I was in pain, she would soothe me. I listened to her angel voice all day; and at night I reposed on her bosom.

The curtain of night had fallen over us; the stars shot their beams through the Heavens; the voice of distress met our ears; the plaints of sorrow invaded our dwelling; we went forth from the bower; we saw a Christian overpowered by his adversary. The blood issued from his bosom; his face was the picture of terror.

We bore him to our peaceful bower; we poured oil upon his wounds, and Zelia bound them up with her hands. She watched him with the care of a sister; she gave him a part of our fruits, and brought him milk from the young camels. He was grateful for the kindness we shewed; he swore by his God it should not be forgotten. But the word of man is like unto the wind; it maketh a sound, passeth, and is no more remembered.

He left our bower once at early dawn—he tarried till the close of the evening.

Zelia had retired to rest; the moon beams played upon her face; I contemplated her sleeping beauties.

The Christian I had saved, entered the bower; he brought with him a band of ruthless ruffians. He seized upon my lovely Zelia; he listened not unto her cries; he
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put a chain upon her feet, and bound the hands which had healed his wounds.

They took our costly ornaments and pearls; they bound me with an heavy iron chain, and led us like two slaves towards the sea. They put us on board a ship he had prepared; they spread the sails; the wind blew from the shore, and in the morn we saw the main before us.

They took the chains from off my hands and feet; they gave me food, but parted me from Zelia.

I heard her lift up a voice of terror; I heard her call on Sadi for assistance; I rushed into the room where they confined her; I saw her in the embraces of a villain; I snatched a poniard from his side; I bade him instantly forego his prey.

Zelia like lightning darted from his arms; she cried, Now, Sadi! Sadi! follow me: Then, from the window, sprang into the ocean.

I sent the poniard to the traitor's heart. I felt its warm blood gush upon my hand; then hastily obeyed my charming Zelia; I called her as I plunged into the sea; I sought my Zelia in the world of waters; but the spirits of blessed saints had seen her virtue; they caught the lovely victim as she fell, and bore her on their wings to paradise.—I called for death to take a wretched life; I sought the friend of misery, but he fled from me.

Some other Christians saved me from the sea; they gave me food, and treated me with kindness; but the kindness of a Christian is like the song of the Syren, it soothes the senses, gains upon the heart; then, unsuspected leads us to destruction. They took me with them to the western world; they sold the wretched Sadi for a slave.

My haughty spirit was not used to bondage; I heard that England was the land of freedom; I hid myself on board an English ship, and sailed unseen into the boundless main. I left my hiding place, and sought the captain, and bowed my face toward the deck before him.

He told me, I no more should be a slave; he brought me with him to this land of freedom.

But here I found I also was deceived; for here mankind are slaves to vice, to avarice, to luxury, and to folly.—The man who brought me from the western world, de-

manded payment for my passage over. Alas! I had been rifled by the Christians. I had nought to give but grateful thanks and prayers. He who had said I should not be a slave, confined me in a loathsome prison house; this was my welcome to the land of freedom.

For seven long years I never felt the air, nor ever saw the chearful face of Heaven; but the angel of death that visits all the earth, then stopped the breath of my hard persecutor. I then was freed from out the loathsome prison, and for a moment I rejoiced in liberty; but soon I felt the gnawing pangs of hunger. I had no friend whose pity might relieve me: the spacious city was to me a desert, and I was starving in the land of plenty. But who can bear the griping hand of famine; who can sink under it and not complain? I laid me down upon the damp, cold ground; I groaned aloud, and tore my hair through anguish; but many passed by, nor once regarded me; and others scoffed and called me an impostor. I thought the end of all my woes was come; I ceased to groan, and waited death's approach; but pity had not wholly fled the world; she dwells within the hearts of Christian women; one brought me something to allay my hunger; another put some money in my hand. One seeming almost as wretched as myself looked at me, shook her head, and dropt some tears. I felt her kindness more than those before; the tear of pity healed my bleeding heart.

But the woes of Sadi will soon have an end; soon shall I sleep, and be at rest for ever, for the sorrows of my heart overpower me, and pain and sickness bow me to the earth. The lamp of life is very near exhausted; and when each night I lay me down to rest, I think not to behold another morning.

And what, alas! has wretched Sadi done! and who reduced him to this state of misery? Go, tell the tale to all the eastern world—Go, warn them to beware of trusting Christians; for Sadi saved one from the jaws of death, and thus was his humanity rewarded.

S U L V I N A ' s E L E G Y.

[FROM OSSIAN.]

COME forth, sign of woe. Roll down, tears of grief.
Mourn the fall of the lovely. Bathe the memory of
the white armed daughter of Morauld.

Why doth the wandering stream smile as it passeth?—
Why doth the finny tribe sport in the crystal flood? Roll
in darkness, ye glittering waves! Retire to the blackest
pool, ye silver-winged!

Sound no horn on my hills, ye followers of the stag!—
Spare the hide of the roe, ye bearers of the bow!

Nod your green heads in grief, ye leafy daughters of the
forest! Sing a tale of woe, ye tenants of the bush!

Why dost thou travel in thy mildness, soft breath of
summer? The fairest flower that ever met thee is low.—
The friendship of the breeze shall no more smile on the
cheek of the rose. The waving ringlets of her dark-
brown hair shall no more tremble on the wings of the
passing blait.

Away with thy voice of mirth, joyful morning! She,
who was wont to shine before thy early beams, shall not
awake. Hang your drooping heads, ye flowers of the
mead! A surly blast has plucked the fairest lily from her
stalk. Lonely is her dwelling in the gloomy tomb. The
sun-beams of coming years shall not smile on her virgin-
charms.

But come, O come, with all thy fable clouds, black-
robed night! Grasp the hills in thy dark bosom. Let the
shrieks of ghosts, the screams of owls, and the course of
meteors, be around me. Let the strength of the angry

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blast

blast bear me on its wings ; and let the spirits of the wind hum their tales of woe in my ear.

Come forth from thy narrow dwelling in the land of graves, thou beam that was lovely. Why didst thou retire in the midst of thy blooming years, like the midnight star, that rushes behind a dark cloud ? The mariners home is near its bed in the western waves. His eager eyes search for it in vain among the boisterous billows, and blustering blasts of stormy night ; but he finds it not.

Why dost thou pour the beams of thy kindness around me, bright queen of night ? The friendship of thy smiles brings no joy to me. More welcome are the frowns of grizzly ghosts, the tremendous voice of bursting clouds, or the surly aspect of the wrathful storm ! Away with thy glaring light, insulting moon ! Hide thyself among the dark folds of nightly clouds. Never shall your smiles call forth Sulvina from the hall : Never shall your silent beams dance round her graceful shadow. The form of her who was lovely shall no more wander along the rustling heath.

The meeting of warriors is in the hall of Morauld ; but the voice of mirth is not there. No white fingers are seen among the trembling strings. Mute is the harp.— Loud are the sighs. What eye can refuse a tear to the lovely !

A cloud has darkened the valley at noon. The sun-beam of my joy is set, no more to return. My eyes shall never more behold its coming forth from the back of the eastern hill.

Then, come, raven-haired night ! with all thy black clouds. Spread thy drowsy wings over the inhabitants of the forest ; and let the tenants of the cottage pursue their blissful dreams among the visionary mountains that rise near the couch of their slumbers : But talk not of sleep to me, gloomy night ; My breast is the house of woe. Tho' thou rulest in darkness over the children of nature, I regard thee not. Wilt thou thyself rest, when the all-lightening sun shakes his white locks in the east : Wilt thou presume to combat the coming forth of his beauty ? No : Thou fliest in haste with thy gathered clouds ; and the wretched only mourn thy departure.

Where is the course of thy journey, black cloud? Rush in haste from thy dwelling in the sky. Bring thy hundred ghosts among the dark folds of thy misty garments. Let the bending oaks and the falling rocks proclaim thy approach. Bear me on the wings of thy strength: Bear me over boisterous seas, to distant isles, where the souls of the lovely rejoice before the sun-beams of eternal day.

Do thou, Sulvina, meet me with the sweetest of thy smiles. Stretch forth thy white hand from the soft robes of thy misty cloud. Look on me in kindness; and, let the mildest beams of thy sparkling eyes fly round me like the breath of summer. Be the pillar of my wandering steps to the isle of peace. Let me taste thy friendship in a land unknown.

PALEMON; AN IDYL.

HOW does the morning dart its gentle rays through the flexible hazles, and the wild rose-trees, whose spreading branches shade my window? How merrily does the swallow chirp on the beam that supports the roof of my cottage? The sprightly lark also mounting aloft, hails with her chearful note the new-born day. Universal nature awakes into life and beauty; the silver dew has refreshed the plants, they assume a blooming air of youth; and I myself seem to grow young amidst this reviving scene. My staff, the support of my old age, will bear my tottering steps to the door of my hut: There will I sit with my face turned to the rising sun, and cast my delighted eyes upon the verdure of the meadows.

How

How beautiful are the objects that surround me at this moment! I hear nothing all around me but the voice of Gratitude and Contentment. The feathered tribes in the air, and the shepherd on the plain, express in their songs the joy that fills their enraptured bosoms; and the flocks upon the verdant hills, and in the vales that are watered with gurgling rivulets, proclaim by their lowings the pleasure that glows within them.

How long, propitious Gods! How long shall I yet remain a spectator of your works, and a witness of your bounty? Already have I seen eighty revolutions of the changing seasons; and when I cast my thoughts back from the present moment to that of my birth, when I contemplate that long, but pleasing period, whose commencement eludes the utmost efforts of memory, and seems to vanish into air, ah! what emotions rise in my heart! Those raptures, which my tongue is unable to utter, those tears of joy, of grateful joy, that flow down my cheeks, are they not, O ye Gracious Powers, too faint returns for the blessings I have received from your bounty? Flow, ah! flow, my tears! Flow apace, and trickle down my cheeks! When I look behind me upon the race I have run, methinks my past life has been like the chearful bloom of a continual spring; and that the dark moments which have now and then clouded this vernal scene, have only resembled those thunder-showers which revive the verdure of the plains, and give new vigour to the productions of the earth. No fatal contagion has ever diminished the flocks of our pastures; no dreadful accident has blasted our trees; no lasting calamity has visited our cottage.

When, in their infant state, my children smiled upon their father; while they sported in my arms, or when my hand guided and supported their uncertain steps, ah! then with what transporting hopes did I cast my thoughts forward to a future day? Beholding those tender sprigs shoot up, I looked, in imagination, to their future growth and maturity, and shed tears of joy. "I will defend them, said I, from all hurtful accidents; I will bring them up with the tenderest attention and care; the Gods will bless and prosper my endeavours; the lovely plants shall grow apace; they shall yield fruit; they shall become trees, and
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the sweet coolness of their shade shall refresh my feeble and languid age." While I spoke thus, I pressed them in my arms, and held them close to my breast. Now, that they are grown, through the bounty of the Gods, to a full maturity, my grey hairs find under their branches a delicious shelter. It is thus that I have seen the trees grow which I have planted about my cottage, during my youth, and which now produce apples, pears, and nuts in abundance: They spread far and wide their aged branches, and afford a pleasant shade to my little habitation.

The most cruel of all my torments was thy untimely fate, my dearest Myrta, and more especially at that dreadful moment when, thy head reclined upon my heaving bosom, thou expiredst in my embrace. Now has the spring adorned, twelve times, thy grave with flowers: But the day, the happy day approaches, when my bones shall be laid close by thine. This night, perhaps, will bring to my wishes that affecting moment.

I behold with pleasure my hoary beard undulating upon my breast, and bearing witness to the uninterrupted bounty of the Gods. Gentle Zephyrs, which flutter about me, don't disdain to sport in the silver folds which flow from my chin. These grey hairs are not without their merit; they are not, perhaps, inferior to the fair locks of the youth, who wantons in the prime of life, nor to the brown and shining curls that float upon the neck of the tender nymph, whose age exhibits the blooming flower of beauty.

Be this auspicious day, a day of rejoicing to my age! I will gather about me my children; without forgetting my grandson, who begins to lisp. I will offer a sacrifice to the Gods; the altar shall be placed here at the entrance of my cottage; I will bind my hoary temples with a garland, my feeble fingers shall touch the lyre; we will encircle the altar, and sing in concert a hymn of praise. When this is done, I will strew my table with flowers, and then amidst festal joy and chearful conversation, we will feed upon the victim. Having thus spoke, Palemon rose with a trembling kind of motion, that arose from his weakness, and leaning upon his staff, called his children

dren, and celebrated with mirth a feast in honour of the Gods.

The evening approached;—Palemon, whose mind was struck with a holy presage of what was soon to happen, addressed himself to them in the following manner:—

“O, my children! let us arise and go hence; let us visit the tomb of Myrta—There will we pour, in pious libation, wine and honey, and conclude this festival with a grateful hymn.”

Thus spoke Palemon, and immediately they arose and went out to the tomb. No sooner were they assembled there, than the venerable old man, seized with a sudden and sacred rapture, cried out, “Let us embrace, O my children, let us embrace.”

In the midst of these tender and affectionate salutations, Palemon, clasped in the arms of his children, was turned into a stately cypress, whose shade covers to this day the tomb of Myrta.

The silent moon, who beheld this affecting scene, stopped short in her course. Whoever seeks repose under the shade of this tree, feels a divine ecstasy diffusing itself through his heart, and pious tears flow from his eyes.

FRIENDSHIP REWARDED.

A TRUE STORY.

JOHNSON and SMITH were two young persons educated in the same house, and brought up to the same business, under the same master, but with this difference, that Johnson was the son, the other the servant, and the former had a considerable independent fortune, the latter no estate, but honest industry.

About three years ago, the parent and the master dying, the young traders were left to themselves: Smith declined an offer of partnership with his young master, merely because it was more than he could in reason or honesty expect, and Johnson generously advanced him a sum of money to engage in trade with for himself.

Smith, who knew he traded at present but with another's stock, and had only industry and frugality for the means to repay the loan, and settle himself in ease and happiness, became the most diligent trader and arrantest slave to a shop that ever kept one; his constant attendance brought him constant business, his obliging behaviour and the probity of his dealings, made every customer a friend to him.

The first year's ballance gave him power to pay his generous benefactor, with great thanks, and before another was elapsed he was become the favourite of every worthy person in the neighbourhood; the sobriety of his life re-

commended him to the favour of a worthy Clergyman of the place, who gave him his daughter in marriage, and by addition of her fortune and the interest of her father, he became the most flourishing trader of the place.

While this was the life of Smith, his young master, whose easy fortune set him above the necessity of industry, was carrying on the same trade in a very different manner; he had easily determined himself to follow trade, indeed, as an amusement for his leisure hours, but, since he did not want it, designed never to be very solicitous about it, but to do just what he liked of it and no more. He took an experienced, good servant (as a substantial trader who recommended him, assured him) and gave him good pay to take the trouble, while he had no share in any part of business, but in the profits of it.

Johnson, however, did not absolutely neglect his affairs of this kind; he appeared every morning in his shop, at noon indeed he dined at the tavern, and spent the evening as a man of fortune ought.

All this while an elegant manner of living, and the necessary supplies for the shop, called for a deal of money; Johnson's fortune was all in cash, he readily drew on his banker, as often as he wanted; he contented himself with knowing that he lived very little above the income of his fortune alone, and as to what trade called for, he imagined he knew that must be returned with interest.

Johnson had, indeed, all the false notions of the generality of our young traders, but not one more; his affairs now began to run dreadfully behind-hand, without his knowing it; but that which to others is a last relief when they find themselves just gone, was now the scheme of our young gentleman trader without his knowing it. A young lady, who accidentally came into his shop, in the morning hours, one day while he was in it, took away both what she bought and her tradesman's heart into the bargain. In short, Johnson watched her home: he was prudent enough, before he made any farther step, to inform himself who she was; and found she was a person of a good family, and worth 7000*l*.

Johnson

Johnson was a man of a polite and engaging behaviour; he soon found means of introducing himself into the family, and as he imagined himself more than an equal match for her, he made it his first step to settle matters with her father. He found less difficulty to get the lady's consent than her father's, and all was harmony and good understanding between them.

All points were so well agreed about the affair, that Johnson found it no difficulty to get the day of marriage fixed. When things were in this state, the lady's fortune was enquired more in earnest into on Johnson's part, and his on her father's. No mistake appeared about her's; but, alas! the looking into his affairs on this occasion, was the first notice of the bridegroom's ruin. 'Tis true his books were full of long debts, and the current account of cash in trade was something considerable, but his fortune was in a manner all drawn out of his banker's hands, and though he had much more owing to him, yet his debts to his traders were not small.

The prudent father now refused his daughter: The distress on her part, as well as Johnson's, was very sincere and affecting, that they must part; while they did it in the sincerest agonies on both sides, nor could the entreaty of the old people prevent the young lady from engaging herself, by the most solemn vow, never to marry any other person. Johnson now went to new-model his affairs, to take his money, and call in his debts; but, alas! his servant went off in the night with his ready money, and his debtors one half dead, and the other half in goal, or in Flanders. It was not so, however, with his creditors—The breaking off of the match set them upon enquiries, and the ill-natured world soon whispered the occasion. 'Tis easy to know what must be the event of this; all fell upon him at once, and his goods and person were seized upon. What now remained therefore for the unhappy Johnson to do? He bethought himself of the friend he had been once generous to; he called in what remained of his fortune, sent for Smith, delivered all into his hands, and begged of him to endeavour to bring his creditors to some composition. The generous Smith engaged himself for the whole, took home his friend, called in his debts, paid

the remainder out of his own fortune, and told him, ‘ My dear Johnson, there was a time when your generosity offered me a partnership in what I had no right to; my trade is now as good as your’s was then; but there is this great difference, that though you owed nothing to me, I cannot but remember I owe every thing to you; and let my gratitude now offer what your generosity then did, a share of all you have enabled me to procure.’”

It was not without much difficulty that the unhappy Johnson accepted this offer; he now, however, saw thro’ all his former folly, and became as diligent as his friend had been. The neighbourhood adored the generosity and gratitude of young Smith, and even his wife and father applauded it. Every thing had been some time happy here, and Johnson knew no misfortune but the loss of his bride, whom he indeed doated on with an uncommon affection; and now, though he had no hope of gaining her, Fortune, as suddenly as she had robbed him of her, restored her to him again: a relation of his dying at this time, left him a fortune twice as great as that he had at first. His love, his gratitude, and generosity now shewed themselves in the most amiable colours; he married the lady, laid the whole fortune into wholesale trade, and took Smith in to be an equal sharer in the profits; and the neighbourhood now see them the most flourishing traders in it, and a glorious example to every one about them.

CLAUDE AND ISABELLE.

A PATHETIC STORY.

[FROM ELEANORA.]

CLAUDE and ISABELLE were tenderly attached to each other—they were poor, and agreed to wait patiently till industry and œconomy allowed them to marry. Isabelle would frequently paint to herself the happy prospects that the idea of such an union presented—she would describe the charms of frugality when it tended to the comfort of the object of her wishes—she would fancy herself surrounded by her little family, dividing equally amongst them the labours of the day; and if she herself had the smallest share, it was a privation she did not feel, since what she relinquished was reserved for Claude; who, on his return from work, would enjoy his repast, for he would be ignorant that what he eat was thus spared from his Isabelle's. On the other hand, Claude would work incessantly, and all the money that he got he would carefully put it by, towards procuring furniture for his Isabelle's cottage. He lived upon a turnip, to accumulate sufficient for some few necessaries and a license. This was his morning's thought, and his evening's subject. He adored Isabelle, and he was beloved with equal truth. They had fixed upon the cottage they were to dwell in—already Claude had begun to cultivate the garden, and it was Isabelle's pride (when the task she had set herself at her lace,

or at her spinning wheel, was finished) to walk thither, and consult with Claude upon the best situation for the fruits or flowers. Every evening she perceived new beauties; the vines grew, and she tied them up; she pruned the rose trees, and spread the honey suckle over the hedge; whilst Claude planted the cabbages, and turned the paths that they might be easier for her to walk upon. The cottage was almost furnished, and they wanted but a trifle for the purchase of the license. Claude and Isabelle were in the garden as usual. "The air is cool, my dear Isabelle, said he, besides this walk is damp, you will certainly take cold; let us return. I will take these grapes to your father, and we will sup together." "Ah, my dear friend, what a flavor will that give to them; but let me add this bunch, this fine bunch, and it shall be for you; you will not refuse Isabelle?" "No, my charming wife, (Isabelle blushed) you know how to make them acceptable; it is you who gathered them, and you will carry them in your hand." "Claude, will you ever love me less than you do now?" "No, indeed, my little Isabelle—but why that question?" "Because I have been told, that when folks are married, they forget each other, at least they forget every fond attention, and love dies of itself—and, perhaps, when I am indeed your wife, this may happen to you; if so, never let us marry, for I feel I could not support your indifference even now, and how much less when the priest has united us, and we depend on each other only for all our future happiness?" "Who has told you any thing so foolish? No, Isabelle, I have loved you ever since you gave me that nose-gay in the field behind the little wood. How disdainfully you looked when Guillaume asked you for it; and when I begged it, what a timid glance you gave your mother. "Give it him, my child, she said, he deserves it." How modest was your air as you held it out to me. 'Here, Claude, said you, it is yours.' I put it in my bosom, and I longed to kiss it, but I did not dare, for fear your mother should be angry; but when I got home, I kissed it twenty times—I laid it upon my pillow; I talked to it all night; and in the morning when I rose, I locked it up in my box, all but one flower, which I put in my bosom, and every minute that I rested from my work, I pulled

ed it out and kissed it. At night I put the bunch upon my pillow again, and the next morning I took another flower, and so I did every day till they were all gone; the rose was the last, and then I was glad to take that leaf by leaf." "And I, Claude, have got the pencil you gave me; it has no point to be sure, but then I never cut it, because it shall not decrease. But tell me, when I gave you the knot of ribbon for your hat, did you not forget the flowers? and if so ——" "Ah! that knot of ribbon—but let me lift you over this stile." This conversation will give you an idea of the two lovers, how artless, and yet how tender. At the moment they met several men, who seized on Claude, and, in the name of their king, conveyed him to a vessel which was ready to sail, and which waited only for men. Regardless of the screams and cries of the terrified Isabelle, or the violent struggles of Claude, they carried him away, and were out of sight in a moment. With great difficulty, Isabelle reached home, and related, in the most moving manner, this horrid scene.—But he was gone, and she was left in despair. In vain they applied for justice—Instead of a king's ship, it was a trading vessel, and this was the method they took to get it manned. Its having been a deception, was of no avail to Isabelle; the ship was sailed, and Claude was in it. Nothing but the hand of Providence could have supported her in this distress—she was almost frantic. At length she received a letter from him; she flew with it to her mother—Claude begged her to beware of Guillaume, for he had reason to believe this cruel separation was of his contrivance—he assured her of his fidelity, and of his reliance on her's. She was transported with this letter, it was her only companion; she caressed it incessantly, and she detested Guillaume—Not so her parents—Guillaume was rich and present—Claude was absent and poor—they hinted this to Isabelle, who would not listen to it. Claude was all to her—she knew no care but for him; she knew no joy but in his safety, and the chance of his return.—Every day passed on in hope, and every evening brought disappointment. Claude neither came nor wrote. At length a report prevailed in the village that the ship was lost in which Claude was; it reached Isabelle; she ran wild

wild with terror to the owners of the vessel, and they confirmed the melancholy truth. She was in despair—every hour added to her wretchedness—all her days were spent in bewailing Claude—she neglected herself, she declined her food, and she would take no comfort. Guillaume came frequently to the cottage, (for he was her neighbour) he tried to sooth and amuse her, but she would not listen to him; she was undone, and the only satisfaction she seemed to take, was in sitting whole days by the sea-side, and fixing her eyes intently on the waves, from whence she never moved them, but to raise them to Heaven, as if to implore its mercy. Misfortunes are never single—Amongst those who have only the labour of their hands to depend upon, the cessation of a day's work reduces them almost to want. The tender mother of Isabelle could not see her child's distress without wishing to alleviate it; she therefore gave up her time to her; she would have consoled her, but in vain—her work was neglected, and they trusted in the father of the family for support.

For a time he pursued his labour, but he fell ill, and they had nothing to depend on. They borrowed of their friends, hoping they might one day be able to pay, but that time did not arrive; and then they sold what little they were possessed of, which their creditors perceiving, thought to come in for their share, and cruelly sent them to prison. Isabelle followed; for she had no choice in her habitation—the house—the fields, or the prison were alike to her. In this melancholy hour, and when they were almost perishing for want of food, Guillaume stepped forth: he offered them every assistance—but Isabelle was to be the reward. The sacrifice of the daughter appeared too terrible to these afflicted parents, and they refused his help, till famine assailed them, and in this agony they cried to their daughter for relief. Her own hunger she cared not for, but the cries of her parents she could not resist, and she offered herself to Guillaume. He married her, and restored her father and mother to comfort, for Guillaume was a rich farmer, and had wherewithal to live well. He spared no expence for Isabelle, for he adored her; but she was careless of every thing he said and did—she answered when he spoke to her, and that was all—she shut herself

up, and never, but when she went to church, could she be persuaded to leave the house. At those times she would always walk round by the water side, and look wishfully at the sea. One morning, in her way by the quay, she observed that a vessel was just arrived, and the passengers were landing—she stopped to look at them. A young man came on shore—“ ’Tis Claude,” she cried out.—“ My Isabelle,” he exclaimed, and they rushed to each others embrace. The sudden tide of joy was too much for her, she felt it, and would have disengaged herself, and she gently put her hand against his bosom, He cast his eyes upon her wedding ring—and in the same moment they both expired.

ROSALIE.

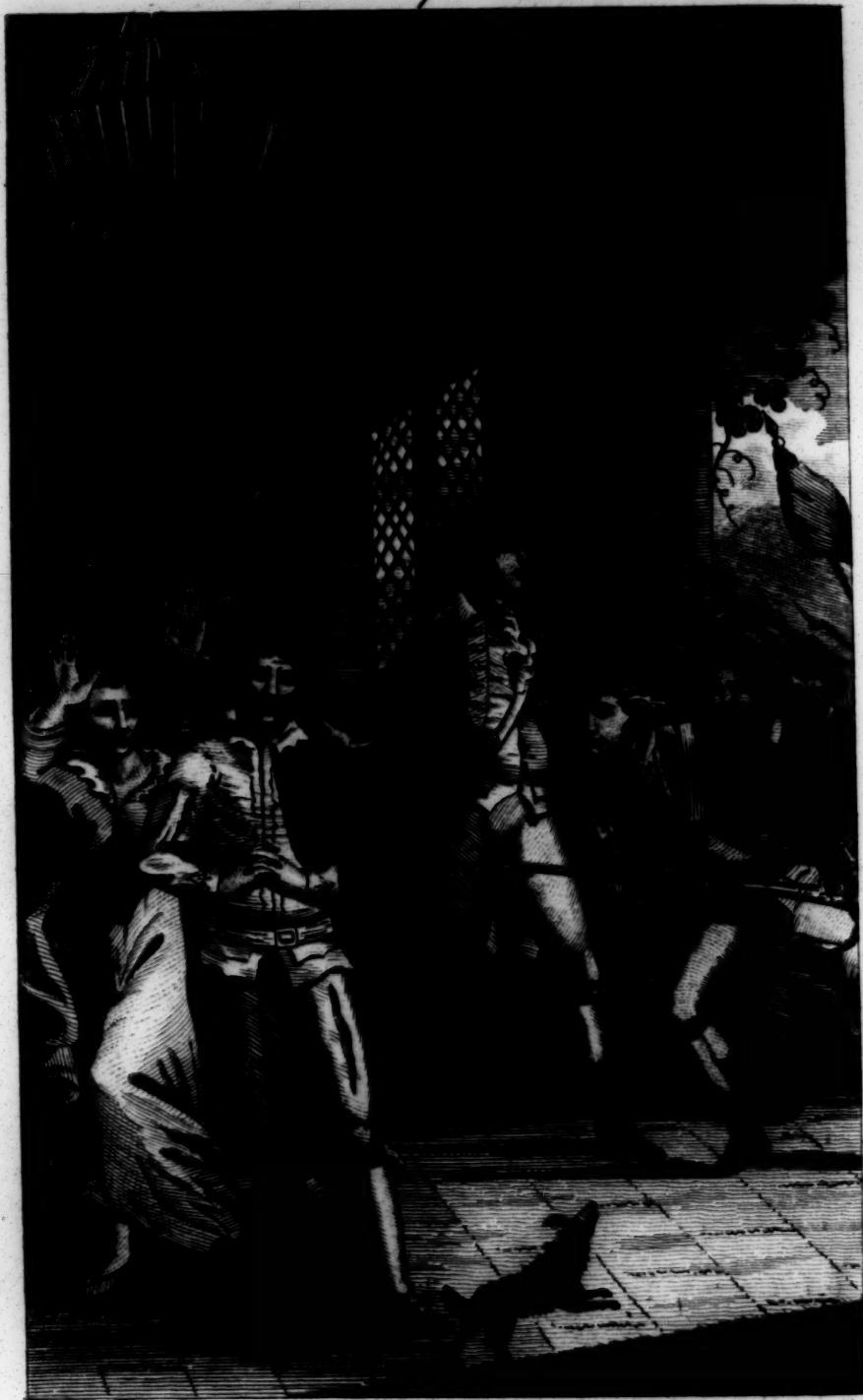
[FROM MONIMIA.]

NEAR one of the largest cities in Spain, stood a cottage, situated between two lofty and picturesque rocks, whose stupendous height seemed to be above the clouds; from the top of which burst a most beautiful cataract, which became calm at the base, and forming a clear crystal stream run bubbling by the door, under whose straw-formed roof the voice of flattery never beguiled, though its inhabitants had moved in a sphere above that in which the unkindness of fortune had now placed them. Don Alonzo had been a captain in the Walloon guards, and served in the last war, when one night, on the piquet watch, they were surprised by a party of English, and being in no condition to make any long defence, most of them were taken prison-

ers. Don Alonzo was among the few who escaped by flight, and in taking advantage of the dark and thick woods, he arrived at his own house, in the hope of soothing his misfortunes by domestic comfort, and losing the memory of disgrace in the smiles of his child; but he learnt that his wife and only daughter had taken refuge in a peasant's cottage, about three miles from their late place of residence, which, (for misfortunes seldom come alone) had been destroyed by fire; thither he repaired, as soon as possible, but only to close the eyes of a beloved and faithful wife; for hearing that he had fallen in the late misfortune, she, in the paroxysm of grief, which an event so unexpected had wrought into phrenzy, burst a blood vessel, and he arrived but to see the object he adored in her last moments, and to close her dying eyes. This was a healing balm to her peace, though to him a barbed arrow; for he came too late to save her. A few short minutes before her dissolution, she called her husband and daughter, and taking the dear hand of each, she spoke thus, or rather faltered out a last request: "The only wish that now remains to me, since we must part for ever, (and surely you cannot deny a weeping mother, and an expiring wife,) is your leaving the army, and living upon the small wrecks of a fortune, which, tho' little, my Rosalie, (pressing the hand of her agonized daughter) will be contended with: I shall die happy if I leave her in the care of a parent, whose paternal heart, tho' lighted with the torch of glory, ought not, nay, will not, leave her unprotected, to the mercy of an un pitying world." "Ah! talk not of dying, (cried her daughter, frantic with fears, for hopes she could have none) you may yet be happy." Donna Alonzo shook her head, gave a deep sigh, and with a smile of anxiety added, "Will you not promise me?" "I do, I do, (cried he) but am afraid that I shall soon leave her, for I feel I cannot survive you." "Murmur not at the decrees of Providence, said she, my end approaches, send me Father Francis, and leave me; for calmed by your assurance, there are some moments now to be dedicated to Him, who having watched over the past, will likewise protect the future footsteps of my child." They obeyed with silent anguish, and in a few hours she expired, in the joint arms
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From the Novel of "Monimia."



Capture of Don Alonzo and Rosalie.

Vide Page 435.

of Rosalie and Don Alonzo, who had again entered the melancholy chamber—the former fainted, and was carried from her inconsolable father, without sense or motion.— For some time their grief was so great, that they considered not the danger which they were in from the enemy, whose tents were pitched very near, till they were reminded of it by Father Francis, who visited them almost every day; he soothed, exhorted, pitied, and reproved them, and taught them that it was a Christian's duty to submit to evils which could not be resisted; it was a father's duty to live for his child; it was a compliment to departed virtue, as sweet as it was provident, to obey the faintest injunctions of a mother, not more lamented than revered, and provide a retirement suitable to a shattered fortune, and innocence unprotected. This seemed to bring them to themselves, and they settled in the cottage between the rocks, marked equally by solitude and exuberant views, where they for some time enjoyed a melancholy tranquillity, but this was too soon interrupted; for the rage of war, which had spread a devastation wide and violent, at length drew near their retreat; and, on one fatal evening, the enemy, whose approach was little expected, rushed into their dwelling, and seizing upon both in the same instant, made them prisoners. Don Alonzo, in sullen agony, yielded, because he could not resist, and became a monument of despair, while the poor Rosalie, in livelier expressions of terror, rent the air with her cries. Common soldiers put on brutality with their regimentals, and in the field of battle, or the more qualifying scenes of plunder, seem to have forgot humanity; but an officer of more than usual appearance, commanding them to release the affrighted beauty, offered her his protection, and would have taught her to fear no rudeness—"Indeed! (said the weeping Rosalie) but my father! what will become of my father?" "He, too, shall be my charge, (said the generous Englishman) we are not enemies to the unfortunate." Don Alonzo and his daughter accompanied him to the camp, where they were treated with superior respect, particularly by Colonel Viner, who was agreeable and well-bred, instructive in conversation, amusing in his manners; his disposition was elegant, benevolent, and amiable, and he possessed that true courage

a soldier ought ever to have, and never to disgrace. A man like this, is always more likely to gain the heart of a woman, than the conceited fops of the age; such indeed Rosalie found it; for though surrounded by flatterers of all kinds, which there naturally is in a camp, the Colonel secured the glowing affections of a heart alive to gratitude, before he seemed to have made any advances towards it; for from the first moment he beheld her with all the ardency of a lover, yet the delicacy of his passion hindered him from making proposals, before he knew whether her affections were engaged; and he was even solicitous never to betray his love by the slightest inadvertency. Rosalie knew not what to flie, or how to assuage that passion which had got entire possession of her, but deceived herself with the idea, that it was only grateful esteem. Her father perceived not the fondness of Rosalie, but imputed her attentions to the pure flame which glows in the bosom of sensibility, and always thought it friendship refined, 'till an effort of nature discovered what artless simplicity had long concealed. One morning the Colonel, who was drafted off to head some troops in a dangerous enterprize, came to take, as he termed it, a short leave of his dear guests; the tumults in Rosalie's mind, agitated every feature of a face, which beauty's self would be proud to call her own; she attempted to speak, but the words faltered on her lips, which grew pale with apprehension, and trembled with sorrow; her father saw with astonishment the rapid advances of a passion he had not suspected, but was silent; and the two lovers, unconscious of each other's affections, parted with embarrassments, such as none can experience whose hearts mix not the delicacy of sentiment with the fervency of ardour. Solicitous to hear, yet dreading enquiry, Rosalie past a lover's age in anxiety, till one evening the horrors of doubt rose up to terrible certainty, for she met, supported with soldiers, pale and bloody, that form which she sometimes flattered herself would have tamed ferocity itself into gentleness; pale and trembling, she ran for assistance, but a groan from the Colonel rendered her incapable of it, for she fainted, and was nearly as bad as himself, who had only received a slight wound—He now opened his languid eyes, and turning
them

them on the lifeless beauty, exclaimed: "Oh, Rosalie, if I now die, I shall die happy, in the idea that you do not forget me." "Dear Colonel, compose yourself, (cried Don Alonzo) my daughter is only flurried, at seeing a person she esteems so highly, in so unfortunate a situation." "Esteem? (answered he) fortunate situation rather, if she returns not my love—my ardent passion; ah! how I vainly flattered myself that this ——" Here his voice failed, he fainted, and was taken to his tent. Quiet, medicine, but in one idea, the company of his dear Rosalie soon restored to life a lover, whose heart was deeper wounded than his arm. At first, indeed, he had refused to take food for his nurture, or physic for his cure, till she presented the one with a smile, and administered the other with a tear. The first morning he was indulged with the air, to have seen her solicitude, while weak and languid he depended upon her for support, would have gratified even apathy itself; and to paint the love that played in every feature of his countenance, could only be executed by the raptured flights of a divine imagination; the souls of both glistened in their eyes, he too much in love not to betray, and she too honest to conceal emotions, that did equal honor to both; their mutual affection was made known to each other, and had nearly been as fatal as their fears. The raptures of lovers can only be felt, and to such they need not be described. They were soon after married by the chaplain of the regiment, though the bride was a catholic; but she was not one of those bigots who think any other religion a crime, for every profession that did not mend the heart, and sweeten the conduct, was her abhorrence; while that, whether catholic or protestant, which vindicated virtue, and cultivated benevolence, was to her the true emanation of divinity. Their happiness was too great to last long; for, in about a month, the Colonel was drafted off to head some troops, who were at a great distance from where the two lovers were, and there must consequently be so long a separation, that he knew not how to break the melancholy news to his lovely wife. The forced smile of his countenance, and the frequent langour of his mind, saved him, in some part, the heart-rending talk, for she, ever attentive to his slightest wishes,

wishes, soon perceived that his breast laboured under some hidden sorrow, and while she tenderly asked him the reason of the bursting sigh, and rising tear, which he could not alway suppress, but too fearful of what it really was—a separation; but no sooner did she hear the dreadful summons, than her colour forsook her cheeks, her eyes became dim, and he beheld her senseless at his feet. Unknowing of this calamity, the tender father, at this instant, entered the room; but what a sight he beheld, his daughter stretched upon the ground, his son hanging over her in speechless agony; he would have spoke, but could only point to Rosalie, who was yet senseless. Don Alonzo called for assistance, and had her carried to bed, where she soon came to herself, and being determined to support the trial with more fortitude than she had hitherto shewn, begged to see the Colonel, and when he came, she, with lips of apparent resignation, a livid cheek, but an eye without a tear, spoke thus: “Since we must now part, it is necessary that we part as if we had confidence in Heaven, and each other; I resign you to your country—to your honour; but think on your poor Rosalie—think when you are rushing into danger, that the same calamity threatens her; for every wound you feel, will be a dagger in her heart; and should Death!—Oh, God! we will not be separated, Viner, even in Death! but no more of that. Should any Spaniard want your assistance, or claim your mercy, remember he is Rosalie’s countryman; but you can never forget, all mankind are brothers.” “Must we part! ah, Rosalie, (cried he) my fortitude depends on your’s.” Here an officer came to inform the Colonel that the regiment waited, and the two lovers had only time to take a last embrace, which had nearly subdued all their courage: As he was going, she caught hold of his coat, and turning mournfully towards him, with looks that spoke too audibly, they bid a last adieu. Her father, who, with silent anguish, had been a witness to the scene, now embraced his son, and in a voice hardly articulate, wished him victory and happiness. As soon as the Colonel was gone, the agonized Rosalie retired to her chamber, to shed a torrent of tears, which the presence of her father had restrained; nor could she submit to betray, amiable as it was,

was, her weakness to the officers who were left in the camp. Don Alonzo, who was left among them, to drive away the thoughts of the Colonel, made many engagements with an officer, whose name was Lester; he was only a captain, and a younger son of one of the most noble families in England. This gentleman had long beheld, with the eyes of a lover, the beautiful Rosalie, but never let the slightest circumstance betray his partiality. He was in principles a perfect libertine; but being the most complete master of dissimulation, he passed in the camp for a man of strict honour, which character he, from the moment he beheld Rosalie, determined to keep up, with more exactness than he had hitherto done; this resolution was strengthened by her marriage—He, therefore, as soon as Viner was gone, endeavoured, with great assiduity, to gain the friendship of her father, who, ignorant of his designs, and thinking him a man of some genius, readily entered into his company and friendship, particularly as he expressed great friendship for his son-in-law, which at once gained him the confidence of Rosalie, who hung on every word that commended him, who in her eyes was perfection itself, and with whom she kept as regular a correspondence as the chance of place and situation would permit.—In his last letter he had mentioned, that they were probably about to try the issue of a battle the next day, a mode of determining disputes, which sets law at defiance, puts justice to the blush, and strikes a dagger into the heart of humanity; where right and equity yield to violence, and superior force becomes superior virtue. Rosalie, now, in bitter anguish spent the hours, in which perhaps a thousand mothers had to lament their children's loss, after rearing them with pleasing anxiety; and in them lost their all of comfort and provision, and were become subject to poverty, contempt, and insult. The hours crept slowly on, for time hangs tardily in affliction; still no letters appeared, for Lester had taken care to intercept those which had lately arrived from the Colonel, letters that contained the news of his complete victory, and tender reproaches for her not writing to him; for the Captain had scorned to be impious by halves, but had intercepted her letters to him. While poor Rosalie and her father were racked with

a thousand fears, the Colonel, since men of integrity never cherish suspicion, had the idea that her letters, by some accident, had miscarried, and soothed himself with the hope of soon hearing from his love, while Lester was planning how to carry Rosalie off before his return, for he saw, by her sorrows, how deeply her soul felt its miseries; he was certain that to subdue her virtue would be impossible, and recollecting that news must soon publicly reach the camp, he determined to take her away by stratagem, and if necessary, violence, and lay the accident to some straggling party of the enemy. As she was walking one night in the outskirts of the camp, musing on her absent husband, and forming conjectures on his silence, she was seized by two men who were masked; she screamed, but to no purpose, for they tied her on a horse that stood at some distance, and putting a handkerchief in her mouth, while with another they bound her eyes, proceeded through a narrow passage, which being possessed by a single centinel, they gave the word to, and passed. What was the situation of her mind, is better conceived than described; we will, therefore, leave her, and return to Don Alonzo, who having waited supper longer than usual, walked out himself in search of her, thinking that she had only taken a longer walk than usual, but not finding her, he began to be alarmed, and some of the officers offered to go with him in pursuit, among the rest, Lester; for he had employed two men, entirely devoted to his services, to secure her according to particular directions, and for fear of being suspected, remained in the camp himself. It was natural, having once embarked, that he should lead Don Alonzo quite a different way from that which his unfortunate daughter was gone. The almost distracted father, after a fruitless search of several hours, returned, since his mind became so agitated, he could no longer distinguish objects, and his trepidating limbs refused to support him. The soothing words of friendship, which the artful Captain breathed out with a softened voice, could not calm that tempest, which paternal love had raised to a hurricane, and which parents alone can feel.

In the mean time, the unhappy Rosalie was conveyed to an old castle, which had been inhabited by a long race of one of the most noble and ancient families in Spain; but, alas, in the last war, Count L——, his wife, and three lovely babes, were slaughtered by the soldiery, for refusing to resign that property, which they justly defended as their own: Their residence, which had once been the seat of magnificence, was now that of desolation; those iron gates, which were ever open to the dreary traveller, and the cry of distress, were now rusty, and creaked in sullen indifference on their hinges; and the high walls, whose lofty grandeur bespoke the nobleness of its owner, were mouldering in the dust; and that part of the castle which was washed by a wide and beautiful river, had now fell into dreadful ruin; all that remained of its elegance was a single turret, sheltered by a large wood, which, embrowned and thickened by inattention, threw a dark horror on the chamber where the unfortunate Rosalie was placed.— Here she was at liberty to reflect on the mysterious manner of her being carried away; having only one attendant, who had been ordered to provide her with every thing she wanted, but was forbid to answer any questions concerning her imprisonment, or who occasioned it; she, therefore, could no way find out, or even guess the cause. Days and nights were wearied out with various conjectures, and hopeless meditations on her faithful husband, and beloved father. She had not been in this dreadful situation long, before Lester made his appearance; for deceiving her father with the idea that he was going, if possible, to discover her, he came to the castle, either to soften, or to alarm Rosalie into compliance, who, shocked as she was with the discovery, determined that he should not see that anger which his conduct had so justly raised, but rather to let him entertain hopes, which would prevent him from proceeding to extremities. Time, she flattered herself, might enable her to effect some opportunity favourable for escape, and she knew that a haughty virtue is disbelieved in all instances, and when opposed to violence, furiously resisted; besides, a man cannot be a libertine without vanity. He possessed it in an eminent degree, and therefore thinking that his charms had certainly made an impression on his

prisoner, he gave her the liberty of ranging all over the habitable parts of the castle, which afforded Rosalie frequent leisure to examine, as if incuriously, whether there were any passages, which, were she left by her female guard, she might easily pervade and escape by.

The great gates of the castle were always strongly bolted, and closed by such massy bars as eluded every hope. Wretched and forlorn, one day she perceived, in one of the long gothic galleries, a small door, which she had not seen opened, but having the servant with her, did not think proper to look whether it was fastened, or if it led to any place, as the slightest curiosity ever awakens suspicion.—What were her anxieties! Never alone; or if alone, left to dreaded reflection, and when with Lester, compelled to listen where honour and inclination raised abhorrence.—Oh, impotence of virtue, that dares not lift thine indignant arm against the assaults of powerful libertinism; but must submit, degraded and distressed, to hear the tale of lawless love, and check the frown it would have raised.—The servant who slept with Rosalie, after locking the door as usual, one lucky evening, instead of tying the key round her neck as she was wont to do, put it into her pocket—Rosalie, who pretended to be asleep, saw this, and as soon as the girl was so, stepped gently out of bed, and taking a light that was burning in the room, walked softly down stairs, but trembled so she could hardly stand. “Ah! thought she, where am I going? I know not where it leads to; perhaps it is barred and inaccessible; if so, should my jailers be awake, and find me gone, I shall be confined so closely that every expectation would be fettered around me, and not one hope be left at liberty to sooth or comfort.”

Doubtful and anxious, she now slept forward, now retreated, now looked up to Providence as a ‘sweet little cherub,’ that hovered over to protect her: Now in despair, she thought of returning, but to be in the power of Lester, death with all its horrors was infinitely more supportable, she therefore proceeded tremblingly-alarmed; and when she came to the door, it was with more than common difficulty she could force back the bolts—even then the resistance was so strong as baffled all her hopes, till despair urged her to one more effort, and that was successful; the door opened heavily, and she entered a kind of chapel;

chapel; at this moment the taper, through agitation, fell from her hand; the gloom was rendered more awful by the moon-beams that glimmered through the painted windows, cloistered aisles, and all the magnificent trophies of ancestry entombed. Here she heard a voice—affrighted imagination presented Lester coming after her, and she, petrified and terror-struck, again heard the voice, but it was not Lester's, and that gave her courage, it was faint, and seemed in distress—misery links innocent minds; she forgot her own dangers, and tottered towards that part of the chapel from which the sound proceeded; it rivetted her attentions, and she caught these tones as they glided from the altar; Thou Supreme Power and Mercy, O look down upon the most unhappy of thy creatures; deign to accept her penitence; let her tears wash out the memory of her vices—tears that can never cease to flow: O, my fainted parents, whom by my crimes I have sent to an untimely grave, if it be permitted that you still do linger over the daughter that loved, but left—smiled at, but deceived you, pity and forgive your poor Lucretia.”

Here agony seemed to stop her from proceeding, and Rosalie, convinced it was no enemy, but some poor sufferer, more unhappy than herself, because more culpable, proceeded to the place from which the voice seemed to come, and by the pale light, beheld kneeling at the inmost shrine, a figure that seemed more than human; the robe that covered it was white; the uplifted arms and countenance raised towards Heaven, bespoke unusual concern, and interested the breast of Rosalie with so strong an affection, that she rushed to catch her in her arms, when Lucretia alarmed, gave a faint scream, but recovering herself, pressed her to her bosom, and enquired, with tremulous accents, what strange adventures brought a form so delicate, lonely and unattended, where it was thought the discontented ghost walked, ghastly and horrible: ‘For me, said the poor afflicted, it is a penance I have enjoined myself, at this midnight hour, though the rains beat about my head—the winds hiss through my hair—the tempests shake me to the centre—still my duty calls me here; here I weep and pray, that is all the employment now left the poor deserted Lucretia.’ Rosalie, in as brief a manner as possible,

related her story, concealing only her family and name, and that by accident; then conjured her to direct her way; to give her, if possible, protection, and to conceal her flight. The poor mourner felt for her as for a sister: ‘Direct, protect, conceal you? aye, that I will she answered, as far as a woman, lost to the world and to herself, can offer her assistance; follow me, the descent from this chapel is through the ruins of the eastern window; it is rugged and dangerous, like the breast of man; be careful—be determined; but you are flying from a monster, and I need not urge you to courage.’ The descent was steep and tremendous; Lucretia knew not the castle to be inhabited, and by traversing nightly, found the safer way, and became a faithful guide. At last they reached the wood, and through a path, narrow, intricate, and impervious, came to a cottage, over-shadowed by fifty elms, which Rosalie did not perceive, till her companion, pushing aside a large closure of jessamine, arrived at the door, which Lucretia opened with a key she had with her, and conducted Rosalie into a very little parlour, where there was all displayed which is pleasing to the eye, without dazzling the imagination. Rosalie, through politeness, restrained that curiosity which the first appearance of her deliverer occasioned; this the fair unfortunate perceived, and proceeded unsolicited to inform her of those events which had brought her to so close a solitude, after she had taken such refreshment as her cottage afforded.

Rosalie, down whose cheeks the drops of pity ran for her kind friend, gave her thanks in the most obliging manner, and wrote to Don Alonzo, acquainting him with every circumstance relating to her present situation. In a short time, a letter arrived from Rosalie’s father, filled with endearing expressions of pleasure for her deliverance, informing her that the Colonel was returning to the camp crowned with laurels, which he intended laying at the feet of his adored love; but that when he heard of her strange disappearance, his distraction of mind was too horrible for mortal to describe, and that he had gone in search of her for some days, and was not returned, but they expected him every hour, as honour must force his return to the army.

This letter gave both pleasure and pain to Rosalie; the knowledge of soon beholding her beloved father, was a balm

balm that somewhat mitigated the sad thought of the Colonel's possibility of meeting Lester; her imagination presented with horror her husband weltering in his blood, with Lester's sword plunged in his bosom. It was now Lucretia's turn to sooth and comfort her; the kind words of true friendship had their desired effect, together with Lucretia's promise of accompanying her. The faithful girl who had been so kind to Lucretia, took care of the cottage, and the two friends set out for the camp, where they found Don Alonzo waiting with impatience to embrace a child so justly loved. Rosalie was shocked at the ravages grief had made upon her father, but was comforted by his assurance, that her presence would soon recover his wonted spirits. Rosalie now, in the anxious hope that the Colonel would not find Lester, passed some days of torment; but at length her fears were put an end to by the return of Viner—he came—he saw—he blessed her; never was rapture raised higher; never was love more honoured than by their faithful attachment: Their meeting is more easily felt than described; it was warmed by smiles—watered by tears; no wonder then that from thence the buds of affection burst at once into the full-blown flowers of happiness. At the earnest request of Lucretia he promised not to seek that vengeance which injured honour required. Rosalie too joined in the request, so that the Colonel could not resist their importunities, and consented, though pride and the nice feelings of a soldier had more than once determined him to refuse; but when he heard the voice of his wife, to resist was impossible. And now, the Spanish troops being obliged to give way to the superior force and valour of England, Viner began to talk of returning to his country, to his friends, and present to them his wife, his adored Rosalie.

Now was the time that these two friends, Lucretia and Rosalie, were to endure a long and painful separation, for the former could not be prevailed upon to accompany her friend to England, but determined to seek in solitude that serenity, social commerce and the tumults of the world could never give; for in susceptible minds, injured honour and disappointed love find no resource in unmeaning bustle and gaudy fluttering, while prayer, retirement, and penitence, give peculiar comfort to peculiar sensibility.

THE

THE
HISTORY

OF A

W I S H E R.

AT the age of twenty I began to wish; and I have continued to weary Heaven with one foolish request or another, till whithin these twenty-four hours. It will not, I judge, be unamusing, nor perhaps uninstractive, to give the public the general facts of my story; which I shall commence from the time when I first set up the business of a Wisher.

At the death of my father, I found myself easy enough in point of circumstances, but I did not much relish the life of a bachelor. I had no society in my house that could be supposed to care much about me; for servants are mercenary, a dog sleeps too much to be good company, and the purring of a cat is but a poor, melancholy amusement in a long evening. The one dear thing needful soon struck my fancy: I wanted somebody to take a little notice of me; and so I began the work of wishing, by wishing for a wife. The more I considered this, the more essential it appeared. Without more preface I hasten to tell you, that I threw an eye of observation amongst all ranks of my acquaintances on the female side; and became a perfect connoisseur in light hair, clean teeth, handsome

some hands, good shapes, and pretty features. Passion seemed to dwell the most upon a young, hale, clear-complexioned woman, whose character and humour I had long known; I obtained her consent, which was independent of friends, and we were soon united. After the ceremony I lived above forty hours without a single wish; but after that period I began my business a-fresh, by kneeling by my bed-side, folding my hands, and addressing Heaven in the following manner:

‘O, Providence! thou great Giver of all good things! I acknowledge to have received from thy bounty the blessings of a wife—She is just suited to my taste, and I am convinced we shall be very happy together; but, alas! what is a wife without children? What is marriage, unless the bridal bed is sanctified and rewarded? It is a tree without fruit. I, therefore, beseech thee to prosper my virtuous endeavours, and grant me an heir—nay more, let me have both a son and daughter! Then will my happiness be full and competent.’

Heaven assuredly spread the holy dew of benediction upon this petition; for about four months afterwards, the symptoms of pregnancy shewed themselves towards the wait of my wife, and I made a great feast on the occasion, in which I did not forget to acknowledge the goodness of God. Three days more did I remain quiet to smile over the promises of an heir; but on the fourth day I began again to wish.

‘O, sole Disposer of all events that are yet in the womb of time (said I) hear my humble petition, which nature extorts once more from the bosom of a parent! Let the child that is now in embryo be beautiful, if it prove of the female kind, and endue it with strength of nerves, if of the other sex! Consider how my heart is wrapt up in the consequence—I rely, most submissively, upon thy benignity.’

I rested pretty quietly after this till my child was born; it proved a son. I saw it brought into the world; and delivered upon my knee an instantaneous address to Providence. I desired, in this fresh memorial, that my newborn son might be possessed of every thing requisite. I set forth the necessity of power and fortune. I requested that
his

his soul might be aspiring, and that all his aspirings might be successful. I requested that he might prosper under the sun-shine of a court. Grant these things, and my happiness will be complete!

Sure Heaven was in a humour to grant me every thing! Even this prayer was heard: my son was born, received from nature a strong constitution, and from fortune a thousand favours.

Satisfied with these blessings, I did not pray for any thing more till my wife again discovered the symptoms of breeding: It proved to be a daughter. I fell upon my knees to implore the beauty of a face, and symmetry of limbs. No sooner had I wished, than my prayer was granted. My daughter was the fairest of the fair.

This was the crisis when I fondly supposed the business of wishing wholly over. Alas! improvident wretch that was! I little imagined that I should have any occasion to view the rewards of my petitions in a less pleasing light.—But mark the issue! My wife, in her old age, became so addicted to toys and trinkets, that I was obliged often to expostulate with her upon the subject of her frivolousness: these expostulations created quarrels, and these quarrels produced aversion, and this aversion terminated in a separation, which separation ended in mutual hatred in the extreme.

I was now again upon my cushion of prayer, to beseech the tender mercies of Providence to make me again as free as a bachelor—Again I wished for the society, which before was not thought sufficient. I could have, in exchange for the torments of a wife, been contented with either the snoring of a dog, or the purring of a cat; nay, I could have been perfectly satisfied with a clear house, and any thing, indeed, but a wife in her dotage. My wish, therefore, now was, that I had never been mad enough to wish for a wife.

Another matter was, that my son, when he had suddenly risen to the first dignities in the state (just as I had wished) when he arrived to a perfection in the manners of a court, exactly as he was seated on the pinnacle of favour, fell a victim, like Wolsey, never to rise again. He was disgraced,

graced, exiled, and universally execrated. At the receipt of this news, I dropt with great misery upon my knees, and again implored the kind Author of all favours. My tears were all shed, to think that I had ever begot a son; and my wish now was, that I might hear speedily of his death.

Soon after this wish, my daughter turned out the most egregious coquette in the universe. She made fools of all her suitors; she triumphed in her conquests, and gloried in the misery and duels that she occasioned. She gave encouragement to her lovers, only to deceive them by a laugh. This conduct, as might be expected, reduced her at length to contempt and wretchedness. Upon this occasion you may guess my wish. I need not tell you, that I wished either that she had been born without beauty, or that she had never been born.

Thus was every one of my prayers granted in vain; thus were every one of my hopes frustrated. I meditated upon the whole matter. I execrated my own impatience; but at length I somewhat quieted myself by this moral consideration, viz. That as Providence knows what to grant, and what to withhold, it is impious to direct the Omnipotent; as we ourselves are ignorant very often of what is really proper for our felicity, we ought to leave the whole matter to the choice, precision, arrangement, and regularity of that Providence, which will, without our interruptions, grant what is sufficient for our real repose.

THE
HISTORY
OF AN
ORPHAN.

SOME time ago, the master of a vessel trading to —, wanting a ship-boy, employed a crimp, or agent, to get him one, who soon, to his no small surprise, brought him a lad he had picked up in the street, who had a very agreeable person, and appeared remarkable strong and well-shaped; but without a shirt, and scarcely half covered with the few rags that hung upon him. The gentleman very naturally alledged he was under no necessity of taking such a vagabond, since he could have a decent boy out of any charity-school.

The lad was therefore dismissed; but was called back by Mr. K. at whose house the gentleman lodged, who strictly examined him in relation to his birth, and the manner in which he became reduced to so wretched a situation—when the boy, in a very artless manner, told his story to the following purpose:—

That his name was T. W. that he was born at O—n in Staffordshire; and his father being killed at the battle of Dettingen, and his mother afterwards dying, he fell upon the parish; soon after which, he, with seven other boys, were delivered to one F. the carrier, who was paid half

half a guinea for his carriage; that being unwilling to go with him, he was told, that the carrier would get him a good place in London, and that a fortnight before the same carrier had taken fifteen children, among whom was his sister. Upon their arrival in town, they alighted at a certain inn in Smithfield, where they all lay that night in a hay-loft, and in the morning, one of the maids taking notice of him, gave him a piece of bread and cheese, after which they all went out with the carrier, who lead them to Tower-hill, and then going towards East-Smithfield, told them they should follow him no farther; when he being frightened, said he would not leave him, and running after him, the brute turned again, struck him, and wounded him in the head.

Being asked if he should know the carrier again, he answered, yes, for he stooped in the shoulders, and had a great scar down the middle of his forehead.

But to proceed; they then ran rambling about the streets without knowing whither to go, or having any shelter at night, without a friend to whom they could apply, and destitute of all support. They were all in this dreadful situation, when after they had been a few days in London, this boy accidentally found his sister, who had before been brought up by the same carrier, begging in the street; but a few days after, she, with the rest of the boys, sold themselves, as he termed it, to go to America; and this boy was to go with them, but was dissuaded from it as they were going to take water, by a man who sold potatoes, and who gave him a shilling and a night's lodging.

Mr. K. being greatly affected with this story, went up stairs to the master of the ship, and desired him, for God's sake, to save the boy from inevitable ruin by taking him into service, and having told him the substance of the above account, he consented to receive and clothe him; but they agreed first to take the boy in his present dress to the then Lord Mayor—when his Lordship, and several gentlemen who were present, all seemed greatly affected at a scene of iniquity, by which the city was thus supplied with poor, who, from the nature of their situation, must be obliged to beg or steal to satisfy the importunate calls of nature. His Lordship, therefore, readily granted a warrant for apprehending

hending the carrier, and desired Mr. K. to take the trouble to search after the man who had relieved the boy, and dissuaded him from going abroad. This Mr. K. promised, and the boy being bound apprentice to the master of the ship, was soon cleaned, and neatly dressed in a check shirt, jacket, and trowsers.

This being done, Mr. K. went with the boy in search of the person who had so generously relieved him; but after having sought in vain through abundance of alleys about Tower-hill and Rosemary-lane, the lad was unable to find the house again, and they were going to return, when a woman said, Tom, I am glad to see you so well dressed, on which the boy told her, in a kind of ecstasy, that he had now his belly full. Mr. K. instantly seized this opportunity to enquire what she knew of the boy. Very little, she replied, but told him, that she had seen him lie of nights on those pieces of timber he saw in the alley, and eat stinking sprats, which had been thrown out on that dunghill; that he had told her he was born at O——n, and brought to town by one F. the carrier, that she had seen him almost perished with hunger, and though she could ill afford it, as she had several children of her own, had frequently given him victuals. This was justly considered as a confirmation of the truth of the boy's story, or at least of the consistency of his account of it.

Mr. K. next went with him to the inn in Smithfield, when one of the maids was standing at the door; the boy observed, that was the woman who gave him the bread and cheese, and on their coming up to her, she shewed that she knew him by expressing her wonder at the change in his dress: But the carrier not being then within, could not be found. Mr. K. then went into the yard, and enquired of the carrier's clerk, and the people of the inn, but every person he then found, denied that they had ever seen the boy before, or that the carrier had ever brought any boys to that inn.

Some days after Mr. K. went again to the inn, leaving the boy in the street with the Lord Mayor's officer, who waited with the warrant, and finding the carrier was above stairs, sent for the boy and the officer, and

at

at the same time caused the carrier to be informed that he was wanted.

They presently heard him coming, and Mr. K. asking the boy which was the person, he, without the least hesitation, cried, it was the last of them, who perfectly agreed with the description he had before given of him. Being asked his name, he answered, in a surly manner, What is that to you, and persisting in his refusal to tell it, the officer let him know, that whether he told his name or not, he should go with him; and, on the boy's asserting that he had brought him to London, he swore that he had never seen him before, and that if he dared to say any thing against him, he would whip him to death. By this threat the boy was so intimidated, that when they came before the Lord Mayor, he durst not speak a word, on which the carrier was discharged.

Every body now began to imagine the boy was an artful villain, and that the whole was a lie invented to raise compassion; and his master was so exasperated, that as the indentures were not yet signed, he talked of stripping and turning him out of doors, since, as he observed, there could be no safety in a ship, or family, where there was a person capable of setting a nation together by the ears.— But he had not been long returned, and was standing in Mr. K's shop, when a scavenger's servant coming in to fetch out some dust, fixed his eyes stedfastly on the boy, and then asked him if he had not seen him coming to London in a waggon with several other boys. It was impossible for Mr. K. to avoid being startled by the appearance of so unexpected an evidence in the lad's favour; and his curiosity being raised, he asked what he knew of the affair: when the man replied, that as he was ditching near Islington, he observed six ragged boys in a waggon, drawn by a team of grey horses, and that if he was not mistaken, that boy was one of them; and that a fortnight before he had seen fifteen boys and girls coming in the same waggon, and that he told his companion that he wondered what they were bringing such a number of ragged children to London for.

The

The evidence which arose from the testimony of this witness was too strong, not to clear the boy from all suspicion of deceit. Time has also afforded other proofs, which firmly corroborate his account. The maid-servant at the inn, who acknowledged that she knew the boy, was turned away the day after, and therefore was not there when the carrier was taken into custody at his next coming to town.

The carrier, after his being apprehended, never came with his waggon to London for six months, but staying beyond Barnet, sent his waggon by another person, and waited till it came back. And inquiry being made at O——n, word was sent that a boy named T. W. had been born there, and that his father being killed at the battle of Dettingen, and his mother dying, he fell upon the parish.

Thus has London been burdened with the poor of distant parishes, sent up here to starve and perish in the streets; with no other prospect but to suffer a lingering death, or to die with infamy.

THE
HISTORY
OF
ALPHONSO,
A GERMAN NOBLEMAN.

MANY ages ago, in one of the provinces of Germany, lived a nobleman, famed through all the country for a thousand amiable qualities, and universally beloved by all ranks and conditions who had the happiness of his conversation and acquaintance. A thousand acts of benevolence made him esteemed by all the neighbourhood; but his principal delight and care were centered in an only son, called Alphonso, a beautiful youth, of seventeen years of age, whom he took pains, without intermission, to qualify for succeeding him in his virtues, as well as in his possessions. The father thoroughly knew that example, with young minds, had always a much greater force than precept, and for that reason made the youth his constant companion, and let him see, in his own actions, how amiable unaffected virtue was, and how great the pleasure resulting from our doing good to others.

Alphonso being for ever at the side of his parent, wherever he went, the multitude, who adored the father, saw, with the utmost satisfaction, that the yet unformed mind of the son resembled every day more and more the great example

ample before him. The nobleman, very well knowing that youth is not to be kept from diversions and employments, not only made him his companion on these innocent and noble occasions, but carried him to all the places of resort in the neighbouring provinces, in order to give him an early taste of all the rural diversions of the country, as well as those of the courts, both far and near.

It happened, that being in a neighbouring province, the prince giving an entertainment to all foreigners, as well as natives, the nobleman, attended by his son, made a party there. In this brilliant assembly were two ladies, who seemed to engross all the noble youths then present. The young imagination of Alphonso was immediately struck with the complete elegance of their appearance, and the agreeable vivacity of their discourse; his eyes were never from them during the time of their stay; and in short when the diversions were over, gave his indulgent guardian the slip, and followed them to their habitation, which was decorated with every embellishment that art or nature could possibly bestow, on purpose to catch the eye of the beholders.

It is easy to imagine that persons with such advantages, and so much natural cunning, soon became the delight of all the gay and polite of the other sex; though they never entered their apartments without repenting of it afterwards. Some of their visitors remained with them an hour only, some a week, and the general rule was, the longer the stay, the severer the repentance.

The ladies were as much pleased with their new conquest, as the youth with the kind reception he met with in their houses. The eldest of the ladies, who was the most beautiful, and at whose house Alphonso first stopped, led him soon after to her sister, and presented her to him with these remarkable words: 'With whatever commendations my lord has been pleased to honour my humble roof, I have justice and honour enough to lead him, for the sake of his own happiness, hither.' Whatever pleasures, my lord, my house or conversation can afford, will soon pall upon the sense, when it is remembered that they are nothing more than the leavings of half a million—but here, most noble Sir, here is more youth, more sweetness,
and

and to these, that greatest of all charms, a yet untainted innocence. Let me intreat you, therefore, though against my own interest, to make this, and not my battered cottage, the place of your frequent visits.'

The innocent youth, charmed with the frankness of this behaviour, and with the juvenile appearance and un-fallied beauties of the sister, readily consented to the exchange, and went to take possession. But here the whole plot was discovered: for this artful female, who had been well instructed in the part she was to act by her elder sister, stopt him short, saying, 'My honoured master, my good angel, and my friend, let me intreat you to suffer me to speak a few words. My sister has received, ever since her early youth, the visits and addresses of all the gay, the joyous, or the rich, during several years, and is, I see, delighted with it; but, my honoured lord, it is not so with me; I am still myself, and have yet admitted no friend, nor seen the face of any, but my sister, within these walls.—I had, indeed, determined never to have more than one companion, who might have been lover, friend, father, and all things to me; but now I am yet more unalterably resolved in it; your sweetness and generosity have impressed such an image on my heart, that without you all others must be odious to me, and with you all other objects to be despised. May I presume to speak yet plainer; my whole ambition is to be for ever your servant, your slave, if you will make me so, and your admirer, and for ever to feast my eyes with gazing on the only object that can give me delight. Behold, continued she, my most adored, most honoured master, the truth of my former resolution: see the chains I had prepared for the man whom I should select for my companion, and suffer me to kneel, and with a trembling hand fasten them on you. See (holding out a wreath of flowers) these, my dear lord, are rosy fetters; they cannot hurt; they are sweet, and will allow you liberty. All that I seek is to make you ever mine, since the excess of my own desires points at no more than the being for ever your's.'

Here the subtle creature, on pronouncing the last word, fell on the neck of the innocent youth, and almost smothered him with tears and kisses. He was as yet a stranger

to endearments of this kind, and in a rapture held out his hand to receive the chain, which, with the help of the sister, she soon fastened on him, never, alas! to be removed or broken.

The nobleman was all this while searching in vain, with tears and lamentations, for his strayed son, and dispatched messengers to every corner and obscure part of the city, being ignorant of the real cause of his elopement: but when, at length, he heard into what hands he had fallen, words cannot express his anguish. With rage, disdain, and grief, not to be described, he went to the fatal place, and demanded, with the severest threats and reproaches, his deluded child. But when he saw the chain, which he well knew was never to be broken, grief got the better of all the other passions, and he was, for some moments, unable to utter a word—At length, breaking silence, his eyes streaming with tears, he said, “Farewell, for ever, unhappy son! What hopes, alas, of durable happiness had I built on thee! And how have these subtle creatures destroyed them in a minute! Another must now inherit what I have stored for thee, and the cold grave overtake me long before its time, from the anguish of the sorrow thou hast caused me.”

The father then turned his back, in order to depart, when an old gentleman, who had seen the whole transaction, begged him to stop for a moment, and give him leave to speak. His request being granted, he thus addressed himself to the different parties. “Young man, said he to Alphonso, as you have heavily offended an indulgent father, a life of honour and worthy actions can alone plead your pardon—and be assured it will, at length obtain it.—For you, young lady, let me tell you, I have, in my time, seen many of these unequal alliances, and all unhappy; avoid then what has occasioned the misery of others; be humble in your thoughts and expectations, submissive to your new lord, and obey, with pleasure, the commands of his father, if ever he deigns to honour you so far. For you, madam, (continued he, addressing himself to the elder sister) look to yourself—remember all the world will know this is your doing, and form your sister’s conduct so as to make it an excuse and honour to yourself, and a happiness to all about her.”

Then

Then turning to the injured nobleman, he added, "If these lessons are observed, will it not be more to your own quiet, now to dispose of your son, as will be most to his honour, and overlook this unfortunate slip, than to destroy his future name, and your own peace, health, and life, in fruitless vexation and complaints? Remember he is your child, and if he still treads the paths of virtue, will deserve the title, notwithstanding he has, in this one action, disobeyed your commands."

This advice was too well founded not to engage attention, and too interesting to all parties not to be followed: The consequence of it was, that they were all in the end much happier for what was, at first, considered as a misfortune, than they would otherwise, perhaps, have been.

ANECDOTE

O F

DOCTOR BLACKBURN.

DR. Blackburn (afterwards Archbishop of York) in the early part of his life, was an active Buccaneer in the West Indies. In one of their cruizes, the First Lieutenant, having a dispute with him, told him, that if it was not for his gown, he should treat him in a different manner. 'Oh, says Blackburn, that need be no hindrance, as it is easily thrown off; and now I am your man.' Upon this it was agreed that they should fight on a small island where the ship lay, and that he who fell should be rolled into the sea, as if walking on the cliff his foot had slipped, and he had tumbled in. The Lieutenant fell;—Blackburn began rolling him down one or two declivities, but just as they came to the last, the Lieutenant came to himself, and cried out, 'For God's sake, hold your hand!' 'Ah, says his antagonist, you spoke just in time, for you had but one more leap to the bottom.'

N n n 2

When

When Sir Charles Wager heard of his promotion to the See of York. ‘What!’ said he, my friend Dr. Blackburn made Archbishop of York! I ought to have been preferred to it before him, as I was the elder Buccaneer of the two.’

Residing, when Archbishop, entirely in London, an article once appeared in the papers, mentioning that the Palace at Bishopthorp had been accidentally burnt down, by the Kitchen-chimney taking fire. This was contradicted the next day with this addition, ‘That there had been no fire in the kitchen for many years.’

The Palace, however, at his death in 1743, was in thorough repair, by the care and attention of his Archdeacon, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Hayter, to whom he gave an unlimited commission, and told him, ‘That, if there were any dilapidations, he should pay them.’

A D V E N T U R E S

OF A

P A R R O T.

SOME time in the summer of the year eighty-six, making a visit in the country, I accidentally met with an old soldier, who had spent his best blood, and left one of his limbs in America, where he had served during the late unhappy war. It seems, that after an absence of eight years, he had returned to his native country, and found, by the death of a relation, that he was entitled to fifteen pounds a-year, and a little cottage, with a small garden to it. Here he lived in a very penurious manner, having a little boy, who was his grandson, to support. Accident

dent led me one evening past his humble dwelling, and seeing him busy in improving his garden, I leaned over the white palisades, and began a trifling conversation on the growth of pease, beans, &c. and the fineness of the season. The man's answers to the questions I put were always apt and pertinent. I was pleased with him—We insensibly became intimate, and often, in the cool of the evening, I have repaired to the cottage to listen, while he fought all his battles over again, marched on his wooden stump, and shouldered his oaken stick, while martial ardour brightened every feature, and beamed from eyes, age would otherwise have rendered dull and unmeaning. One evening, after having been detained from my accustomed walk two or three days, on approaching the old man's habitation, I found his grandson sitting at the door crying. — On enquiring the cause of his tears, he said, granddaddy was sick in bed, and he was afraid he would die. When I entered, I found the poor fellow extremely ill of a fever, and but indifferently attended. I sent for medical assistance immediately, and provided a careful nurse; but all these precautions proved ineffectual; he died on the seventh day. A few hours before he departed, he spoke to me as I stood by his bed-side in the following manner; “My good Sir, you have been extremely kind to me, and that kindness prompts me to ask a favor of you, which I do not think I could venture to ask of any other human being, but I fear you will think me very troublesome.” — “By no means, my friend, I replied); if, by any means, I can be serviceable to you, pray mention it freely, and depend on my utmost exertions.” “Then, Sir, said he, I wish you to be guardian to my poor Tom. Here is my will, (continued he, giving a bit of paper folded up very curiously; I have left the poor lad my all, and if you would but be his friend.” “You may rely on me, said I, eagerly interrupting him; he shall be carefully educated, and properly provided for.” “Oh, you are very good, cried the old man; but there is one thing more, I have to intreat.” Speak on, said I. “Well then, continued he, pray be kind to poor Poll.” I thought he had meant another grand-child; but I was

soon undeceived, by the nurse bringing a cage to the bed-side, in which was an old grey parrot. "Do, good Sir, said he, grasping my hand, do pray be kind to her, and not suffer her to be ill used. She is an old servant; she belonged to my poor dear young mistress, and when she died, as she did, poor soul, broken-hearted in America, I took Poll home to the barrack, and promised, for my dear Miss Sybbella's sake, I would never be parted from her, but I must leave her now, Sir." Simple as it may appear, I could not help being affected at the poor fellow's earnestness, it seemed a proof of his attachment to his mistress, whose fate I felt a restless curiosity to be acquainted with; but this curiosity was not to be gratified; for soon after I had given him my solemn promise that I would be equally careful of both my wards, he grew composed, and fell asleep. I then left him, and found, when I called the next morning, that he had breathed his last in the night, without any apparent struggle. I gave the necessary orders for a decent interment, and then took my two *protagees* home. At the close of the summer I returned to town, sent Tom to school, and made Mrs. Poll my constant companion at meals, &c. She was a good natured creature, spoke very fluently, and seemed at times almost to converse rationally.

Poor bird, said I one afternoon as I stroked her head, poor bird, I wish you could inform me of the fate of that amiable mistress, of whom my old friend Thomas spoke with such affection—No doubt but she experienced many vicissitudes of fortune; perhaps bereaved of friends in a foreign country, she sunk under the accumulated evils of poverty, and a broken heart—Perhaps deserted by an unkind husband, or plunged in ruin by a perfidious lover. While I thus gave the reins to imagination, Poll climbed up to my shoulder, and nestled her head close under my ear. When throwing myself back in my easy-chair, I insensibly fell asleep. The same idea which had occupied my waking thoughts now took the lead, and I thought the bird on my shoulder, in a soft but articulate voice, thus addressed me.

I know you have, for a long time, indulged an unconquerable desire to be informed of the fate of my late mistress.

I have it in my power to gratify you not only in this particular, but also to inform you of many interesting and entertaining circumstances, to which I have been a witness in the course of my life; but you must promise you will not once interrupt me, for the moment you break the thread of my narrative, I shall punish you for your impertinence, and drop the subject for ever. I acquiesced to this proposal, and methought the bird continued thus.

I first received life in Africa, and was taken from my nest by a young negro lad as a present for his little favorite, who was called Unka, as she was extremely good-natured, I was taken particular care of, and in a short time learnt to pronounce almost any sentence after my kind mistress. I had not been long with her before an English ship arrived on the coast, and Unka being pleased with the dress and complexion of the Europeans, consented to accompany the captain on board, and, by her art, betrayed her faithful lover and his brother into slavery; but she did not go unpunished for her perfidy, as will be hereafter seen. As the captain considered me almost as great an acquisition as the negro girl. I was taken aboard with her, and had my station in the great cabin, where Unka at that time resided, and was treated with great kindness by the captain, though I cannot say I ever heard him make any great professions of love or tenderness. When the business was finished, for which they visited Africa, we set sail for Antigua, where we arrived free from accidents. The slaves were all sold but Unka, whom my master took on shore, and presented to the wife of a rich old planter, who lived just without the town.—I also was presented to the same lady, and had no reason to regret my change of situation, as I was provided with a most elegant cage, fed with the greatest dainties from the fair hands of my mistress, and soon became a general favorite in the family. Unka was by no means pleased with her situation—She had, whilst on board the ship, lead a life of indolence; it did not therefore much agree with her to be obliged to wait on a woman, whom she plainly saw was preferred by Captain Thornby to herself; however, she kept her discontent from being perceived, and waited only a convenient opportunity to take ample revenge.

I had not long been in this family before I discovered that every creature in it had a different interest; my master was old, covetous, jealous, and ill-natured; my mistress young, fond of pleasure, dissipation, and extravagance; she had a most seducing person and had married, I found, merely to secure an independence. The next personage was a Miss Bladon, who was an humble friend to Mrs. Lum, and who, with few personal and less mental endowments, had taken a violent fancy to Captain Thornby; but it was in vain, she made the most humiliating advances, the captain had neither ears or eyes, for any woman but my mistress; and poor Miss Bladon found that all the artillery of her eyes and wit were entirely thrown away; she therefore consulted with Unka to play him some trick, which should avenge his seeming insensibility. To this end she was more than ordinarily attentive to Mrs. Lum, often deplored the hard fate of one so young and beautiful being married to a man so penurious in his disposition, decrepid in his person, and morose in his temper. Mrs. Lum was a weak inconsiderate woman; she listened to these consolations with evident pleasure, and at length confessed how much she preferred Captain Thornby to her husband.— This was the very point Bladon aimed to gain; she therefore encouraged their intimacy, and at length connived at a private assignation to meet the ensuing night, when Mr. Lum was expected to be out very late. Of this assignation she took care to apprise the old gentleman, so that just as the lovers were engaged in an interesting *tête-à-tête* he returned, and in an authoratative voice demanded entrance to his wife's dressing-room. What was now to be done, there was unfortunately but one door to the room, no closet, no possible place where the Captain could be concealed. At length, after much whispering and bustling, he threw himself from the window into the garden. This Bladon had foreseen, and as he descended, saluted him with a full pail of water, which she discharged from an upper window on his head. Without a coat, bruised by his fall, and miserably wet, did poor Thornby attempt getting over the wall into the street, which, after many fruitless attempts, he at length effected, but his tormentor had not yet done with him; for she had previously

ly informed some of his companions of what might possibly happen. Three or four of them received him as he came over the wall, and, in the delightful pickle he then was, carried him by force to a tavern, and introduced him to a room full of young fellows, met there on purpose to be merry at his expence.

However glaring appearances might be against Mrs. Lum, she contrived to make her husband believe she was innocent, and had been falsely aspersed; so that his suspicions being entirely lulled asleep, when Captain Thornby's ship was ready to sail, she took all her jewels and a large sum of money from her husband, and taking Unka with her, embarked with the Captain for England.

When the elopement was discovered, I thought old Lum would have lost his senses; he raved, tore his hair, and cursed his ill stars that led him to marry such a young jilt. "As to her, said he, I would not care a jot if she was in the bottom of the sea, if I had but my money again; five thousand pounds, and all those fine jewels that cost as many more. Oh, I shall never get the better of it: But, continued he, rising in a passion, I will clear my house of all these vipers, these basilisks, these crocodiles; I will not have a woman come near my dwelling." He then ordered all his female slaves to be immediately sold, and desired Miss Bladon to quit his house, and take me with her; for, said he, she is a female, and perhaps may have some method of tormenting and deceiving people as well as others. Miss Bladon's finances were but low, and as she had no friend in Antigua to whom she could apply for protection, she immediately agreed with the Captain of a vessel bound for England for her passage. On board of this vessel was a Colonel Manton, who was returning home, after a long absence, to his native country: He took a fancy to me, and offered Miss Bladon 20 guineas for me—The money was not to be refused by a person in her circumstances, and I was taken on shore by the Colonel as a present for his only daughter.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

P O E T R Y.

NIGHT, A PASTORAL;

OR,

AMANDUS.

THE dismal night had now assum'd her reign,
 And wet with dew the silent, gloomy plain;
 Departed Sol was set in western deep,
 And wearied mortals sunk in balmy sleep;
 When drown'd in tears, beneath a blasted oak,
 (Where ominous ravens to the desert croak)
 Amandus lay. To give his sorrows vent
 He thrice essay'd, and thrice did sighs prevent.
 To listening groves, at length, in hollow tone,
 And broken accents, thus he made his moan:—

Why have I liv'd to see this woeful day,
 Which has my Stella mingled with the clay?
 Why liv'd to see her yield her tuneful breath?
 To see the hour she clos'd her eyes in death?
 " Love, wit, and beauty from the plains are fled,
 " And in the grave with comely Stella liad !

Embower

Embower her tomb, ye gloomy cypress trees !
 Come, sigh with me, thou gentle, fanning breeze,
 Bewail with me, ye lambs and bleating sheep !
 With me, ye fountains and ye rivers weep !
 Resound, ye hills, ye vales with me deplore !
 My young, my beauteous Stella's now no more !
 Behold (O baleful sight) that rising mound,
 With sable yews, and willows pale surround ;
 Ah ! there interr'd, regardless of my sighs,
 My love, my all, the pride of nature lies !
 " Love, wit, and beauty from the plains are fled !
 " And in the grave with comely Stella laid ! "

With her no more the flowery field I'll tread !
 No more recline beneath the beechen shade ;
 Where oft' I wont on oaten pipe to play.
 While lovely Stella join'd the simple lay !—
 No more shall shepherds round the virgin throng,
 Doat on her charms, and praise her pleasing song ;
 But on the branches hang the silent reed,
 While with despair their heaving bosoms bleed ;
 And o'er her grave sad rosemary bestrew,
 And bid her, drown'd in tears, a long adieu !
 " Love, wit, and beauty from the plains are fled !
 " And in the grave with comely Stella laid ! "

Ah, peerless Stella ! nature's pride, is dead,
 Laid low in earth, and all her beauties fled !
 No more her cheeks with blooming roses vie,
 Her cold, pale lips have lost their crimson dye !
 Her sparkling eyes, which every bosom warm'd,
 How languid lie, of all their fire disarm'd !
 Hush'd is her voice, which erst so sweetly sung !
 And wit no more flows from her silent tongue !
 In bloom of youth, death maim'd her virgin charms,
 And, merciless, tore her from a lover's arms !
 Ah, yonder she ! whilom more blythe and gay,
 Than joyous Spring, lies mingling with the clay !
 " Love, wit, and beauty from the plains are fled !
 " And in the grave with comely Stella laid ! "

Ah

Ah me ! what tears ? what sighs my grief express,
 When I revolve my Stella's last address !
 As o'er her couch that woeful day I stood,
 She pale and weak—and I with tears bedew'd !
 While yet cold Death upheld the impending stroke,
 In feeble accents thus she expiring spoke :—

‘ My taper crook do thou, Amandus, take,
 ‘ Use't as thine own for dying Stella's sake
 ‘ If e'er thou lov'd me, let my fleecy care,
 ‘ Along with thine, thy kind attention share ;
 ‘ For now, Amandus, I must bid adieu !
 ‘ Must bid farewell to all the world—and you !
 ‘ To you, my love ! to you ! ah, well aday !
 ‘ Death calls, alas, and all must Death obey,
 ‘ Farewel ! adieu !’ Here was her voice suppress'd,
 Her pains remov'd, and all her struggles ceas'd !
 Her pains, her struggles ceas'd, and mine begun ;
 She's now entomb'd, I left behind to moan,

“ Love, wit, and beauty from the plains are fled,

“ And in the grave with comely Stella laid !”

Ah ! what avails it she was passing fair ?
 That Godlike virtue ever was her care ?
 That rural ditties she so sweetly sung ?
 And poignant wit flow'd ever from her tongue ?
 Ah, what avails it she my crook adorn'd
 With fragrant flowers, and love for love return'd ?
 Not all her beauty, all my tears, could save
 My hapless Stella from an early grave ;
 Nor voice enchanting as the Siren's song,
 Nor charms of peerless meed could life prolong.
 The old, the young, the homely, and the fair,
 Must yield to Death, and for the grave prepare !

Here sighs again his struggling speech suppress'd ;
 And tears again bedew'd his heaving breast ;
 Absorb'd in grief beneath the wither'd shade,
 All on a mossy turf he lean'd his head,
 Till winding rills, which thro' the valley creep,
 With soothing murmurs lull'd the swain asleep.

VERSES SENT BY A GENTLEMAN TO HIS LADY
WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

A KNIFE, dear girl, cuts Love, they say;—
Mere modish Love, perhaps, it may:
For any tool of any kind,
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two
Will have much tougher work to do:
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you
A Summer; and a short one too:
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—*cut and come again.*

TO LADY ———'s LAP DOG.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

ANIMAL ! belov'd and beauteous,
 Happy fondling of the Fair ;
 Well does thy example shew us
 What a woman's fav'rites are !

Toying, trifling, pretty creature !
 Form'd for idleness and ease ;
 Such by sympathy of nature,
 Such as this, will ever please.

Thou on cushion soft reclining,
 Always fed with dainty bits,
 Snapping, snarling, wheedling, whining,
 Rival'st Beaux, and flatter'd wits !

While the Dog of martial spirit,
 Train'd to chace the mountain boar,
 Trusting only to his merit,
 Like a cur's kick'd out of door !

Thus the soldier seeking glory,
 Courting death in rude alarms,
 Finds at home the usual story—
 Some spruce fop in Chloe's arms !

Things, like thee, by soft approaches,
 Fawning, servile, supple arts,
 Crowd their toilets, fill their coaches ;
 Things like thee possess their hearts !

SON-

S O N N E T

Written on the Grave of a Young Woman, who died in the
Eighteenth Year of her Age.

(FROM CELESTINA, BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.)

O H ! thou, who sleep'st where hazle bands entwine,
The vernal grafs, with paler violets drest,
I would, sweet maid, thy humble bed were mine,
And mine thy calm and enviable rest.

For never more, by human ills oppress'd,
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine :
Thou canst not now thy fondest hope resign,
Even in the hour that should have made thee blest.

Light lies the turf upon thy virgin breast ;
And ling'ring here, to love and sorrow true,
The youth, who once thy simple heart possess'd,
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew ;

While still for him, shall faithful memory save,
Thy form and virtues from the silent grave !

S O N N E T,

TO A BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT.

[FROM THE SAME.]

FAREWEL, ye lawns! by fond remembrance blest,
 As witnesses of gay unclouded hours,
 Where to maternal Friendship's bosom prest,
 My happy childhood past amid your bow'rs.

Ye wood-walks wild! where leaves and fairy flow'rs,
 By Spring's luxuriant hand, are strewn anew;
 Rocks whence with shadowy grace rude Nature lowers
 O'er glens and haunted streams!—a long adieu!

And you! Oh! promis'd happiness! whose voice
 Deluded fancy heard in every grove,
 Bidding this tender trusting heart rejoice
 In the bright prospect of unfailing love:

Tho' lost to me—still may'st thy smile serene,
 Bless the dear Lord of this regretted scene.

C O N T E N T ;

A SACRED ODE.

THO' monarchs in the gaudy state
 Of pompous grandeur's pride appear,
 Tho' guards around their safety wait,
 They cannot shun the shaft of care :
 Continual tempests shake the tott'ring throne,
 And dim the royal jewels of a crown.

Behold the spendthrift, loose and gay,
 In riot's bosom waste his treasure,
 Behold him dally in the play
 Of that deceitful Lamia, pleasure :
 Yet what's the product of his rev'lling joys,
 But care, disease, and trouble, shame and noise ?

Behold the miser, base and mean,
 Ogle with greedy eye his pelf ;
 Behold him, pining, lank and lean,
 Adore his idol Mammon, wealth :
 Yet midst the rising mountains of his store,
 He's ever discontented, ever poor.

Hence, thou airy bubble, life,
 With your light fantastic train,
 What is all your pomp but strife ?
 What is wealth but gilded pain ?
 In vain you dart your flatt'ring smiles abroad,
 The only source, whence springs content, is God.

'Tis he that pours the balm of rest
 Into the afflicted wretch's soul ;
 'Tis he can calm the troubled breast,
 And each intruding care controul :
 He leads the pilgrim to the bow'r of ease,
 And ope's the gate to everlasting peace.

REVIEW OF NOVELS.

THE FAMILY PARTY, *a Novel*, 3 vols. Price 7s. 6d.
Lane.

THESE volumes are admirably calculated to inspire the youthful mind with a taste for argument. They abound with many useful and important observations on common life. In the progress of the story, the moral tendency of the Debating Society is introduced, and its good effects clearly pointed out. The idea is entirely new—the language elegant, the plot interesting, and the characters drawn to admiration, particularly those of Lawrence, Jervais, Mrs. St. John, and Dickson. But we shall here select a passage for the entertainment of our readers; it is unnecessary to particularize beauties; they are too striking not to arrest the attention of every reader, who possesses the smallest portion of intellectual feeling.

It may not, however, be improper to inform our readers that the subject in question is, ‘Whether the most ardent, or the most gentle, is the most sincere and valuable lover?’

“It is a moral adage, said the speaker, that goodness to goodness is a natural attraction—and why not allow the same

same magnetic propensity to elegance and refinement.—That assemblage of human excellence, called beauty, is difficult to define; for the most perfect set of features are not sufficient to constitute it; the mind alone gives the features their resistless touches, the charms that lead the soul captive, and render nature art in manifold instances, and where, he asked, was the iron breast that could stand forth, and prove itself invulnerable. Well has Rochfoucault asserted, that tho' there is but one sort of love, there are many copies; for as to what is called an ardent or a gentle passion, derives those distinctions solely from the complexion or mental constitution of the lover; the animated temper, the lively and the desponding, will bear their peculiar marks about them; but that these must particularize the man, not the passion, is demonstrable; and it will therefore illustrate our subject to enquire, what are the genuine proofs of genuine affection. So much has, however, already been said and written on the direct affirmative merits thereof, that I shall beg leave to exemplify them by negatives.

“ And, first, the seducer assumes the name of lover; but how it is possible for any one to mistake so dire a character as the destroyer of youth, of innocence, and of virtue, for him whose heart is touched, and whose mind is influenced by the gentlest and kindest of human impulses, is a most astonishing circumstance. Stand forth ye libertines, whosoever ye be, and recount to us, in the fulness of your exultation, your deeds of prowess; over whom do ye triumph—the unsuspecting, the amiable, the confiding, and the defenceless—over these, and over these alone, ye triumph, therefore, at no less expence than the violation of every manly feeling—every moral principle—every claim to courage. Do you stigmatize him with cowardice that attacks the unarmed: Can any cowardice equal your own conduct? that, by dint of artifice, vows and falsehood, deceive and subdue innocence, inexperience and truth:—What match, alas, is there for deep designing, hypocritical wiles and well-feigned tenderness? By what magic powers shall they detect the spoiler in the lover professed, or apprehend that the man, who, by the fairest of all pro-

essions, wins their affections, is only seeking to rob them of their peace, their safety, their friends, and their provision. Yes, unhappy believers, yes, a barbed arrow, no skill can extract, instantly transfixes your peace—your fame is blighted, your friends alienated, and your provision rendered dependent on the miserable alternative alone—the generosity of him who has left you to ignominy and tears, or reiterated prostitution.

“ The second on this list, is him who, as Thomson describes it, can exult in the possession of a mere violated form, who having pursued his helpless victim to the altar, and there obtained her all-reluctant hand. A lover ! Heavens ! yet the men who thus persecute the women of their choice into a hated marriage, though they have found themselves not only unable to gain an interest in her heart, but are well assured her heart is bestowed upon another, will tell you that love is the actuator of their conduct ; that it is love that impels them, presuming upon their wealth, their title, or other similar gifts, to take advantage of the vanity, or the ambition, or the tyranny of a father, capable, for the gratification of one or more of those fascinating propensities of sacrificing the happiness of an amiable child, for ever and for ever. Up at this moment rose an old crabbed looking gentleman—So then, Mr. Speaker, said he, you think it right, no doubt, for young ladies to play the run-away, when their own choice and that of their father happens not to agree. No, Sir, replied the Speaker, on the contrary, I think children ought to respect the wishes of their parents, however impossible for them to comply with them, and of course, therefore, that they cannot play the run-away (as you call it) without breaking the laws of nature and morality ; not to apply to their parents for consent to marry the man of their choice, is the highest act of disregard, and to marry after having received a refusal, adding mockery and insult to disobedience ; but still I must insist upon it, that strong as the ties of filial duty are, when opposed to the claims of reason, of self-preservation, and of conscience, actual equality will be found to subsist between them, and accordingly affirm that privilege, of which no laws were ever yet devised to deprive the

the children of the British sovereign of the just and natural privilege of all the children upon earth, namely, tho' not allowed to marry whom they please, to have the power of living single, if preferred to the match provided for them. Very moral, and very reasonable doctrine truly, cried out again the old gentleman—so moral and so reasonable, that in my opinion, Sir, you deserve to be caned for it. Very well, said a smart cockaded gentleman, we are then, from this fine harangue of yours, to conclude, that a lady is not intitled to throw herself, how she pleases, into the arms of the man she loves, and whom she is certain adores her. That is my meaning, Sir, replied the orator, with polite firmness, and I will also, without either hesitation or dismay, pronounce the third character on this list of lovers to be him, who, because he wears a sword, or can prime a pistol, thinks it incumbent upon him to wade through the blood of his rivals, to the possession of a fair lady's heart. But of those ladies that suffer themselves to be won by such acts of chivalry, I shall say little, and still less of the wretch who sacrifices to his pride, and revenge a favoured rival—a rival that is avowedly and deservedly dear to the affections of her whom he professes to love, and to deprive him of a happiness he has fairly attained, murders the man that never injured him, and plunges an amiable woman into ceaseless affliction; for these are actions that characterize themselves, or him, similar in virtue, who simply and solely, *pour passer le tems*, carry their devoirs from female to female, win, and leave the hearts they win to weep."

Reviewed by another Hand.

THIS is a pleasing little performance, and contains much amusement. The characters are natural, but not strikingly new. Mrs. St. John is certainly an excellent portrait of a vain artful interested woman; her character is well supported, and indeed she is the principal figure in the piece

piece. The author has discovered great taste and judgment in the opinions he delivers from the mouth of Jervais, on some of the most interesting subjects. We cannot but think the work rather prematurely brought to a conclusion, and that the discovery of Lapelle might have been brought forward in a better manner. But we hope, at some future period, to meet with a work from the same pen, finished in a higher style, of which the author seems very capable.

LEON, *a Spartan Story*, 2 vols. Price 3s. By Henry Siddons. Lane.

TO those who are possessed of sympathetic feelings, and whose hearts are tenderly alive to the exquisite yearnings of true sensibility, the present story will prove a fund of the highest gratification. It is written in a style far superior to the common run of novels, and affords a very striking proof of the fatal effects occasioned by the errors of too rash and steadfast a judgment.

The incidents are truly in nature, and the language harmoniously chaste, and correctly classical.

Sivarda (whose name, by the bye, should have been distinguished by gracing the title page of the book, instead of Leon, for the more faithful coincidence of the motto, "I grant I am a woman," &c.) is a character similar to the Roman Matron, the mother of Coriolanus; and the intrepidity of her soul, wherein are mingled sensations of heroic bravery and maternal tenderness, will be justly conceived, by a perusal of the following quotations.

In the first, she endeavours to inspire the Spartan soldiers with martial ardour, while she urges and accompanies them to conquest; and, in the second, she resolutely urges the destruction of her son, whom she had been taught to look upon as a disgrace to his illustrious ancestors.

"My brave soldiers, hear me; I trust that no exhortations are needful to inspire ye with the love of glory.—
are

Are ye not Spartans? and therefore, by nature, the enemies of oppression.

“Ye will not, cannot suffer Rome to place eagles on your citadels, and lower ye into slaves? No, rather sink into a glorious grave, and die as ye were born.—FREE.

“It is not any idle sophistry, that now inspires me to address you in this strain; for be assured, a poor weak woman though I seem, I yet will mingle in the thickest of the war, and turn my fiery courser in the midst of our enemy.

“If we conquer, you will then hail me, as not unworthy of being called the wife of Sivard, and if we fail—one who has been honoured with his affection can never condescend to become a slave. For know, I wear a dagger in my bosom, and boast an arm resolute enough, at one stroke, to terminate a life which will lose every allurements, when it can no longer be sweetened with liberty. Fight then, my companions, like men—or more—like Spartans.”

Again,—

“Hear me, ye Spartans—If, in pity to me, you, against your consciences, give your verdict in favour of my son, before ye all I solemnly declare, I disapprove of your proceedings: Consider well what you do; here stands an example of treachery and cowardice; reflect what influence your pardoning two such crimes may have upon the minds of your posterity: Will they not have an instance of villainy, reigning with impunity? And from this example may they not expect, that they themselves, with a chance of escaping too, may violate every law of God and man.

“Rouse, Spartans! think on this, and stop the evil, before, like a contagion, it has swallowed all of you in the gulph of ruin.

“Discipline is the link that entwines your liberties, your properties, nay, your lives; that link once untied, like a heap of sticks, they lie scattered on the ground, and it will be in the power of any person to destroy us effectually one by one. But no, let us maintain our pristine independence. You, none of you, can suspect that malice
prompts

prompts me to speak against my child: All must remember how I loved, cherished, nay, even adored him: And could you now look into my bosom, you would behold with pity a heart convulsed by the strugglings of justice and affection; but of that no more: If he is guilty, let no influence of mine avert the blow; for I would sooner behold him on the rack, breathing his last agonizing groan, than live to see him the scoff of the brave, and shunned by all men as a coward and a traitor."

Reviewed by another hand.

THIS is a tragical tale, and Sivardi, the heroine, proves herself indeed a Spartan Mother: But why did our young author, to raise his heroine to such superlative excellence, give to the rest of his characters scarcely a faint appearance of any amiable or worthy trait. Leon is pusillanimous, weak, and irresolute as a woman. Flavilla artful, and, in our opinion, so easily worked on to forward the designs of Julius, that she is unworthy the love of Leon, or indeed any other man of honour.

We mean not, by these remarks, to damp the spark of rising genius evident in this young gentleman's performance; he has certainly contrived to arrest our attention, awaken our curiosity, and excite our sensibility.—We could wish him, in his next attempt, to pay more attention to the customs and manners of the times, from which he dates his story, as we rather think neither fash-windows or drinking glasses were in use in those early ages.

The language is unequal, in some places rising above mediocrity, and in others sinking below it. But this is an error our author's youth must palliate. The deeper studies and more extensive reading which maturer years will necessarily engage him in, will expand and elevate his understanding, cultivate his natural brilliant taste, and improve those early dawnings of genius into the meridian splendor of a noon-day sun.

 A D V E N T U R E S

O F A

P A R R O T.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 465.]

WHEN I arrived in Portman Square, the place of the Colonel's residence, I was presented by him to a young lady, the emblem of beauty and innocence.— She was seated at the breakfast table with her father and a maiden aunt, when the servant brought me in. "Here, Sybby, said the Colonel, this is the present I promised you; 'tis a good-natured docile creature, therefore, I think, I need not desire you to be kind to it. Miss Manton, while her father had been speaking, had opened the door of my cage, and taking me on her finger, "Pretty Poll, said she, raising me toward her lovely face, I shall surely love you for the sake of the donor, and I hope my dear father does not think his daughter capable of being unkind to any thing in existence that depends on her care and tenderness for support and protection." "Oh, to be sure, you are vastly tender hearted, (cried Miss Dorothy, the maiden aunt,) nobody ever doubted that:" "And I would have her so," said the father mildly, at the same moment casting a look of the most benignant complacency at his child.

• No. 6.

Q q q

Wha

What ! would you have her take all the beggars' brats in London under her care ?

Beggars' brats, madam, said Miss Manton, reddening, I don't know what you mean by using that appellation to the offspring of Mr. Rowley.

The Colonel had appeared much surprised at this conversation between his sister and daughter, and addressing the latter in the gentlest accent, desired to be informed of the cause of their apparent dissatisfaction with each other.

I will tell you, my dear Sir, she replied, and I flatter myself you will not think me quite so blameable, as my aunt does, in offering all my little assistance to one, who, though she had greatly erred, was still my fellow creature. Oh, monstrous ! cried Miss Dorothy, how dare you place such vile harlotry on a footing with the family of the Mantons. My dear aunt, replied the charming girl, we are by nature all on a level, and all our boasted superiority over a fallen sister is, that we either have been happily educated in the stricter principles of honour and virtue, or we have not been exposed to temptations which we possessed not fortitude to withstand.

Good girl, said the Colonel, kissing off the drop of humanity that had fallen on her ruby cheek ; but I am anxious for your tale.

You may remember, my dear Sir, when you placed me with Mrs. Woodville at Bromley, there was a young lady there of the name of Leslie, she was several years older than myself, yet, I know not how it was, but a firm friendship soon was formed between us, which subsisted unabated to the last hour of poor Matilda's life.

Miss Leslie was frequently visited by her father, who always brought with him a young gentleman, whom she addressed by the appellation of brother. I had observed Matilda to be uncommonly grave whenever this young gentleman visited her, at which I was greatly surprised, as he was the most amiable young man I ever conversed with, handsome in his person, and insinuating in his manner. The Colonel looked at his daughter and smiled archly, Miss Dorothy sneering, tossed her head, and the lovely Sybella blushing, proceeded.

One evening, after this young gentleman had made Miss Leslie a long visit, I surprised her in tears. Dear Matilda, said I, has any thing happened to your father or brother that you are thus distressed? Brother! said she emphatically, and raising her fine eyes, would to Heaven, my dear Sybella, that I had a brother, I should then be happier than I can now ever hope to be. The young gentleman I have just parted with is not my brother, nor indeed any relation. He is the orphan son of a brave officer, who left him for inheritance nothing but an unfilled name. My father knew this man in his youth, and, for the sake of the worthy father, adopted the son, gave him an education befitting a gentleman, and George Rowley is equally beloved by him as his own Matilda, brought up from infancy together; how was it possible but we must love; we did love, but neither of us suspected with what ardency, or that it exceeded the bounds of fraternal affection, till a few days since, when my father informed me I should leave school entirely the next holidays, and that as I was now eighteen, he wished to see me settled in a matrimonial way, and had provided me a noble lover in the person of the young Earl of Storr. Though I have seen this young nobleman, my dear Sybella, and acknowledge him an amiable and accomplished man, I feel I can never love him as honour and duty will require, and, at the same time I am convinced I shall ever in my heart prefer George Rowley to all the rest of his sex; how is it possible then that I can reconcile duty and inclination, for I am certain my father will never consent to my union with a man so entirely devoid of the gifts of fortune.

During the time Miss Leslie remained at Bromley, after this conversation, I frequently listened to her on the subject nearest her heart, and was sorry to find that her unhappy passion for Mr. Rowley daily increased. At length the time arrived when she was to return home; we parted with a mutual promise of corresponding, but after I had received two letters, I heard no more from her, till one day, the latter end of last week, when a man, in the tattered habit of a soldier, knocking at the street door as I was going up stairs, I stopped to hear if he enquired for me, or wanted charity. My aunt was in the front parlour,

and hearing the man ask for Miss Manton, threw open the door, and announced herself as the person he wanted, at the same time demanding his business. I have a letter, madam, said he, which I was to deliver into your hands only; but is there not another Miss Manton? I now came down the stairs, and, taking the letter, said, Perhaps, friend, it is for me: Who is it from? A poor dear creature, said he, whom you formerly knew, Miss — He paused, and tears gushed in his eyes. I hastily tore open the letter, and found it contained only these words, though scarcely legible.—

“ If Miss Manton has any compassion for the lost Matilda Leslie, she will come with the bearer to close her dying eyes. Oh, Sybella, by the friendship you once bore me, do not refuse to come; I have a request to make, which lies heavy at my soul, and you are the only friend to whom I dare apply.”

Alarmed and terrified, I bid the man give me the address where I was to find my dear friend, and requesting my aunt to accompany me, ordered a hackney coach to be called; my aunt refused, I therefore took my own woman, and hastened to a place, the poverty and misery of which filled my heart with anguish. Here, on a wretched pallet, I found my poor Matilda, supported by a woman, who, though meanly habited, had a countenance beaming with sensibility. Miss Leslie put out her hand as I approached her; and I could just hear her say, ‘ Kind attentive Sybella;’ but her voice was so low, it was hardly to be distinguished. I sat down by her side, and spoke words of comfort; she raised her head from my shoulder, where she had reclined it on my first sitting down, and faintly smiling, said, ‘ I am a poor unhappy girl, whom no one cares for but my dear Rowley, and he will never again behold me; he knows not my situation, nor will he till I am low in my bed of dust. You wonder to see me thus reduced, my dear Sybella; I must be brief and inform you, that when I went home, my father pressed my union with the Earl of Storr. On various pretences I contrived to evade its immediate completion, and almost a year rolled on,

while I still preserved my liberty ; in the mean time I had frequent opportunities of conversing with Rowley ; we loved each other with the tenderest affection ; we sought to enjoy each others company when there was no fear of intruders, and I, frequently after I had retired to rest, arose and went into the garden, where, in a rustic temple, I met my expecting lover. Fatal imprudence, in these stolen interviews—love triumphed ; honour, virtue, was forgot, and we awoke not from our dream of felicity till my father informed Rowley that he must prepare to go for Ireland, whither the regiment was ordered, in which he had purchased him a commission. Dreadful as this stroke was, I endeavoured to bear it as patiently as I could, but all my caution could not hide from the eyes of my father that I laboured under some deep affliction. He questioned me on the subject ; I fell at his feet, and candidly acknowledged my affection for George, yet did I not dare to inform him to what unpardonable lengths that affection had carried me. He raised me gently, and thus addressed me : “ These are girlish whims, I must have you conquer them, Matilda ; I love you, but I love the honour of my family more, and I would sooner see you dead than degraded to the wife of a beggar. You say you love this young man ; now listen to me, child. If ever I know you hold the least correspondence with him, from that moment his fate is determined ; I cast him off for ever. Now, remember and behave accordingly.”

I did not acquaint my dear Rowley with this cruel conversation, but parted with him apparently composed, only promising nothing should ever tempt me to be the wife of another. But he was not gone more than two months before I discovered myself likely to become a mother ; my resolution was soon taken ; I determined to quit my father's house, and as, by dishonouring it, I had forfeited all right to support or protection ; I took no more with me than was just necessary to keep me from starving, resolved by poverty and penitence to expiate my offence. I left a note behind me, signifying I was gone where I should never more be heard of, but assuring my father I was not going to Rowley. I came to London, and took a mean apartment in this house, where, by a little needle work, I

made

made shift to earn a subsistence, but was unable to lay by much against my expected confinement. About two months ago, this good woman and her husband became my fellow lodgers; she offered to nurse me, and it is to her care I owe my life, being thus long preserved; her husband knew me, for he formerly lived servant in our family; I bound him by oath not to discover me to my father, but I rather suspect they have written to Rowley. Alas! my dear Sybella, their kindness is all in vain; I cannot exist much longer, nor do I wish it. If I live, ruin will involve the man I love next to Heaven itself, if I die, my father perhaps may forgive him, and take my poor babe under his protection. I sent for you, my dear Miss Manton, to commit the little innocent to your care till his father returns, or his grandfather consents to see him. Oh, my friend, do not forsake him, guard his helpless infancy, for the love you once bore his unhappy mother."

You must think, my dear Sir, continued Miss Manton, that I was greatly affected at my poor friend's pathetic detail; I took the sweet infant in my arms, and promised in your name, my generous father, I promised, that, till claimed by its natural protectors, we should think it a duty to supply its every want. And you did right, cried the Colonel, his eyes sparkling with delight. Oh! mercy, said Miss Dorothy, if ever I heard the like: Why, you encourage the girl to do the same herself.

No, sister, he replied gravely, the woman who loves virtue for its own sake will drop a tear of compassion for the follies of another, while her constant prayer is, that she may herself be ever preserved from the like misfortunes: But where is this penitent Matilda? 'Gone!' cried Sybella, while her eyes were elevated with a look of rapture. 'To that blest place where the tear of penitence is accepted as an atonement, and where her soul will live spotless, as its sister angels, for ever.'

You talk of what you don't understand, cried Miss Dorothy, what know you of the joys of Heaven? Have you any self-conviction, any delightful surety that you shall ever taste them?

I do my duty, said Sybella, mildly, and hope with humility.

Ah!

Ah! we are all lost creatures, cried the aunt, all our works are but filthy rags; but you think to go to Heaven because you give away your money.

At least it will not prevent my going there, said Sybella.

Miss Dorothy now arose, put on her gloves, and declared, as it was lecture-day, she was going to chapel.—Miss Manton rang the bell, desiring the child might be brought. The Colonel took it in his arms, and was caressing it, when the door opened, and in rushed Mr. Rowley. It would be impossible to give you a just idea of the scene that followed. I will therefore pass it over in silence, and inform you, that, from constantly visiting my fair mistress, from talking and weeping with her over the hapless fate of Matilda, Mr. Rowley began to seek and find consolation in the soothing tenderness of Sybella; he sought and obtained her hand, soon after which, his regiment being ordered to America, she resolved to accompany him.

But, my dear Poll, what became of your first mistress. Unka, said I, you promised to inform me?

Oh! Oh! you are at your questions, said the parrot; did not I tell you, the first time you interrupted me, I would punish you, by keeping ever after perpetual silence. You shall see I can keep my word; so saying, methought she spread her wings, and flying from my shoulder, hit me such a slap in the face, that I immediately awoke.

A

M O R A L D R E A M.

DREAMS are looked upon by the wise as mere phantoms of the imagination, and not the means made use of by superior powers to apprize or forewarn us of any event which is to happen, as the superstitious part of mankind foolishly imagine. As they do not, therefore, by any means answer this desirable purpose, I know of none to which we can more properly render them subservient, than to that of our moral improvement, by drawing such inferences, and making such reflections on them, as may tend to amend our lives, or enlighten our understandings.

Fancy, propitious ever to a lover's hopes, brought the charming Delia to my arms. Methought a thousand new-born charms, unseen before, bloomed on her cheek; joy sparkled in her eye, and all her form was lovely and angelic. The harmony of a thousand birds waked me, to listen to the sweeter numbers of her tongue. Methought I gazed on her with rapture and astonishment; and as soon as wonder would allow me utterance, half mad with ecstasy, I asked a thousand questions in a breath; but most, What pitying Power, in commiseration of my sufferings, had listened to my prayer, and brought the mistress of my affections thus voluntarily to my embrace? "Thy love (said she, with a bewitching smile) hath deserved

served my compliance. Believe me, I have felt for thy unhappiness—and now it is allowed me, I come to restore thy bosom's peace, by making thee a ready sacrifice of those charms which thou now beholdest, and which thou ever hast assured me, were dearer to thee than thy life.—But (continued she) all this must depend on thy behaviour on an occasion, which thou shalt presently know:” So saying, she waved her snowy hand above her head, when suddenly a noise was heard, as of the sudden fall of rocky fragments down a rugged steep. At length the chamber door was torn from off its shattered hinges, and forth there came, with hobbling pace, a female form, frightful and ill-favoured; her brow was furrowed with wrinkles, her eyes were sunk into their bony sockets, her cheeks were fallen, her jaws toothless and mumbling, her locks were grey and unequal; sharp rheum trickled down her visage, and cold palsy shook her worn-out frame; her looks were unmeaning and idiotish, and her dress was formal and antiquated. On her head she wore a black coif, and a crutch-like staff assisted her to advance to the bed-side. Agitated with the horror of the prodigy, I seized my Delia with instinctive fondness, and swore no Power should harm her! She smiled approbation, and seeming to be under no apprehensions herself, she gently chid my precipitancy, and begged me to be attentive. “My name is Age, (said the phantom) and most mortals are averse to my approach. Once was I youthful and blooming, as the bright object now within thy arms; but length of years, the common accidents of life, and those calamities inseparable from our nature, joined to that solicitude and anxiety peculiar to the tender feelings of a mother—These, I say, have produced in me the change thou now art witness to. The hour has been, when I could dance to the melodious pipe's inspiring sound—when the green landscape charmed my ravished eye—when the gay garden's odorous sweets perfumed the passing gale—when the delicious peach-tree's juicy fruit would melt upon my tongue, and when my soul knew all the joys of sense. The time has been, but is no more; I have not limbs to dance, nor ears for music, nor the sense of seeing, to illumine the darksome path of my existence.” Thus speaking, still, methought, she nearer

drew and nearer. I was alarmed, and raised my arm, as wishing to prevent her. "Fear not, (she said) but answer me sincerely. Canst thou be patient to observe that image of all human perfection changed, like mine, to that of all human imperfection? Canst thou bear the thought of living to behold such passing beauty fade away, the roses die upon those cheeks, that snowy bosom lose its whiteness, and those laughing eyes their lustre? Canst thou see those dimples sleep, no more obedient to her smiles, and those ivory teeth moulder by turns, impatient of decay? In short, canst thou behold that form changed as mine, and yet preserve thy affection unaltered and unimpaired? Tell me (continued she) from whence is thy esteem for her derived? Answer me ingeniously—for what is it that thou lovest her, is it for wealth?" "No! (said I, emphatically) Virtue and Nature have formed her good and fair, and Fortune cannot make her better, or fairer—Virtue is a portion which no gold can purchase." "Good! (said the vision) answer me farther. Thou namest beauty, have I not told thee beauty must decay? Dost thou, then, love her for beauty?" "Most reverend form, (said I) there's something still that dwells within thy looks, which tells me, thou thyself art mistress of those inward beauties which I mean; they are the beauties of a placid and an humble mind that I admire—Beauties, of which the face is but the index; mere red and white may strike the eye, but cannot win the heart. To answer in a word, I love my Delia for herself alone; the consequences of age must be the same in me as in her, and those years which impair the beauties of her person, will inevitably have a like effect upon my eye sight; so that I shall not then be sensible of an alteration, which now, though it would not diminish my affection, might give me some uneasiness; but in all these respects we shall keep pace with each other, as God and nature evidently designed." "Thou hast well spoken (said the aged moralist), and this opinion proves thee worthy the possession of so bright a jewel. But (continued she) I have hitherto shewn thee only the most exceptionable side of the picture; but I will reward thy integrity with a prospect of a better kind, and shew thee what are the rewards of constancy and love in a connubial state."

She

She said, and drawing her staff across my eyes, I suddenly beheld her form, which before was haggard and meagre, now grew blooming and celestial—her garment, which was of purple, flowed gracefully over her shining neck—soft complacency beamed from her eye, and unspeakable dignity was conspicuous through her whole figure—in either hand she held a pretty playful child, emblems of the little loves that clung around her knees, and sweetly smiled. At length she spoke: “I am the object of mankind’s pursuit, their earliest wish, their latest prayer: Hymen and Virtue are my parents, and my name is happiness.—I’m sought for by deluded mortals in a thousand ways; yet, though they know my haunts, they seek me every where but where I am; my abode is only with the good. Then come, my children, I will be your guide, and lead you on to joys, that to the rich, the vicious, and the gay are never known: These are the pledges too shall crown your loves, and be the supporters of your age. I will banish care from your pillow, and sorrow shall be a stranger to your thoughts. No ills shall ——” Here my chamber-door was opened in reality by a servant, who came to call me to breakfast. Who can wonder, then, that so fatal an interruption should invert the order of my morning prayer! This cursed information about my breakfast ‘robbed me of all my fancied good, and brought substantial ill;’—for this golden dream seemed to place the misery of my real situation in so aggravated a light, that, though I went down to breakfast, I was not able to eat any.



THE
HISTORY
OF
A N T O N I O.

IN an excursion I made some months ago to the county of —; I paid a visit to Antonio, an old acquaintance of my father's, whom I had known from my infancy. He had been exceedingly attentive to me when a boy; and, as he was something of a sportsman, my guardians often permitted me to accompany him to the field, where, as indeed on every occasion, he treated me with the ease and freedom of a companion and an equal. His behaviour, so different from that to which boys are generally accustomed, while it flattered my self-importance, gave me so much favour and affection for Antonio, that I never saw him afterwards without feeling those agreeable sensations, which accompany the recollection of that happy period of life, when we catch the pleasures of the moment, equally regardless of what is past or to come.

I had not heard of Antonio for many months. When I arrived at the village where he lived, I hastened to his house, without any previous inquiry. The countenance of the servant made me suspect all was not well; and, when I entered his apartment, I found him in the last stage of a dropy.

dropsy. The sensations that crowded on my mind at the squalid and death-like appearance of the good old man, so different from those in which I was prepared to indulge, had almost overcome me; but the growing emotion was checked by the countenance with which he beheld it.— No sooner was I seated, than, taking my hand, “What a change, (said he, with a look of melancholy composure) is here, since you last saw me! I was two years older than your father; had he been alive, he would have been seventy-four next Christmas.”

The particulars of the conversation, though they have made a lasting impression on my mind, would be uninteresting to many of my readers; but, as the life of Antonio will afford an important lesson to the younger part of them, I will give the following short account of it:

“THE father of Antonio was one of the first men of family in Scotland, who had been bred to the profession of a merchant; in which he was so successful, that, about the beginning of this century, he had acquired the sum of twenty thousand pounds, which was, at that time, reckoned no inconsiderable fortune. He had two children who survived him; Antonio, and a daughter, Leonora, who was several years younger than her brother. As the father had received a liberal education, he was attentive to bestow the same benefit upon his son; but, being equally sensible of the advantages of industry, he was, at the same time, determined, that he should be educated to some profession or employment, though he did not restrain him in his choice. Antonio, on his part, seconded his father’s views. His genius was inferior to none of his contemporaries; allowing for some little excesses, which the liveliness and pliancy of his disposition engaged him in, he exceeded them all in the assiduity of his application; and, as his manners were at the same time mild and spirited, he was both beloved and respected by his companions.

“Being arrived at an age which made it necessary to regulate his studies by the profession he was to follow, he made choice of that of physic, which, including the different branches of science usually connected with it, may be said to embrace the whole study of nature: To these he applied

plied rather as a philosopher than as one who intended to be a practitioner in the art ; he was, nevertheless, preparing to take his degree, when the death of his father left him, at the age of twenty, possessed of a handsome fortune.

“ Antonio continued his studies for some time with his usual assiduity ; but, finding his income more than sufficient for his wants, he gave up all thoughts of engaging in practice. His house became the rendezvous of his former school-companions, many of them the sons of the first families in the kingdom, who were now entering into life (I speak of a period above fifty years ago) and who found themselves flattered by those engaging manners in the man, which had attached them to the boy.

“ In consequence of these connections, Antonio found himself engaged in a line of life to which he had been little accustomed ; but, as he had mixed the study of polite literature with science, and was master of the exercises of dancing, fencing, and riding, he soon acquired that ease in his address and conversation, which mark the gentleman, while they hide the man of learning from a common observer. His good-nature and benevolence, proceeding from an enlarged and liberal mind, prevented him from viewing, with too severe an eye, the occasional excesses of some of his companions ; an elegant taste, and a sound understanding, prevented him from engaging in them too deeply.

Antonio's time was now mostly spent among the great. He made long and frequent visits at their seats in the country ; he joined them in excursions from time to time to the different courts on the continent ; and, when he was not abroad, he resided almost constantly in London, or the neighbourhood ; so that he became, in a great measure, a stranger in his own country.

Among the companions of Antonio were the two sons of the Earl of —, who were particularly attached to him. Their father was not more envied by the ambitious for the distinguished rank he held in the councils of his Sovereign, than by the wise and moderate, for being father to two of the most promising young men of the age. — They had been acquainted with Antonio from their infancy.

fancy. They had grown up at the same schools, and studied under the same masters. After an absence of three years, they happened to meet at Venice, where Antonio had the good fortune to render them essential service, in extricating them from difficulties in which the impetuosity of the best-conditioned young men will sometimes involve them, especially in a foreign country. They returned together to Britain. Their father, who knew their former connection with Antonio, and had heard of their recent obligation to him, expressed his sense of it in very flattering terms, and earnestly wished for an opportunity to reward it.

“ I have seen few men who were proof against the attention of ministers. Though it does not always gratify, it seldom fails to excite three of the most powerful passions, vanity, ambition, and avarice. Antonio, I am afraid, did not form an exception to the rule. Tho’ naturally an economist, his mode of life had considerably impaired his fortune. He knew this; but he knew not exactly to what extent. He received gentle remonstrances on the subject from some of his relations in Scotland, who remembered his virtues. In the letters of his sister Leonora, (who still retained that affection and attachment to her brother which his attention to her, both before and after her father’s death, had impressed upon her mind) he perceived an anxiety, for which he could not otherwise account than from her apprehensions about the situation of his affairs. The patronage of the Earl of W—— presented itself as a remedy. To him, therefore, he determined to apply. The intimacy in which he lived with his sons, the friendly manner in which the Earl himself always behaved to him, made this appear an easy matter to Antonio; but he was unaccustomed to ask favours even from the great. His spirit rose at the consciousness of their having become necessary; and he sunk in his own esteem, in being reduced to use the language of solicitation for something like a pecuniary favour. After several fruitless attempts, he could bring himself no farther than to give a distant hint to his companions, the sons of the Earl. It was sufficient to them; and, at the next interview

view with their father, Antonio received the most friendly assurances of being soon provided for in some way suited to his taste and disposition.

Elated with these hopes, he returned, after a ten years absence, to visit his friends in Scotland, and to examine into the situation of his affairs. Of the L. 20,000 left by his father, there was a little more than L. 10,000 remaining; and the half of that sum belonging to his sister Leonora. The knowledge of this made no great impression on his mind, as he was certain of being amply provided for; meanwhile, he thought it his duty to put his sister's fortune in safety; and, by his whole behaviour to her during a nine months residence in Scotland, he confirmed that love and affection which his more early conduct had justly merited.

“ Antonio returned to London about the breaking out of the Spanish war in 1739. The parties in the state ran high; the minister was attacked on all sides, in a language somewhat more decent than what is in use among the patriots of the present day, though it was not, on that account, less poignant and severe. Antonio's patron, the Earl of W——, took part with the minister, and both he and his sons, who were by this time in parliament, seemed so much occupied with the affairs of the public, that Antonio was unwilling to disturb them with any private application for himself, until the ferment was somewhat subsided. In the mean time, he continued his usual mode of life; and, though he could not help observing, that many of the great men, with whom he had been accustomed to converse on the most easy and familiar terms, began to treat him with a forbidding ceremony, more disgusting to a mind of sensibility than downright insolence, still the consciousness of his situation prevented him from renouncing a society in which the secret admonitions of his heart frequently told him he could not continue, without forfeiting the strongest support of virtue and honour, a proper respect for himself.

“ Sir Robert Walpole was at last obliged to resign, and along with him a few of his friends, who were most obnoxious to the leaders of the successful party. The Earl of W—— was not of the number; he still preserved his place in
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the cabinet; and the new and the old ministers having adjusted their different pretensions, a calm tranquillity succeeded, as the less powerful and disappointed patriots, rendered suspicious by the defection of their principal leaders, could not at once connect themselves into a formidable opposition.

“ Antonio thought this a proper time to renew his application. That delicacy which made him formerly shrink at the idea of asking a pecuniary favour, was now no more; his growing necessities, and the habits of submission they produced, had blunted the fine feelings of independence, and he could now, though unnoticed, dance attendance at the levees of the great, like one who had never felt himself their equal. Fortunately there soon happened a vacancy in an office in the department of the Earl of W——, which was every way suited to Antonio. He modestly reminded the Earl of his former promises; and, having made the first application, his request was instantly granted. At that moment Lord C——, who was supposed to be Prime Minister, arrived to ask the office for the son of a butcher in Kent, who was returning officer in a borough where there was a contested election. The Earl of W—— told the minister, that he had just now promised it to that gentleman, pointing to Antonio. The minister had frequently seen Antonio, and was not unacquainted with his character, congratulated him with much seeming cordiality; and, turning to the Earl of W——, paid him many compliments on his bestowing the office on one of so distinguished merit: “ That consideration, added he, can compensate for the disappointment I feel in not having obtained it for the person I mentioned to your Lordship.” Antonio was too well acquainted with the language of the court not to understand the tendency of all this. The Earl of W—— immediately observed, that, to oblige his Lordship, he had no doubt Antonio would readily give up the promise. This was instantly done; and these two noble persons vied with each other in their offers of service; he was given to understand, that the first opportunity should be taken to provide for him in a manner exceeding his wishes.

“ Though Antonio was not, upon the whole, very well pleased with this incident, he endeavoured to comfort himself with reflecting, that he had now acquired a right of going directly to the minister, which was so much the more agreeable, as he plainly perceived that the sons to the Earl of W——, though they still behaved to him with more ease and attention than many others of his former companions, would, like the rest, soon be estranged from him. At school, at college, on their travels, and even for some time after their return, their pursuits were the same.— Whether it was instruction or entertainment, they were mutually assisting to each other, and they found Antonio to be in every thing their equal, perhaps in some things their superior. The scene was now changed. In the midst of their family and relations, possessed of the adventitious, though dazzling qualities of rank and fortune, the real merit of Antonio was hardly perceived. They now found him to be in some things their inferior. This alone would have, in time, put an end to their intimacy, unless, like many others, he would have contented himself with acting the part of an humble attendant. Having once opened to their views the career of ambition, and the prospect of rising in the state, they estimated their friendships by the extent of their political influence. Virtue and merit were now out of the question, or were at best but secondary considerations. Former services, compared to the objects in which they were now engaged, sunk to nothing; at the same time, a consciousness of duty led them to behave civilly to a man they had once esteemed, and who had done nothing to forfeit their good opinion. Perhaps, even if applied to in a fortunate moment, when impelled by a sudden emanation of half-extinguished virtue, they might have exerted themselves to serve him; but these exertions would not have been of long continuance; they would soon have been smothered by cold political prudence.

“ After two years solicitation, during which his patrons sometimes cajoled him with promises, and, at others, hardly deigned to take notice of his request, Antonio gave up all hopes of success. His fortune was now totally gone. His friends in Scotland had frequently informed him

him of this; but he continued to solicit and to receive small sums of money from time to time, which he was in hopes of being soon able to repay. These hopes being extinguished, he could not ask for more. He had also contracted several debts to the different tradesmen he employed. He frankly told them his situation; but they remembered the liberality of his conduct and behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and would not use the barbarous right of imprisonment to increase his calamities.

“ The accumulated distress to which Antonio was now exposed, was more than he could bear. After combating some time with the agitation of his mind, he was seized with a slow fever, attended with a delirium, which made it necessary to acquaint his friends. His sister Leonora hastened to his relief. At the end of some weeks, his health was so far re-established, that she ventured to propose his undertaking a journey to Scotland, to which he at last consented, but not without reluctance.

“ He learned, by degrees, that the money he received for the last two years he resided in London, had come from Leonora; that she had paid all his debts there, and, with the small remains of her fortune, had purchased an annuity of an hundred and fifty pounds for his and her own life. In a short time, they retired to a village in the county of ———, not far from my father’s residence, who had been an early acquaintance of Antonio’s. My father joined his endeavours to those of Leonora to recover him from that depression of spirits into which his misfortunes, and the reflections on his past conduct, had thrown him. They at last succeeded; and saw him, with pleasure, regain those mild and engaging manners which they had formerly admired. But his spirit and vivacity could not be restored. He seemed to engage in the usual pastimes and occupations of a country life, rather with patience than satisfaction, and to suffer society as a duty which he owed to a sister who had preserved him, and to those friends who shewed so much solicitude for his happiness, rather than to enjoy it as a source of pleasure and entertainment to himself. If ever he was animated, it was in the company of a few young men who looked up to him for instruction. He entertained them, not with murmurings against the world,

complaints of the injustice or depravity of mankind. His pictures of society were flattering and agreeable, as giving the most extensive scope for the exercise of the active virtues. "My young friends, he was wont to say, carry with you into the world a spirit of independence, and a proper respect for yourselves. These are the guardians of virtue. No man can trust to others for his support, or forfeit his own good opinion with impunity. Extravagant desires and ill-founded hopes pave the way for disappointment, and dispose us to cover our own errors with the unjust accusation of others. Society is supported by a reciprocity of good offices; and, though virtue and humanity will give, justice cannot demand, a favour, without a recompence. Warm and generous friendships are sometimes, nay, I hope, often found in the world; but, in those changes and vicissitudes of life which open new views, and form new connections, the old are apt to be weakened or forgotten. Family and domestic friendship, (would he add, with sigh) will generally be found the most lasting and sincere; but here, my friends, you will think me prejudiced; you all know my obligations to Leonora."

"Antonio and Leonora are now no more; he died a few days after my last visit. His sister he had buried about a twelvemonth before; and I have often heard him mention, with a kind of melancholy satisfaction, that to her other distresses, there had not been added the regret of being left behind him."

THE
S O R R O W S
O F
C L A R I N D A,
AS RELATED BY HERSELF.
[FROM IPHIGENIA.]

YOU must remember, my dear Miss Monterville, the felicity which, though humble, was not the less sincere, that once gilded my days at Danbury Lodge, the name, you know, by which my grandmother's delightful recess was distinguished, and which was bestowed on that dear woman, together with the adjoining pasturage, by the late worthy Lord, for her residence after my grandfather's death, who was his Lordship's steward, and greatly valued by him, and who leaving his widow in very narrow circumstances, and with a mind deeply wounded by the loss of him, retirement became no less desirable than necessary. My father was the only child of this worthy pair, who dying very young, about a fortnight after my birth, the strong affection they had borne him, devolved upon me, and I became the idol of their hearts. In a few months I
lost

lost my mother likewise. The illness and death of my father proved fatal to her; for theirs was a match of real love, and violent grief acted so forcibly upon her mind and frame, at that dangerous period, that she never quitted her room after her lying-in; but, after lingering longer than was expected, followed the partner of her soul to, I trust, a better world. My grandfather and grandmother being thus the only parents I ever knew, with them all my filial duty and affection centered. I was the darling of their lives, the treasure of their age, and the enlivener of their hours; indeed, their fondness was too excessive, and has made me feel more keenly the wounds of misery it has since been my lot to receive. In the loss of my grandfather, just as I had attained my thirteenth year, my heart first tasted the bitterness of sorrow. My grandmother's consequent seclusion from the world rendered me doubly dear to her: I was then, she used, with tears of grief and love to say, the only earthly blessing spared her, her chiefest good below, her only comfort, the joy and solace of her sad widowhood, the cheerer of her lonely declining years. How truly I strove to be so, to be deserving of the unbounded tenderness lavished upon me, Heaven alone can witness. Gratitude inspired my soul, and actuated my thoughts and conduct toward her. My constant study was to give her comfort and pleasure, and I have the heart-felt joy of thinking that I blest the evening of her life, and soothed her latest moments. She died soon after you quitted Danbury Hall; but ere that I had received the fatal blow to all my future peace, and listened to delusion! Ere then, I may add, the deadly wound was given, and conviction, with all its horrors, stood arrayed before me; but my tender parent was happily exempt from the knowledge of my shame and sorrow; she expired, recommending me to God, and solemnly enjoining me to reverence virtue in all its various forms, and be good in order to be happy.

The late Lord Danbury survived my grandfather but three months. His handsome, elegant, and too accomplished son, immediately appeared among us, and his lovely widowed sister, who had, since the death of her husband, for many years resided with her father, still continued the mistress of Danbury Hall, and was extremely beloved by
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and attached to her brother. Scarcely had these events taken place, when you became a pleasing addition to the domestic felicity that graced that noble seat. I had ever been a favourite with your benefactress, Mrs. Hayward, and your partiality toward me, I believe, arose from hers. Your innocent prattle dwelt ever on Clarinda, the then happy and vivacious Clarinda, and you often led his Lordship's steps to my grandmother's sweet and peaceful solitude, whose unsuspicious heart, delighted by his Lordship's respectful attention to herself, and his encomiums on me, spared no efforts to render these visits pleasing to our noble guest; contrived little regales, at once simple and elegant, which you may well remember, and at which I constantly presided, and was obliged to exert those few talents with which nature has endowed me to entertain, and shew our sense of the honor done us by his Lordship's notice, the increasing professions of his regard and friendship, and frequency of his presence at our recess.

How successfully I exerted myself to secure his Lordship's favor the sequel will evince, although I can with truth affirm, that it was not at first with any such design, but merely in obedience to the injunctions of my partial parent, who, proud of my few self-taught acquirements, was ever eager for their display, without any farther view than the pleasure of hearing her dear child extolled.

My fondness for music made me eagerly seize at every opportunity of gaining knowledge in that delightful science. I had been honoured with some instructions by Mrs. Hayward, and was a tolerable proficient: My finger was allowed to be not devoid of skill, my ear of judgment, nor my voice of harmony; but his Lordship being no less an admirer of that fascinating art than myself, and an adept in it, I improved under the tuition he declared himself happy and honoured in being permitted to give me; and he whispered a language with his lessons more seducing than the poet's sweetest numbers, or the softest airs of melody; he whispered love. I had not yet attained my fifteenth year; dangerous area of a female's life, when the heart is open to impression, and unguarded by experience.

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With you, you remember, I reaped instruction from Mrs. Hayward; much of my time passed at Danbury-Hall: I made rapid progress in the languages, geography, and drawing; and although it was not then merely self-taught, every thing was gained with so little application, that it almost appeared it was so, and it was universally believed I was. But my attention was not applied solely to the improvement of my mind, it was too often engrossed by a different, but I thought superior, object. Ambition accompanied love, and I already fancied myself the certain mistress of the charming scenes around me, the chosen wife of the man I adored, the future Lady Danbury. In this pleasing but destructive error, glided years away, and every added hour gave new force to my attachment.—Marriage was often named, but obstacles arose perpetually, and motives for concealing our love from all the world were frequently urged. I believed all as it was represented. I never dreamed of guile, and now look back with astonishment at the caution and successful arts employed to cheat all other eyes as well as mine; mine were sufficiently blinded by my affection.

After the death of Mr. Janfon, his Lordship's uncle, from whom he inherited immense wealth, I first felt uneasiness that he should think it necessary to observe the same rigid caution as before; but my tender doubts were soon hushed to peace. Our meetings were conducted with the most guarded prudence; no confidant ever trusted, so that the babbling tongue of rumour never caught the tender tale: But let me not be prolix; let me not dwell on circumstances of perfidy, or barbarous treachery, whose memory stabs my peace.

At a fete given in honour of his Lordship's birth-day, I was invited. I was just then seventeen; the company was crowded and brilliant; but the particulars may have, perhaps, escaped your younger mind. The novelty of my person, my dress, and my manners attracted many eyes, and those noble ones. His Lordship appeared both flattered and uneasy at the distinction shewn me, and whispered in my ear, that the lovely villager had wounded every heart, and might be snatched from him, unless he made the prize his own. I confess I was not displeased at

this circumstance, as I was often piqued by his Lordship's unabated secrecy and continued delay. In the evening was a masqued ball. I wore a plain domino, at his Lordship's particular request, and we conversed together with little interruption all the night. His Lordship's passion seemed, if possible, to have received new ardour; he breathed the softest, warmest protestations of eternal love, and hoped the propitious moment drew near to secure the blessing of his future life, and make me his for ever. He vowed it was impossible for him to live longer without me, and added, that he had made a young clergyman one of his guests, with whom I knew he had long been in habits of intimacy, privy to our love, and only waited my permission to engage him to meet us on the following night in some secluded spot, as soon as the family had retired to rest, which, from the circumstance of that night's festivity, would probably be early; at least he would contrive it should be so, and his friend, accompanied by an old domestic, whose fidelity might be relied on, would join us after the company had retired, and confirm him the happiest of mankind.

An involuntary tremor seized me; a variety of objections arose in my mind, but they were all over-ruled.—He assured me, that it was absolutely necessary our marriage should at first remain a secret; that time, and only time could enable him to avow it, as he had still dependencies and powerful connections, whose opinions it was necessary he should consider; but a short space might remove every impediment to his acknowledging what would ever constitute the felicity and boast of his life. I acquiesced with the propriety of his reasoning, and a rustic temple, situated in a deep grove, at some distance from the house, was the place fixed on to sanctify our vows, and insure, as I imagined, my future happiness with the object of my first, my only love.

On the evening of the following day, his Lordship whispered me, that all was arranged as we could wish, and I was to meet him in a retired part of the garden, as soon as the visitors and his sister were retired to their chambers. I gave him my promise, and was faithful to it. The ceremony was to be performed e'er the clock

struck twelve. We reached the lonely temple at half past eleven; but after waiting long with impatient fears on my part, no expected clergyman appeared! My lover inveighed against his friend's mistake, from which, he said, his breach of promise must originate, tenderly soothed the perturbation of my spirits, and lamented the disappointment of his hopes, that in that spot we should e'er then have been indissolubly united, unsuspected by prying envy or censure, and our secret secure in the bosom of a faithful friend, and his tried and trusty attendant. I was not less chagrined at the supposed misapprehension of his friend than his Lordship, although I made light of it; but far was I from once surmising the black design against me!

The night was serene, the moon shone clear, and all nature seemed hushed to repose, but Philomel, who tuned her melodious lay at no great distance. His Lordship was warm and tender. I arose to return to the house, but he intreated I would not deny him the indulgence of my conversation a little longer. I complied—fatal compliance—that night saw me deprived of all that renders women lovely! In a weak hour robbed of innocence, and all that peace, that real unfulfilled virtue ever feels, and for the loss of which no other earthly good can compensate. The dawn of day brought shame and anguish unutterable to my heart. In vain his Lordship strove to allay my sadness; in vain he still swore he never would give me cause to curse him: that his love was as pure, his designs as honorable as ever; that nothing was farther from his intentions than to wound my quiet; that I was, in fact, his wife; nor would he taste of comfort until I was such by lawful ties; all he could say was insufficient to acquit me to myself; and I retired to my chamber, where I was by the family, long since supposed to be at rest, inconsolable.

The next morning early, I was summoned home by an alarming message, informing me, that my grandmother was seized with sudden illness. I accompanied the messenger, with innumerable fears preying on my heart. When I reached that dear woman's bedside, I found her, indeed, worse than I had pictured. She had been attacked by a dreadful fit of the palsy, and was almost dead on one side;

her features were likewise distorted, and her whole appearance struck me with inexpressible grief and horror!—For many days and nights I never left her side one instant. At length, almost exhausted by fatigue, watching, and heavy unremitting sorrow, our old and faithful female domestic informed me, one evening, that Lord Danbury was come himself to inquire after my grandmother's health, and begged to see me. Mrs. Haywood had often sent, after hearing of my dear parent's sudden and dangerous attack, and you had been once with the servant that brought her kind inquiries. I hastened with palpitating heart to his Lordship: but I met him not with that tender artless joy, which had ever before warmed my bosom at his approach; sadness, and conscious dishonour, enveloped my mind, and clouded my features. His Lordship embraced me with mingled tenderness and concern; he sympathized with my cause of sorrow, in the misfortune of my respectable parent, and regretted the alteration it had occasioned in my spirits and appearance. I could only weep my reply; but well might I have told him, that was not alone the cause of the dejection he observed. He seemed greatly affected by my tears and emotions, and with every semblance of affection most sincere, begged me to endeavour and be more composed, for that the study and pride of his life would ever be to make me happy. Then he paused, and again addressing me, “Adored Clarinda, said he, assure yourself, you are at this moment dearer than ever to this fond and faithful heart. Let no weak fear, no unkind doubt, enter your mind respecting me. You are mine, for ever mine, by the most sacred ties, the ties of perfect disinterested attachment, and unsullied honor. I will never deceive you, my love, and my intentions are the same at this moment as when I first beheld you.”

Ah! little did I then imagine the guileful truth these subtle words conveyed; his intentions were, indeed, assuredly the same as they had ever been, uniformly base and cruel.

He clasped me passionately in his arms, and thus continued: “Dear treasure of my doating soul, never mistrust your Danbury, never suspect his truth.”

“ I never have,” said I, distressed and mortified, that he should suppose me capable of thinking him a villain.—
 “ No, he added, you are too just, too generous; you know yourself, as I do, superior to be the prey of vulgar passion; but no more of this. I only mean and wish, now as ever, to guard my loved girl against unnecessary fears. Our union is at present unavoidably deferred, by your being so unhappily and suddenly called from us. My friend, the only friend I can intrust in a case of such importance, is now far distant: He is unexpectedly obliged to visit a living he holds in the west, by some dispute between the resident he has fixed there and the parishioners, which renders his presence among them indispensable; but at his return, which will be in a few months, or, perhaps, weeks, I shall undoubtedly fulfil ever engagement that my heart owns thus solemnly, with you, its dear and only choice.

I could hear no more; a sickness like death seized me; the surrounding objects swam before my aching sight, and I fainted in his Lordship's arms. As soon as I recovered I was obliged to be conveyed to my chamber, with feelings, which all my lover's tender looks, and expressions of concern, could not subdue, and which, till then, I had never known.

Cruel doubts and dark suspicions entered my mind; at moments I imagined the worst. I clearly saw a base plot formed against my peace; but the next instant love kindled in my soul, chid my fears, and whispered its delusive consolations.

My grandmother's long and threatening illness demanded my utmost exertions to struggle with my tortured heart, my wounded sensibility, and pay her the attention which duty and parental goodness claimed. Her disorder proved lingering, but not then fatal. She was restored to my prayers; but what could restore my lost innocence, or hide from the all-piercing eye of Eternal Purity, and from myself, my deep, my indelible disgrace?—His Lordship's love seemed undiminished; but still no hope appeared of his friend's return, nor of our purposed union. By degrees, marriage became seldomer the subject of our conversation, and, at length, was never mentioned

tioned but by myself, and then treated more lightly by my lover, and soon dropped as a theme unpleasant. Wretchedness then began to fix those deep wounds in my mind, which only death can cure. His Lordship's ardour yet knew no decrease; he felt, or well assumed for me a fondness most unbounded; but his strong and rooted aversion to the connubial tie, stood unveiled before me. All my golden dreams of lasting years of bliss vanished, and my misery was almost certain.

Thus painfully wore away the first sad year of my deviation from the strict rule of right, when the sudden death of our amiable Mrs. Haywood was deeply felt by all who had the happiness of being known to her, and by none more truly than myself. Your distress, young as you were, on that occasion, will never be effaced from my mind.

That event was soon followed by one to me far more dreadful. Lord Danbury's marriage was announced with the wealthy heiress, only child of Sir Edward Sidborow! He had often told me that the late Earl, his father, had wished, and often pressed him to address that Lady; but had always expressed the most unalterable aversion to her, and the most fixed determination never to think of such an union with a woman, who, though young, and much admired, he could never love.

My senses at first forsook me on hearing this account; but my recollection firmly disavowed all belief of it; and I treated it as an idle chimera, the false report of groundless and busy invention.

My lover had been absent on business in London some weeks. In a few days after the above news was spread around the country, his Lordship appeared at his seat, to confute, I doubted not, the rumour that diffused its corroding influence through my mind.

In a few hours after his arrival I saw him, and immediately mentioned, what lay nearest my heart, the report so generally believed; at the same time adding, that with me it could assuredly find no credit. The change that instantly took place in his Lordship's countenance, fully confirmed my worst, my most terrifying fears. I was too well acquainted with every variation in that countenance to be for a moment mistaken. I saw my inevitable ruin

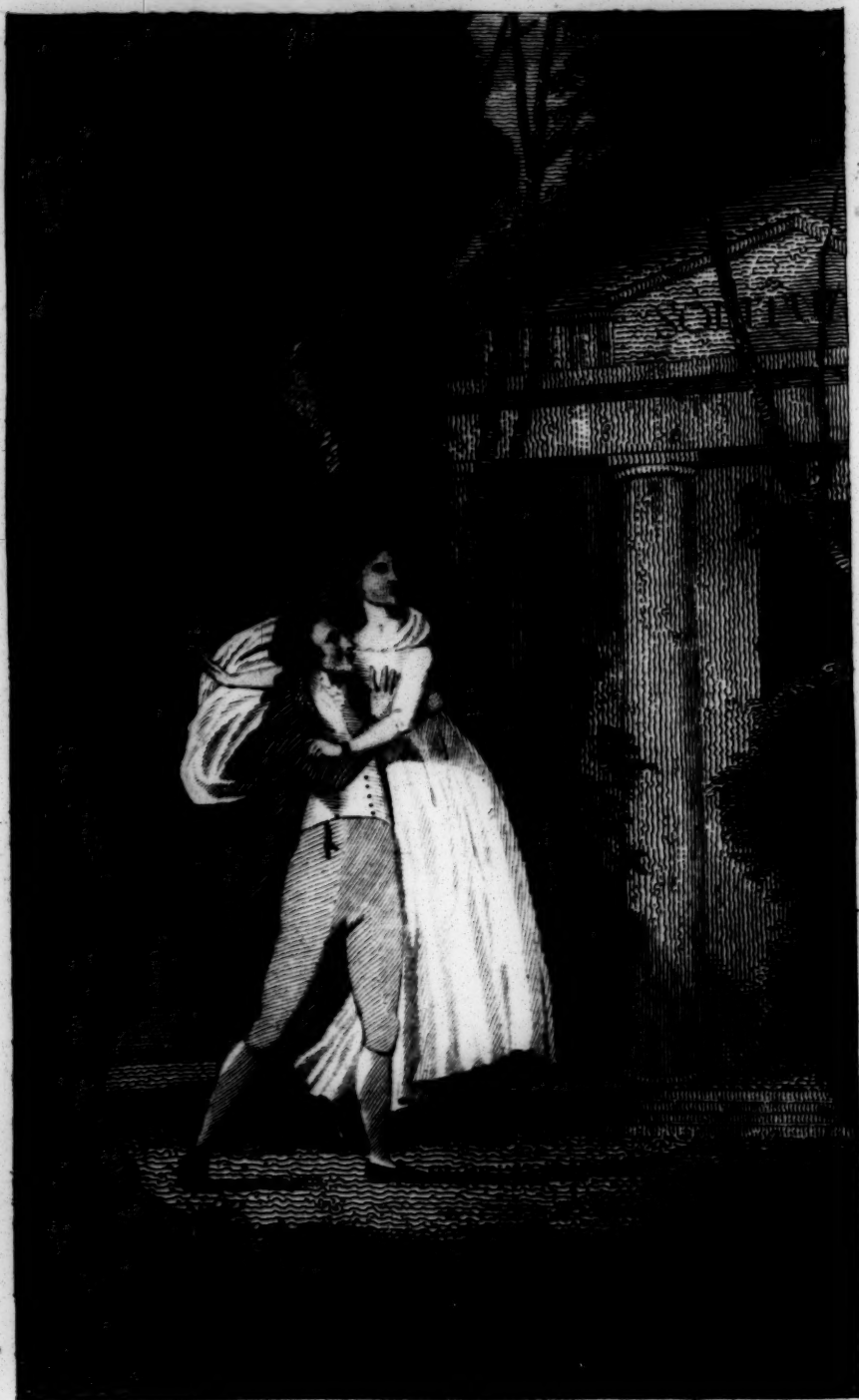
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in that bitter moment completed. I shrieked—I knew not what I said—I wished for death, or insensibility, but neither came to my relief. His Lordship conveyed me, struggling in his arms, into a small romantic building that stood near us, embosomed in the thickest part of the grove, where we met, which had been raised by Mrs. Haywood, and by her inscribed to what she most loved—solitude. The image of awful virtue arose before my mind with her recollection—“ And how? (said I, turning to my betrayer) How dare you force me hither? How dare you pollute the haunts of that fainted purity, your sister, by the presence of wretches like us?” I would have fled from him; I forbade him to detain me, for that he was become odious, and abhorred in my sight; but he still held me forcibly in his arms, soothed, intreated, but I heard little of what he said, only, that the violence of his passion for me had betrayed him into the errors I so severely execrated; that his marriage—Ah! at that word applied to another woman, my grief and rage surpassed all bounds!—That his marriage with Miss Sidborow was unavoidable; that it had been determined by their parents from their childhood; that many powerful motives enforced the step he had wished to avoid, and had actually delayed, as long as possible, so long, that the Lady had been piqued by his coolness, and her fortune was necessary to disengage his estates from many heavy enthrallments, with which they still were burthened, and which his uncle Janson’s cash had been insufficient to remove; that, therefore, it was that he had been compelled to unite his hand with that of a woman, who, though handsome, and much-admired, he beheld almost with detestation, from his unconquerable attachment to me, to whom his soul was, and would ever be wedded, by a more sacred bond than priests or words can constitute; and, to sum up all, in language that carried the same import, as the insolent and libertine declaration, that the poet puts in the mouth of an unfeeling and dissolute seducer:—

“ That he would still retain me in his heart,

“ His ever gentle mistress and his friend.”

TEMPLE of SOLITUDE



*"And how? said I to my Betraycr) How
dare you force me hither?"*

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I started from him, with disdain and madness! and hastened home to the calm cottage, and unruffled spirit of my tender parent, with feelings that made the blush of guilt burn upon my cheek, and the pangs of bitterest agony convulse my soul when I meet her, in whose mild features all the tranquillity of conscious virtue shone, and in whose mind its bright seraphic flame diffused that happiness the world cannot destroy; but which irradiates the homeliest hovel, sweetens the morsel of poverty, and gives the blessing of cheerful content to the lowliest station.

The perturbation of my mind baffled concealment. My grandmother, with affectionate eagerness, inquired the cause of my alarm, and, for the first time in my life, I had recourse to art and falsehood. Observe, my dear friend, the swift progress of evil in the human heart, when once it gains admittance, and how naturally one fault urges the necessity of others. I ascribed my agitation to having seen something, I know not what, I was walking in the grove, we termed Mrs. Haywood's, from her partiality to it; that it went into the Temple of Solitude, and was all in white, with golden hair, and a crown upon its head, and I really believed it was Mrs. Haywood's apparition. My grandmother, who, though a woman of sound sense, was not devoid of superstition, credulously believed that I had certainly seen what I related; but I should have been incapable of forming this story, and tremble to have uttered it, had I not been entirely divested of all such belief myself, which I was, from having heard Mrs. Haywood, of whose judgment I ever had the highest opinion, and who was totally incredulous on all such subjects, frequently converse upon them, and endeavour to expose the extreme folly of the many vulgar and received opinions that prevailed around us, and which, being inculcated in the nursery, were not easily eradicated; but, from the frequent and forcible reasonings of Mrs. Haywood, I was fully convinced of the error and fallacy of all such beliefs and assertions at present, whatever truth there may have been in such relations in former ages, or on very important occasions: I therefore rested assured, that my forming the fiction of the apparition was an offence of no deeper dye than that of uttering any other falsehood, and it appeared less liable
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to detection than any other I could invent. The story spread rapidly, and was received with avidity: My illness, which immediately followed, and in which my life was despaired of, gained it universal belief, and Mrs. Haywood having appeared to me in the Temple, was the topic of discussion throughout the parish.

I was no more the happy Clarinda Dorington, blooming with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but a repining wretch, full of remorse and anguish, to whom life was become a burden, almost insupportable; but the dejection under which I laboured was ascribed to the languor my illness left behind, and the hidden truth, the real cause of all my sufferings, never once surmised.

One afternoon, as I was sitting on a small balcony in the front of the house, enjoying the reviving air, the servant, whom my grandmother had sent with some refreshments to me, inquired if I had heard the news at Danbury Hall. I replied in the negative, and she hastened to inform me that the new lady was come home, and was so beautiful, and so fine, and gay, that the folks said she looked like an angel, and there was nothing else talked of in the neighbourhood.

I restrained my emotions as well as I could, till Susan withdrew; but her intelligence was unfortunate to me, it occasioned a severe and dangerous relapse, from which I was not expected to recover, and my confinement was longer than at first. For a considerable time my senses were deranged, and one of the first things I remember to have heard, after I was again restored to reason, was, that you were taken from Danbury-Hall by some noble family, who were informed you were not paid proper attention to after the death of Mrs. Haywood, who was highly valued and esteemed by them; but that you had particularly experienced much neglect, and many unkindnesses from Lady Danbury, who I found had not displayed herself in the most amiable colours since her arrival in that country.

I really regretted your loss with great sincerity. Young as you were, I felt you a valuable friend. You had greatly endeared yourself to my heart, and the qualities I had observed

served in you would soon have ripened to maturity, when you might have been empowered to speak peace to my mind, and have helped to reconcile me to existence, which was long to me a burden hardly to be endured.

As soon as I was tolerably recovered from my illness, his Lordship found means to get a letter conveyed to my hand, earnestly beseeching I would see him, but I treated his letter with silent contempt: My heart was too sincere to dissemble its real sentiments, and I resolved, if possible, to avoid ever conversing with him again: But this was not in my power; he appeared at our cottage, and my grandmother, all unsuspecting of his perfidy, received him with her wonted respect and gladness, while I was obliged to assume a face of serenity, ill-suited to my real feelings. One evening, when he entered our abode, I was sitting alone in the parlour, he approached me with mingled joy, and anxious trepidation. I started, and would have fled from him; but he forcibly detained me. "Clarinda, said he, idol of my soul, why thus torture, thus avoid, as an object of detestation, a man whose happiness rests wholly with you? whose very being is entirely in your power!"

"My Lord, (I replied, summoning my utmost fortitude) forbear to add insult to ruin; the sight of you is agony; by my wish we never meet more."

"Cruel, unrelenting, yet most loved creature,"—(he sighed—"by all that is sacred, you are my fate." The entrance of my grandmother prevented his enlarging; but he still persevered in being our frequent visitant, and many letters, imploring my forgiveness, and a renewal of that love I once acknowledged for him, and offering any compensation his fortune could make for the wrong I so greatly mourned, so deeply repented, did I receive, but never answered any of them.

Thus revolved several months, when heaven recalled the pure spirit of my best friend, my revered parent, to itself, which, although it released her from an old age of pain and sickness, was to me a loss I never shall think on without the most painful regret. The only consolation that attends its memory, next to the belief of its opening to that dear woman the portals of Eternal Glory, and

Everlasting Rest, is the assurance, that she died in happy ignorance of my misfortune, and felt no other concern on my account, than that of leaving me so ill provided for. All she had to bequeath me, being about three hundred pounds in the funds, some valuables, her cloaths, and the furniture of her cottage.

For several weeks after the decease of my grandmother, I continued indulging, in solitude, my deep affliction, and undetermined what future step to take, until a visit from Lord Danbury awakened me from my sad reverie, recalled my scattered senses, and convinced me of the necessity of quitting that dear mansion, no longer to me a place of safety.

I had declined appearing to his Lordship when he called at the Lodge; but resolved, soon after that event, to dispose of the furniture, and hasten to the metropolis, where, having some relations, I hoped to be enabled, by the exercise of my abilities, to add something to my narrow stipend, and live with comfort and honor in the world; but despaired of ever again tasting that sweet peace, that conscious assurance, that once informed my heart, and blest my days.

I immediately set about putting my determination in practice, and his Lordship being informed that I designed to quit the cottage, (where, in fact, I had no right to continue after the death of my grandmother, it being only given by the late Earl for her residence) and that I meant to part with the furniture, commissioned his steward to purchase it at any price I chose to fix; but I refused to make any demand, and it was accordingly taken at a fair appraisalment; for I scorned to be in any sense indebted to him who had so cruelly betrayed, so basely deceived me.

That business being so easily arranged, I accepted the invitation of a family in the neighbouring village, with whom I had been in habits of strict intimacy from my earliest childhood, to reside with them during my continuance in the country; but before my departure from the then mournful mansion, loved scene of childish felicity, and youthful innocence, Lord Danbury contrived to see me, and with prayers, and even tears, pleaded his love, his truth, and everlasting constancy! Indignation seized me,
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that he should thus affront my principles and understanding ! The sense of my injuries filled my soul, and silenced the voice of criminal attachment, which still lingered in the inmost recess of my heart. I forbade him ever again thus to insult me ; with scorn rejected all his offers, and firmly expressed my irrevocable determination never to be, in any degree, indebted to the man, who, in return for love unutterable, confidence unbounded, had deprived my mind of rest, my days of joy, and condemned me the prey of a self-accusing spirit, the victim of that secret canker-worm, which gnawed incessantly upon my heart, for offended virtue, abused affection, and broken faith ! My spirit astonished and confounded him, and I hastily withdrew, ere the rebel in my bosom could rise in his behalf.

Oh ! what agonies wrung my soul, when a just sense of the indignities offered me began to yield to softer recollections ! What mingled emotions tortured my breast ! The sense of my wrongs had not then conquered the force of my attachment : still was my destroyer dear to me beyond all that the world contained, beyond myself ; but while I shuddered at the conviction of yet feeling that guilty passion, I prayed for power to conquer it, and ever after avoid its object. But entirely to do either was not practicable, while I remained in that country. Still his Lordship persisted in addressing me by letter, with endless protestations, importunities, and intreaties, that I would condescend to accept every compensation his fortune could make. I treated these letters as I had lately done his former ones to the same purpose, refused to them the smallest notice, although more than ever wounded, that he should suppose me capable of bargaining for vice, and accepting a pecuniary consideration for infamy.

Painful as my sensations were, and much as I wished never in future to behold him, I could not, without exposing myself, shew any aversion to his frequent appearance where I was a visitor, as the long attachment of his family to mine was well known, and his attentions to me after the melancholy occasion that demanded my sorrow, was only considered as a proof of his Lordship's goodness and friendship, and no more than what was generally expected. I, however, studiously shunned any future inter-

views with my seducer, unwitnessed by others, and, with all possible expedition, hastened to London, to avoid, and, if possible, banish him my memory for ever.

On my arrival in the capital, the novelty of the scene, and the cordiality with which I was welcomed by my friends, in some measure, dissipated the heavy gloom that hung upon my spirits. My relations, at whose house I was received, lived in a style of affluence and gaiety, tho' not of elegance. With them I resided near twelve months, gained many admirers, who amused, without making the least impression; and, hearing of an eligible opportunity of entering into partnership with a lady about to open a boarding-school, and who possessed good connections, and had been many years accustomed to that business, I engaged my little-all with her in that undertaking, and had never any reason to repent the step.

Mrs. Yeldon was a maiden lady, of about forty, blest with a soundness of judgment, and excellence of heart, I have rarely known equalled. She soon testified a very animated regard for me, and we were perfectly pleased with each other. Our residence was delightfully situated in the neighbourhood of London; there I dwelt near four years, and our success was equal to our contentment, which, on my part, surpassed any thing I had in this life ever hoped to experience.

It was at the conclusion of the fourth year of my partnership with Mrs. Yeldon, that, at the house of a family with whom I was invited to pass the vacation of our winter holidays, chance introduced me to a gentleman, who soon professed himself my ardent and serious lover, and whose addresses raised sensations, which I imagined could never again exist in my mind. I felt a tender esteem, a lively gratitude toward him, which at first alarmed, but afterwards soothed me into a pleasing forgetfulness. He was past the hey-day of life, but still in his prime, with a fine person, most seducing manners, and every attraction that can make man dangerous. I believed my heart long dead to love; but it was certainly alive to a soft and delightful sentiment, a gentle friendship, very nearly resembling that passion. Alas! my soul was formed for attachment,

ment, and Mr. Mortimer possessed the faculty to convince me more fully of that fatal truth.

Resentment burns strongly in my bosom when once thoroughly kindled: My feelings know no medium, and the wrongs I had experienced from Lord Danbury had effectually subdued the unbounded passion my heart had acknowledged for him, although my first, my virgin-love, once held him dear as ever any of his sex could be to the soul of unsuspecting female tenderness.

In Mr. Mortimer I found superior sense, and many qualities, more powerfully attractive and endearing than Lord Danbury had ever really possessed, though, assuredly, in the delirium of early love, he had appeared to me perfection. Mr. Mortimer, too, breathed the pure and passionate language of virtue and unfeigned honor, and only waited my consent to confirm his vows by the sanction of Hymen. But that dreadful secret that lay buried in my bosom, then started up before me. I was incapable of deceiving so generous, so fond a lover, so amiable a man; and, to expose my youthful error, my sad misfortune, was a painful thought, a task scarcely, even in idea, to be endured; yet, without declining what my heart warmly prompted me to accept, or meriting the just charge of perfidy, and despicable falsehood, it was unavoidable. At length, therefore, I summoned fortitude to breathe the humiliating truth, concluding with an assurance, which the language imprinted on his speaking features, encouraged me to express, that he well knew how to distinguish between the heart, against its better principles misled by a too fond trust, a tender, ardent, and unsuspecting preference, began at such an early period of life, and cherished for such successive years, and that, degraded by a voluntary choice of, and satisfied acquaintance with infamy.

“ Ah! name not the distinction, most charming woman! (exclaimed my lover, folding me with added warmth in his respectful embrace)—yours is the mind, the language of perfect excellence. Judge not unkindly of your Mortimer; wound him not by the suspicion of ill-liberality; think not that he possesses a cold and narrow spirit; that he is incapable of discriminating between real purity of soul and its delusive semblance. I know you,
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my Clarinda, such as you are, free from any actual taint, tho' stabbed in your peace by the arts of a monster ; for such, indeed, must he be that could transfix the darts of sorrow, so accute, in that adored, that tender, gentle heart.— Trust me, your generous candor, your ingenuous worth, and even your present amiable sadness, enhance your value in my estimation."

" But, tell me, (he added) have you, indeed, for ever banished that destroyer from your soul ? This to me is of the highest moment: Are you assured, that you cease to think of him with secret preference ? That you do not still cherish his image in your breast ? In this, as in every other instance, my Clarinda will, I know, be generous, candid, and consistent with herself." I no less approved the true delicacy than the liberality of his sentiments. I described the progressive disunion of my affections from their first object, and was gratified to find, that while Mr. Mortimer could throw the veil of forgetfulness over the misfortune I should ever mourn, he could not be content with less than the undivided heart for which he sighed. I confessed to him, that I had long, and, as I had imagined, firmly resolved never to think of marriage, nor of love, to encourage the address under whatever disguise. But how weak are the resolves of such a heart as mine, when assailed by an object calculated to attach it ? In the protection and tenderness of a worthy man, I persuaded myself I should more assuredly banish the remembrance of what had so deeply wounded my peace, than I could else ever hope to do, and future revolving years of virtuous endearment, and social happiness, might yet gild my life. Such were my hopes when I yielded my hand to the engaging and enraptured Mortimer, and with it a most sincere affection, an affection the most valuable of all others, resulting from a perfect esteem, a tender gratitude, and formed, when the mind is best susceptible of receiving lasting impressions, in the bloom of ripened maturity.

Previous to our marriage, Mr. Mortimer informed me that his fortune was not large ; but he had good hopes a few years would make it so, as he was the partner of a house in Holland, of which he transacted the business it had in this country, and was settled here for that purpose ;

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that he likewise ventured considerably in the funds, &c. had been remarkably successful, having already, in the course of a few years, realized some thousands. He hired a commodious dwelling in an airy part of the metropolis, in consideration of my having been but little accustomed to the confined atmosphere of London, and my health being affected by it, while I was with my relations, who resided in the city. Mr. Mortimer, therefore, overlooked our abode's being rather too remote, as I feared, from his business, in his attentive care of me, and we were soon settled to my utmost wish in our new habitation.

While the house was completing for our reception, I still continued, for several weeks after our nuptials, which were celebrated with great privacy, with my valued Mrs. Yeldon; and, it being previously concluded to dispose of my share in the school, I did so, to the entire satisfaction of that Lady, and for a very genteel addition to what I had embarked with her. Soon after this event, Mr. Mortimer appeared to conduct me to our new mansion. My parting with Mrs. Yeldon was, I am sure, productive of equal regret to both parties: My heart, ever apt to form partialities, and indulge the impulses of affection, found many objects to attach it to that seat of serene contentment, nor quitted it without a painful struggle. A new and pleasing scene, however, soon dissipated the regret occasioned by bidding adieu to my estimable friend, Mrs. Yeldon, and our young pupils. I had a genteel acquaintance, and Mr. Mortimer had a few male friends, who made a pleasing addition to it. We supported an agreeable intercourse with a number of well-informed and amusing people, and, although not splendidly, we lived in a style that might be termed elegant.

My friendship for Mrs. Yeldon, I number amongst the most valuable acquisitions of my life; and it subsisted, undiminished, after our separation, until death dissolved the tie, and deprived me of a blessing, the loss of which I long and sincerely mourned.

In Mr. Mortimer I found a most tender, attentive, and indulgent husband. I hourly received some new and pleasing proof of his attachment, I might almost say his adoration; nor did I neglect any means in my power to
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evince my grateful sense of his goodness, my ample return of his love, and our conjugal felicity seemed unrivalled.

I soon discovered that Mr. Mortimer's affairs were much embarrassed, which, although it gave me concern, yet, so far from ever letting him know I was acquainted with that circumstance, much less repining at it, I cheerfully resolved to remedy the evil, as much as lay in my power, by prudence, and more strict œconomy. Thus passed the first year of our union, and I gave birth to a lovely female pledge of mutual tenderness. Who can delineate the new and unutterable sensations that were then blended in my heart? The fondness of maternal love, the excess of parental rapture, when its first cries struck on my ear, none but a mother and wife, feeling as I did, can imagine. How infinitely was my affection for Mr. Mortimer increased, although before I could not have supposed it admitted of increase, when I beheld our darling infant in his arms! when I saw his fond caresses, and heard him bless it with a father's joy and fondness! It was a moment of virtuous transport, too great for utterance! and I enfolded my feeble arms around him, with emotions till then unknown. Trivial was all affection I had ever felt to that, when I clasped to my beating bosom the image of him I adored, and with whom my fate was united. But short was the duration of that felicity which seemed to repay me for all I had endured through life to that period. Not long after I was first confined, Mr. Mortimer was obliged to be absent from home, on business, near a fortnight. During his absence, my adored child was seized with an illness that proved fatal! Weak as I was, and but on the day of its being taken, for the first time since I had been out of danger, removed from my bed to the fire, I watched, with unremitting anxiety, and incessant prayers, two days and nights over my loved expiring innocent, until after a long struggle and severe agonies, the recollection of which will never be erased from my mind, she breathed her last! And, oh! for ever will her lifeless form be present to my memory.

On Mr. Mortimer's return, he seemed much surprised and shocked, having left the infant, as we both supposed, in perfect health. The sorrow he expressed on that occasion

sion created in my heart new sentiments of tenderness, and new emotions of grief, and I again wept in his bosom the loss of the dear creature I had too much idolized.

I was regaining my health but slowly, when one day, some hours after Mr. Mortimer went out, as I supposed, to pursue his usual avocations, a messenger brought me these few lines :—

“ My dearest love will, I know, be distressed to find, that I am suddenly obliged to embark for Holland, our affairs there having met with an unlucky blow, and my departure admits not of another moment’s delay. The painful ceremony of taking leave, which my extreme tenderness for you would urge, necessity enforces me to dispense with; but intreat you will exert your utmost fortitude, and that good sense with which you are so peculiarly endowed. Do not injure your health by unnecessary sorrow; but be as happy as possible, for your affectionate Mortimer will soon embrace you again.”

My surprise and concern, on receiving this intelligence, was very great; but I endeavoured to obey the injunctions of my loved Mortimer, and reconcile my mind to this event, though unexpectedly afflictive, consoled by the cheering hope of his speedy return. Some days revolved in anxious sadness, when, one morning, as I was sitting in my dressing-room, ruminating on scenes that were past, and wishing for the time that would again restore to me all that constituted my happiness on earth, him, with whom I had united my fate, and on whom I had fixed my best affections, a visitor was announced, a strange lady.— I descended into the drawing-room to receive her. She arose on my entrance, and surveyed me in silence, with a criticism bordering on rudeness, and a look that bespoke disdain, rage, and malice. I begged her to be seated; my eyes were perfectly unacquainted with her form or features, which were far from prepossessing, and I sat in painful impatience to be informed of the motive of her visit, when, looking full in my face, she enquired if my name was Mortimer, and if I was the wife of Mr. Jarvis

No. 6.

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Mortimer?

Mortimer? Piqued and abashed at her manner of making this inquiry, I barely replied in the affirmative.

"Then drop your unbecoming pride, said she, and your base pretensions; for I am in reality what you assume the name of! I am the wife, the only lawful wife of Jarvis Mortimer!" She held a paper in her hand as she uttered these words, (to me more terrible than the sudden arrest of death could have been) and turning it exultingly toward me, I had just time to see it was a certificate of the marriage, she affirmed, solemnized twelve years before her late and cruel husband had resolved on my destruction, and I sunk back insensible in my chair. On my recovery, the first object my eyes sought was my unfeeling rival; and on inquiry for the stranger of the servants, who surrounded me, all surprised and grieved, and in tears, they informed me, in a manner that fully assured me they were acquainted with the circumstance of my disgrace and ruin, that the lady was gone, but said she would soon return. I offered up a mental prayer, never again to meet a being through me so basely injured; but whose nature inclined her to insult instead of compassionating my innocent offence, my greater misfortune; for her's was a cause which all would espouse, while I should be expelled the society of the virtuous, publicly branded with ignominy, and abandoned to reproach, poverty, and hopeless sorrow, the victim of a brutal barbarous passion, a wretched wanderer, an unfriended outcast, left to deplore the ruinous consequences of a base inclination, whose poisonous quality, like the snake's, is oft' concealed beneath a gilded outside, nor is the hidden venom discovered till too late. The attributes of love are often ascribed, and its name assumed, to render successful designs that shame humanity, and spread desolation around. Oh! most pure and generous passion, often productive of a balm for the bitterest evils of life, when sincere and mutual, how is thy name prostituted to the basest purposes, and the false and fatal semblance of thy virtue worn, to promote the most unworthy views!

As I sat, silent and motionless, a loud rapping at the door announced some visitor: I started up, and invoked Hea-

ven to shield me from new evils, when a gentleman, whom I had ever highly esteemed, the most intimate and avowed friend of Mr. Mortimer, appeared before me.—The deep sense of shame and sorrow struck upon my heart, and I turned involuntarily from him. He approached me with an air of respectful sadness, and raising my eyes to his, their expression affected me so powerfully, that, for the first time since the dreadful intelligence had reached me, I burst into tears, and they seemed to give some relief to my oppressed heart. He seemed greatly to sympathize in my distress, and uttered some consolatory expressions, that assured me he was not a stranger to the nature of it. Again he intreated me, with tender solicitude and friendly concern, to try and compose my agitated spirits, and bursting heart; for that my situation was not, he yet trusted, so utterly hopeless and dreadful as I might imagine.

“ Since then you know my misfortunes, Sir, said I, (suffering him to lead me to a chair, while he seated himself beside me) Oh! assuredly, your feeling soul must allow it horrible, beyond what language can describe, although your compassion and delicacy will not permit you to confess it. His countenance bore testimony to the truth of what I uttered. He made an effort to reply, but seemed at first unable; at length, faltering—“ Dear, and, must I add, most injured lady, dwell not on a theme sufficient to distract a mind like that you possess. Command my zealous friendship, my utmost services, they are yours; nor shall any thing in my power be wanted to brighten the gloomy aspect of your affairs.”

He paused, and, in tremulous accents, I inquired—“ Then you have seen the stranger, wronged so cruelly, so innocently, and by me?” He looked a mournful acquiescence.

“ And whither can I fly? (I exclaimed) where haste to hide my wretchedness? Here I cannot, must not, another hour remain!”

“ I think it not adviseable you should, said Mr. Beaufort; for, (he continued, with apparent regret) sorry am I to add to grief already too poignant; but this abode will soon be unfurnished; an exasperated creditor is now ready
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to seize on every thing. The visitor you lately had will gain but little by distressing your gentle nature; for our unhappy and deluded Mortimer is, I fear, utterly ruined.— This morning I received this,” putting into my hand a letter, which contains these words:

“ Undone and distracted, on you is my only reliance. Hitherto I have found you a sincere and steady friend; fail me not in this trying hour. I merit my fate, for involving a woman that adores me in my ruin! My Clarinda—but why do I call her mine? I am, in fact, the wretched guilty husband of another woman! That woman is now in London, and this hour am I informed of this unwelcome news, this grievous addition to my troubles! She has traced my residence and connections, and was, ere the intelligence reached me, preparing to assail me. Ere now all, I doubt not, is discovered! I dare never again return to my house, my country, my adored love! for such, Beaufort, she assuredly is. I could not exist without her; and, to secure the bliss for which I sighed, selfishly destroyed its object! Beggary and disgrace will henceforth be; but I am incapable of finishing the sentence—its horror strikes too forcibly on my mind. Every moment adds a deeper gloom to the aspect of my affairs. Heavy embarrassments surrounding me, determined me to fly to Holland, in hopes of procuring relief or respite; but since, waiting at this port for the wind to favour the packet’s sailing, I have received accounts from London, confirming my worst apprehensions and present miseries. My late mistress, and my soul devoted to another object, and long estranged, indeed never attached to my real wife, rendered me shamefully and imprudently neglectful of her support, and want has driven her to England from France, where I some years ago fixed her. I have likewise now before me letters from Holland, that all my speculations there are sunk in ruin, and, too sure confirmations, that in England I must no more hope an asylum! And whither to direct my future steps I know not; but to remain another moment here is dangerous.

“ Oh! my lovely, my beloved Clarinda! real and only choice of my heart, ill have I repaid thy worth, thy affection,

tion, and fidelity! What will become of her, Beaufort? or who will console or shield her future days? Who guard her against the insults of an enraged rival, the injustice and wrongs of a malignant world? Write to her I dare not; although I wish for that forgiveness, I cannot now intreat, as the only balm that can heal my wounded conscience.— My wife will find friends; the justice of her cause will plead in her behalf; but who will protect or defend my guiltless and injured Clarinda? Her sensibility and delicacy will increase her sufferings: My deep repentance comes too late; but, ah! generous and friendly Beaufort, for such have I ever found you, as you are a man, pity and console the innocent victim of my crimes, I conjure you. A little time may enable me to repay the blessing of your aid at this important juncture; or, should that power fail, the Almighty Power, who thus awfully visits my offences, will hear the prayers of martyr'd truth and loveliness, and reward your assistance of it.

Clarinda's little fortune is sunk amidst my ruin. I was villain enough to risque it on an adventurous scheme that failed the day preceding that in which we parted. This last circumstance adds heavily to my tortured feelings.— May heaven and you befriend the only object of my fervent love, my fond and painful anxiety,

J. MORTIMER"

I continued holding the letter in my hand, in a kind of stupor of grief. Compassion for the sufferings of Mr. Mortimer, his ruined circumstances and burdened mind, pressed strongly on my feelings, and the bitter sense of my own hard lot, yielded to that of his more acute woes; for what pangs can equal those inflicted by an accusing spirit within our own bosoms? An interval of silence ensued:— I forgot that I was not alone; busy recollections crowded on my memory, and racking thoughts passed through my mind, when Mr. Beaufort reminded me of his presence, by saying, "Scarcely had I received that letter when the lady, who has, in my opinion, so unnecessarily and abruptly intruded on you, was introduced by Sir Hanibal Grasp,
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with whom I understand Mortimer is deeply involved.— You know him, madam, for an illiberal and hard-hearted man; but I laboured all in my power to mediate matters, did not acquaint them with the circumstance of the letter; but readily undertook this embassy to you, to prevent your being again distressed.”

“ Then, Sir, you are authorized to warn me hence !” I exclaimed, with quickness.

“ Heaven forbid ! (said Mr. Beaufort) I am incapable of undertaking such an office : I would advise and succour you to my utmost ability; but never embitter your too severe calamities. Would to God I could entirely obliterate them and their remembrance !”

“ But whither can I direct my steps, said I : Who will receive a destitute, unhappy being, like me ?”

“ I have revolved each circumstance within my mind, Madam, (replied Mr. Beaufort) relative to this most unfortunate affair, and know of an asylum, where, I think, you will be secure of peaceful solitude awhile, and kind attention, both of which are, I doubt not, most desirable to you at present. It is under the roof of a widow lady, that I long have known, where, I trust, to procure you the blessings I mention, if such you can esteem them.”

I expressed what I felt, and begged another moment might not be delayed. My wearables were soon packed up, and I bade adieu to that dwelling no longer mine, while the domestics surrounded me with prayers, benedictions and tears.

It was to an unfrequented part of the metropolis where Mr. Beaufort conveyed me; there I was introduced as his relation, just arrived from the country on some business, which would probably detain me some months in town, and met with a reception equal to my best wishes. The appearance and manners of the mistress of the house, who was in the decline of life, instantly prepossessed me in her favour, politeness and humanity seemed blended with candor, and the elegance of a court, with the sincerity and artlessness of rustic worth. She had an apartment vacant, which Mr. Beaufort engaged for me, and there being other lodgers in the house, who boarded with her, it was agreed that I should do the same; but yet live apart from
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the rest of the family, entirely secluded, in my own apartment, where my meals were to be sent; a plan, which both prudence and inclination rendered to me the most eligible. No less pleased with this agreeable woman, than she appeared delighted with me; Mr. Beaufort said all that would enhance my consequence in her estimation, telling her, I was a young lady, whose residence in town was for some time rendered necessary, by a dispute relative to my affairs, which the law was to decide; and, as was my wish, I again resumed the only name to which I had a title. Mr. Beaufort continued with me some hours, and after saying every thing possible to comfort and sooth my mind, left me with professions of the most sacred friendship and high esteem, assuring me of seeing him on the following morning, and recommending me to the care and kindness of the lady of the house, who seemed every way qualified and inclined to do justice to his encomiums on her, and neglect no means in her power to render me content: But, alas! content had winged its flight from my sad soul, and the moment I found myself alone, every horror that marked my fate, forcibly possessed my mind; nor could my utmost fortitude support me against its dire infliction, its deep effect. The day passed in sad reflections, the night in agonies hardly to be delineated. The morning brought the only consolation I expected, the promised visit from Mr. Beaufort, who informed me, that the officers of justice were busied in securing all the effects of Mr. Mortimer, and his unhappy wife would most likely be entirely destitute. This intelligence struck a cold damp through my heart. I mourned her destiny equally with my own, and had Heaven preserved to me my own humble store, most gladly would I have shared it with her, and added every endeavour in my power to sooth her misfortunes; but that blessing, and all others to which my heart aspired, relentless fate denied me; misery and disappointment was my doom, and to submit to it with resignation my duty.

The unceasing perturbation of my mind brought on a long and dangerous illness, during which heavy expences were incurred, and my life despaired of; but the number of my sorrows were not complete, and I was spared. I

could

could gain no intelligence of the lot of him, for whom I was, and am still, in spite of reason, tenderly anxious, and from whom my utter ruin arose. Sadness corroded my heart, and united with bodily sufferings to mark my altered form and features, when one day, not long after my recovery ceased to be doubtful, Mr. Beaufort, during one of his frequent visits, after a long and confused preamble, surprised me by an avowal of love! I would have turned a listless ear to the unwelcome sounds; but it was impossible; he pressed with ardor his insulting suit; the delusion vanished that had concealed him from me, and I beheld him undisguised.

Grieved and offended by his warm address—"Do you not know I have no heart to give?" I mournfully demanded—"Ah! Sir, lose not yourself in my opinion—add not to the sorrows of the wretched—you know I have no love to bestow—the voice of joy is dead to me—I live only to penitence and sadness—the child of sorrow and disappointment." But still he urged his passion, and the impossibility of subduing it. He was young, handsome, elegant; but my soul was insensible to these attractions: I believed him possessed of intrinsic worth, and valued him for it; his other qualities could make no impression on a mind mourning its strong attachment to another, its cruel disappointment in its most favoured object. Mr. Beaufort likewise, I understood, was blest with a genteel sufficiency, which he besought me to share. Amazed, no less than shocked, at his temerity, I beheld him with silent wonder and disdain, until obliged to reply; I did so, with a sincerity that evidently excited his resentment. From that hour disgust was planted in my heart toward him, and, when he persisted continually to urge his daring passion, his insolent proposals, abhorrence soon succeeded, until provoked by my undisguised sentiments toward him, he reminded me of my obligations to him; the smooth mistress of the mansion warmly, but cunningly, espoused his cause, and, when late, I found that I was in the power of beings wholly destitute of every worthy feeling; that the supposed amiable widow preyed on the most degraded of the human species, and administered to the vices of mankind; that she was one of those who subsisted by intrigue,

to

to which the hypocrite, Beaufort, was a secret devotee; and that I was entirely in his power, and allured thither for the purpose his conduct then avowed. When these alarming truths presented themselves before me, my only safety seemed in flight, and I meditated how I could best affect it. After much consideration I formed a plan, in which I engaged a young and uncorrupted woman, a servant in the house, and whose deformity, and forbidding aspect, had been the defence of her honor, to be my assistant. But our plan was discovered, and the baleful enemy to her own sex, exasperated by disappointment of her prey, and the scorn I openly professed of her depravity, arrested me for a debt of upwards of a hundred and seventy pounds!

Beaufort, on his own terms, again offered to enfranchise me, and settle upon me a handsome share of his fortune for life, which, when I haughtily rejected, I was delivered up into the hands of what they termed justice, and soon conveyed here*, where I have now been languishing many months. From this sad haunt of sorrow, I have written to many of my former friends; but prejudice and slander has shut their hearts against me! My unfortunate union with the deluded Mortimer, sure none but the blindly unjust, and grossly ignorant, can stigmatize as a crime in me, however fatal to myself, and others its consequences.—But the designing, treacherous, cruel Beaufort, by subtilty, has made it universally believed, by all who know, or ever heard of me and my misfortunes, that I was so depraved in principle, so lost to every sense of rectitude and feeling, as to consent to become his mistress, immediately on the discovery of my supposed husband's perfidy; and my present sufferings are adjudged to proceed from Beaufort's having proved me faithless, and depraved beyond endurance, and having, in consequence, withdrawn his protection, and abandoned me to my fate.

Such is the injurious falsehood industriously propagated by that arch villain, whom the disappointment of his sanguine hopes has converted from a suppliant lover into an implacable enemy. The barbarous slander is confirmed by the long seclusion and silence which my severe shock, extreme grief, and long illness, occasioned, and the feel-

ings of every being without these walls, that ever knew or respected me, is now hardened against me, reject the truth of my distress as the fraudulent invention of an abandoned creature, and despise more than they ever professed to esteem and value me. Now it is, that I have felt acutely the loss of Mrs. Yeldon; sensible and generous, she knew the human heart, knew me superior to the charge of baseness alledged against me, and would not have rested satisfied to desert her sorrowing friend, in compliance with any instigation or scandalous report; but carefully have investigated the truth, acted consistently with that, and the principles of humanity and religion, and of whatever nature my misfortunes, would have consoled and befriended me; but how few are like her, experience now shews me.

In you and Mr. Sedmore's goodness heaven has vouchsafed a blessing I had despaired of ever again finding.—Death, I long hoped, would speedily cut short the thread of my woes; but the wished-for release is still delayed.—The bitterness of my affliction is assuredly now past; my heart can no more experience a repetition of those evils, the memory of which has planted in my heart anguish, that can only cease with my existence on earth.

Had I never deviated from the path of prudence, those recent ills, most probably, would not have reached me.—From my first error, as I have before observed, I date every successive sorrow; for had I not been deluded from my duty, robbed by treacherous wiles of the sweet and peaceful consciousness of innocence, and seduced from the ways of un sullied purity, and heart-felt ease; had I never been misled by love, or ambition, I should not have turned disdainfully from those whom honor, virtue, and an equal station, qualified to render me happy, in the line marked out by Providence, and endeared by custom; but my days had passed in guiltless joy, in my natal spot, and with those friends by whom I was most tenderly beloved, the contented partner of some worthy man—perhaps the mother of a beauteous smiling family, and the eve of my life been blest by their felicity and virtues. But my first fatally aspiring attachment blasted every future hope, forced me from those dear haunts where happiness once
awaited

awaited me, where artless worth and elegant sufficiency oft' courted my acceptance, directed my steps to scenes of public life, for which nature never seemed to have designed me, and compelled me to attempt the dangers of a treacherous world.

Pardon, reader, my having thus long trespassed on your feelings and patience; you, perhaps, will sympathize and pity, where others, less exalted, may condemn.

A N E C D O T E

OF THE LATE

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

THOSE in the least acquainted with the private character of the Doctor, know, that oeconomy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged his list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, or scribbling memory, who had served the Doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *chef d'œuvre* once for all. He accordingly called on the Doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made. 'How so, Jack?' says the Doctor. 'Why, says Jack, the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange penchant

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for a pair of White Mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them.

The Doctor unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after prefacing on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that 'If he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude.'

The Doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him, which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed, which the other, under such circumstances, very generously sent him.

LOTHARIO AND OLINDA,

AN

ANECDOTE.

LOTHARIO was the son of a Baron in the west of England, a youth with every accomplishment adequate to his birth, and Olinda was the only daughter of Belfont, a gentleman of middling circumstances, who had fixed his affections totally on Olinda, whose uparalleled beauty, at an assembly, a place too frequently the bane of the sex, attracted the love of Lothario. They vied with each other; but love, that passion that has no bounds, could not be kept secret—their eyes betrayed them. At length Lothario accosted the gentle maid, who being embarrassed with his words, which were all-towering love, she strove, but could not conceal her passion.

A mutual correspondence from that time subsisted between them, until a day fatal to all. Olinda's father, who, mindful of the welfare of his daughter, by chance received a letter from the lovely youth. Enraged, he tore it open; but when the contents were disclosed, the phrenzy he expressed is not to be depicted. He tore, he raved, he could not subdue his passion: but afterwards contemplation caused him, although against his heart, to dissemble.

A number of letters passed on both sides, until tired with uncouth love, they upbraided each other with their supposed instability, all which, by the treachery of the
servants

servants they too credulously trusted, were conveyed to Belfont.

Lothario's mind being now troubled by the imagined fickleness of the fair, in a state of despair resolved on death, intreating his friend Charles Bygrave, when he became exanimate clay, to pierce the ears of the fair Olinda with her broken vows, for all the stratagems a true friend could meditate, could not mollify the inflexible mind of the unhappy youth.

On his death, which he too rashly perpetrated, Bygrave dispatched the following :

TO OLINDA.

“ Cruel and ungenerous Fair,

“ The deluded youth, Lothario, this morning, with a potent draught, (conveyed to him by what means I have not learnt) put a period to an existence, by you made wretched, and in his dying accents desired that the enclosed might be delivered to the cruel Olinda by

CHARLES BYGRAVE

TO OLINDA.

“ Ungenerous Olinda,

“ Do not your vows, your sighs, your protestations of love strike you? and have you not deluded a youth, too generous, to an insolent, corrupt, and sullied fair? O, Olinda! the mighty gods, the kindred gods, bear witness, that I would think otherwise, but while you are lost to all remorse, I in desperation meet death with contrition.— Though my prayers and intreaties avail nothing, yet when in canonized earth my lifeless body is laid, remember

LOTHARIO.

Olinda's

Olinda's father received them by the treacherous servants, which, when he had perused, he entered Olinda's apartment, delivered them, and retired. When she had informed herself of the fatal news, with the thoughts of her father's discovery, she fell, and pinioned death grasped her tender years.

Lothario's father soon received intelligence of his son's death. Enraged at the injury, he remitted a summons to Belfont, who, irritated also at the injury he received, met the Baronet. But, O fatal destiny!—The good old man lost an aged life in revenging his son's cause. When Belfont returned, and found that he had been the cause of this unhappy catastrophe, he laid violent hands on himself.

This is the issue of the amours of Lothario and Olinda, which is not to be paralleled in the annals of that passion, which causes the remark of

OMNIA VINCET AMOR.

KENGUS AND SEFFERTINA.

CHINESE TALE.

IN the province of Hucang, and near to Honan, there lived a Tartarian refugee, who received the Emperor of China's protection—he was secure in his person—his little and remaining *all* was not molested—his name was Cuamele—his honesty was great, prudence and good-nature

nature were equally conspicuous in the whole course of his behaviour. Of his family I shall only mention an elder son, whose name was Kengus, his age twenty-five—he was in his person decent, his education was liberal, and he was “every inch” a gentleman. This young man was honoured with an appointment by the Emperor in his cavalry, and he made a respectable figure in it. It so happened that he was detached with a number of Chinese troops to a town named Cungy, near the city Tan; within about a league of Cungy was another town named Xenzi, in which place lived Suchurman, a man distinguished for mean art and subtlety, but very rich. Ganynen was the name of his son; Seffertina was the name of his daughter. She was virtuous, with an exalted mind, and an amiable heart; she despised those principles by which her father was strongly actuated. Her brother was depraved—he talked of virtues which he never felt; his soul was corrupt; he was a disgrace to humanity. Wretched, therefore, was poor Seffertina’s condition with such a father and such a brother.

The fiercely burning rays of the sun dried up the fountains and the harvest planted upon the plain; Heaven, at last, besprinkled the earth with cooling showers, and nature re-assumed her beauty. Kengus, accustomed to ride out, took this opportunity to be grateful. Chance directed him to the house of Suchurman: he was absent, but Seffertina was at home, and alone. Kengus, agreeably to the custom of the country, was introduced, and did not remain long unacquainted with the superior, the attractive greatness of the fair Seffertina. He loved—a flame was reciprocally kindled, not to be extinguished. It was the peculiar request of Seffertina, that Kengus should ask Suchurman’s consent to marry; he complied—partly complied; but there was baseness mixed with his compliance. However, their hearts were so strongly cemented, that an escape was meditated. Success favoured them, and the marriage ceremony was performed in private. Cuamele, who had ever promoted the interests of his son, gave his kind assistance. Proposals, equally splendid and honourable, were made by Cuamele to Suchurman in behalf of the

the young couple; but he trifled, returned indeterminate answers, was peevish and ill-natured. Seffertina too, spontaneously, solicited his aid—His reply was—"I will give you nothing: may you ever be wretched: this is your father's wish." Life to a mind like her's was of no importance.

Thus disappointed, she repaired to her dear Kengus, and in a language truly noble, informed him of the treatment she had met with from her father, and these were her concluding words—"I feel for your future disappointments and distresses, on my account—I have ever considered my father as my protector—but farewell, my love—farewell."

Distraction, at that moment, seized her mind, and soon afterwards her frenzy drove her to deprive herself of her existence.

The unfortunate, the fatal events which have, of late, originated in this kingdom, from unequal, and from compulsive marriages, are numerous. This man piques himself on having heaped up riches; another lays a considerable stress on the nobility of his blood; but he only is truly ennobled, truly enriched, who has, by his own virtuous industry, acquired in life the most satisfactory of all characters, the character of a good man. To those who at present live unreconciled to their sons and daughters, I particularly address myself. 'Tis a duty incumbent on parents to forgive; those who do not, may assure themselves that they will sooner or later, in some shape or other, be punished for their unrelenting behaviour.

ADVENTURE

OF

A YOUNG OFFICER.

DURING the last war in America, a band of savages having surprized and defeated a party of the English, such of those as were not actually killed on the spot, had very little chance of getting away from enemies, who were much more quick of foot than they; and who pursuing them with unrelenting fury, used those whom they overtook with a barbarity almost without example, even in those countries.

A young English officer, pressed by two savages who were making at him with up-lifted hatchets, had not the least hope of escaping death, and thought of nothing now but to sell his life as dear as he could. Just then, an old savage, armed with a bow, drew near him, in the act to pierce him with an arrow; but after taking aim at him, all on a sudden he drops his point, and runs to throw himself between the young Englishman and the two barbarians, who were going to massacre him. These drew back, out of respect to the motions of the old man, who, with signs of peace, took the officer by the hand, after removing his apprehensions by friendly gestures, and carried him home with him to his hut. There he treated him with great humanity and gentleness, less like his slave than his companion.

panion. He taught him the Abenakee language, and the coarse arts in use among those people. They lived very well satisfied with each other. One only point of the old man's deportment could not but give the young officer some uneasiness; he would sometimes surprize the savage, fixing his eyes upon him, when after looking long and stedfastly at him, he would let fall some tears.

However, on the return of the spring, the Abenakees took the field again, and proceeded in quest of the English.

The old man, who had still remains of vigour enough to bear the fatigues of war, went along with his countrymen, not forgetting to take his prisoner with him. They made a march of above two hundred leagues through the trackless wilds and forests of that country, till at length they came within view of a plain, in which they discovered an English camp. This the old savage shewed to his young companion; and at the same time eying him wistfully, and marking his countenance.—

“There (says he) are thy brothers, waiting to give us battle. What sayest thou? I preserved thee from death. I have taught thee to build canoes; to make bows and arrows; to catch the deer of the forest; to wield the hatchet, with all our arts of war. What wast thou when I took thee home to my dwelling? Thy hands were as the hands of a mere child; they could serve thee but little for thy defence, and less yet for providing thee means of subsistence. Thy soul was in the dark: thou wert a stranger to all necessary knowledge. To me thou owest life, the means of life, every thing.—Couldst thou then be ungrateful enough to go over to join thy countrymen, and to lift the hatchet against us?”

The young Englishman made answer, that he should, it was true, have a just repugnance to the carrying arms against those of his own nation, but that he would never turn them against the Abenakees, whom, so long as he should live, he would consider as his brothers.

At this the savage dejected his head; and lifting up his hands, he covered his face with them, as it were in a deep meditation. After he had remained some time in this attitude, he looked earnestly at the English officer, and said

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to him in a tone of grief, mixed with tenderness, "Hast thou a father?" He was alive (answered the young man) when I left the country."—"Oh, how unhappy must he be!" said the savage. After a moment's pause of silence, he added, "Dost thou not know that I too was once a father? Alas! I am no longer one. No: I am no longer a father! I saw my own son fall in battle. He fought by the side of me. I saw him die like a man; die, covered with wounds as he fell. But I revenged him."

As he pronounced these words with the most pathetic emphasis, he shuddered, he seemed to breathe with pain, choaked with inward groans, which he was endeavouring to stifle. His eyes looked wild, but no tears came from them. Little by little, the violence of his agitations ceased: he grew calm, and turning towards the east, he pointed to the rising sun, and said to the young Englishman, "Seest thou yon beauteous luminary, the sun in all its splendor? Does the sight of it afford thee any pleasure?" "Undoubtedly, (answered the officer) who can behold so fine a sky without delight?"—"And yet, to me, it no longer gives any!" says the savage. After pronouncing these few words, he turned, and casting his eyes on a bush in full flower, "See! (said he) young man, does not that gay appearance of flowers give thee a sort of joy to look at it?"—"It does indeed," replied the officer. "And yet (says the old man) it delights not me!" adding, with some degree of impetuosity, "Depart—haste—fly to yon camp of thy friends. Get home, that thy father may still see with pleasure the rising of the sun, and the flowers of the spring."

ALMIRA AND CHRISTIANA,

A TALE.

THE vicissitudes of fortune are more numerous than those of the seasons, but yet not less beneficial.—Those virtues which would otherwise lie dormant, are by this means called forth to action, and an heroic character is formed.

The history of Almira and Christiana is an illustration of this remark. They were the daughters of Palæmon, a name well known in the county of ———, and illustrious for the acts of beneficence with which he smoothed the brow of care, and wiped away the trickling tear from the cheeks of affliction. His estate was considerable, which he derived both from his ancestors, and from his traffic as a merchant. His two daughters lost their mother in their early days, but found her place so well supplied by the attentions of their father, and a maiden aunt, that their loss was, in some measure, unperceived. Almira, the eldest, was of a remarkable delicate form: Christiana was more robust; yet there was an elegance in the manner of the latter, that more than compensated for the advantage of the former. The mutual affection which they had for each other was proverbial in the village where they resided, and attracted the notice of every one in their neighbourhood. Many were the offers which were made them to recommend

recommend to them the Hymeneal ties ; but they could not bear the thoughts of a separation : Palemon both admired and lamented the strength of their attachment.

When Almira was in the seventeenth year of her age, her father received a terrible shock by the capture of four vessels in their return from Jamaica ; but as losses generally meet us in a crowd, a litigious neighbour, who had instituted a suit against him, gained his cause, and by that means stripped him of his patrimonial estate. The numerous crowd of suitors which buzzed about Almira and her sister disappeared as soon as they heard of Palæmon's misfortunes ; only two remained, Damon and Lycidas, whose love was disinterested and warm, and originated from benevolence. They each of them strove to solace the partner of their choice ; they offered Palæmon their best offices ; but he, alas ! was too deeply wounded with his own distress, and the foresight of the distress to which his two daughters were ready to be exposed, to receive either comfort or assistance. Grief soon cut the thread of his life, and he left his daughters to the care of providence.

Unable to bear the sight of a place where they had lost every thing that was dear, they removed into a distant part of the country, and determined to earn the bread of necessity by the hands of industry. The distaff was the support of Christiana, and the cares of a rural life the employ of Almira. Some years elapsed in this solitude, before their assiduities had conciliated them friends, or made them noticed by their neighbours. The scanty provision which they acquired by their toil was sweetened by their resignation to the awards of Providence, and instead of repining at their lot, they were thankful to heaven for its being no worse. They had felt the vanity of affluence, and looked up to the wealthy without either admiration or envy.—The dependence which they had on that Being that showers blessings upon every condition of life, and irradiates with his sun both the cottage of the peasant, and the palace of the monarch, had determined to reward their assiduity, and bring them out of their obscurity.

In the days of harvest Almira issued into the fields with her snowy measure in her hand. The rustics, on seeing her, were smit with her form, and the patience which shewed itself in her modest eyes. They felt their bosoms glow with benevolence, and wondered how elegance could be dressed in the raiment of rusticity. They suspended their work to admire her charms ; but they were still more attracted by the meekness which displayed itself in her manner. By a laudable negligence they designedly scattered the golden ears, which she gathered up with silent ejaculations, and carried home with a religious transport.

On her return, she found her sister sitting with her distaff, who mingled the tears of joy with her on viewing the greatness of her acquisition. The rustics were so much smitten with what they had seen, that they made it the subject of their discourse during the whole evening. Their master overheard their conversation, and enquired whether they knew the name and occupation of the person who was the object of their admiration, and being apprised of their ignorance, he begged them not to be too careful of his property, but to suffer the fair gleaner to profit from a spontaneous supineness.

The next day he visited his fields in person—he beheld the fair gleaner ; on the sight of her he felt a tumultuous emotion in his breast, to which he had long been a stranger ; but pride made him check it, lest he should demean himself too much, by making an attachment with one in so low a condition ; yet, beholding so much elegance under so mean attire, he could not but persuade himself, that the person must once have figured in a higher sphere, and must have been reduced to the state in which he saw her by the hands of distress.

When she had almost filled her measure, Almira bent her steps to the cottage in which she dwelt, and the master of the reapers followed her, at a distance, without her perceiving him.

Her sister, amazed at the plentifulness of her new acquisition, fell on her knees, and offered up the ejaculations of gratitude for this addition to its blessings, Almira joined with her in the solemn address. The stranger who saw their

their attitudes, resolved to share with them in their happiness, and to inform himself of their history. He approached them with the utmost delicacy, asking pardon for his intrusion, and begged to be acquainted with the nature of their employments, and promised them his best offices.

Almira, who eyed him as he spake, recognized in him her old suitor Lycidas; she blushed and cast her eyes downward. Lycidas, looking at her more attentively, discovered her to be the object of his affections; he pressed her hands to his lips with raptures, which she drew away with precipitation, and with her eyes told him, that he had been guilty of a freedom which delicacy could not warrant. Lycidas, after apologizing for his temerity, made himself acquainted with the incidents which had befallen them, from their father's death; expatiated on the constancy of his passion; told Christiana that Damon's was not less inviolate; and promised to visit them the next day, and bring him along with him.

He kept his word—The tenderness of the interview may be better imagined than expressed. With much persuasion the two sisters consented to give them their hands, after having extorted from them this condition, that as they had always been inseparable, they should be separated by no other cause but that which dissolves every tie on earth.



THE

HISTORY

OF

PRINCE SALVADOR AND ISABELLA.

SALVADOR, son to the king of a large territory in the East Indies, in one day lost his father, family, and kingdom. The Portuguese, who had just discovered the Indies, and conquered his father's kingdom, sent the unfortunate Salvador (now a captive) to Lisbon, where he met with new misfortunes, which love had prepared for him. Of all the Portuguese Lords, who gave the gallant youth a gracious reception, Count Almodovar was most zealous to obtain his friendship. He was rich and powerful at Court, but haughty, ambitious, and of austere virtue—easy to believe evil reports, disposed to find a criminal design in all men, and believed them destitute of those virtues he thought his own heart possessed of.—He had solicited the vice-royalty of the Indies; and in hopes of Salvador's proving by some means in future useful to him, out of policy, omitted nothing to gain his confidence.

The wretched fly to the bosom of consolation, and kiss with transport the hand which wipes away their tears.—Their connections became so intimate, that Salvador did

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not hesitate to accept of a lodging in the Count's house.—The first object which struck his sight, was the daughter of his new friend, the lovely Isabella. She was the most beautiful woman in Portugal. It is not possible to imagine the various charms and graces which were united in the person of this enchanting maid.

Her father, presenting Salvador, said to her, “ Daughter, I introduce to you one of my friends, whom I desire too may be your's. He has hitherto met with many misfortunes, and you will help, with me to soften the rigours of this captivity.”

Donna Isabella made a general and modest answer; but Salvador had no words to speak—The sight of Isabella had already made a deep impression on his young and uncorrupted heart. His soul, suddenly intoxicated with pleasure, seemed to have deserted him. He remained motionless and confounded.

Delicious moments! which sensible hearts feel but once—and that for ever.

It is the nature of great passions to be kindled in an instant. Salvador, for the first time, felt a tenderness excited in his heart, and judging it to be love, was frightened at giving admission to so dangerous—so troublesome a guest.

The Count perceived his embarrassment, and attributed it to the revived idea of his late misfortunes. He talked to him in as soothing a manner as possible on the subject; and to divert his attention, proposed a walk in his garden. “ Take possession, my dear Salvador, (said the Count to him) of my house and all its appendages—consider them as your own—use no ceremony—be free—and consider me in the light of your father.—My age and your friendship will allow me to assume that title. I have but two children, and they will be happy in having you for a brother. My son will soon join his regiment; my daughter you have seen; her figure is good; her mind is still better; I have taken pains in forming it, and it is entirely after the model I would have it. I should be glad to see her married before I go over to the Indies, and wish you would assist me in the choice of a son-in-law.”

These last words caused Salvador to shudder; they conveyed a frightful idea to his heart, which at once discovered to him the dangers of his love. Thus the lightning's flash, amidst the darkening storm, shews to the wandering traveller the precipices with which he is environed.

From that moment he resolved to resist his love—but alas! his resolve was vain: Could he struggle against destiny? The attempts he made to destroy his tenderness served only to augment it. Each day he saw Isabella, each day he spoke to her. The soft sounds of her lute, and her still more harmonious voice, touched him to the heart. The odour of the flowers which she carried in her bosom, exhaled for him the sweetest of perfumes. All his senses were inebriated with love—and his passion was never more violent than whilst his feeble reason tried to master it.

Love, also made no small progress in the heart of Isabella. Her eyes dwelt on those of Salvador, and shone with redoubled lustre when encountered with his. A secret uneasiness disturbed her in his absence—and the days they spent together glided away with the rapidity of moments. The most intimate confidence took place between them; but their tongues, as yet, had never betrayed the secret of their hearts. Who does not know the rapid progress of a first passion in two young and susceptible minds? It may be imagined, though it cannot be described. It would indeed argue an extream want of sensibility in the heart of those, who, on the idea of two such tender and virtuous lovers, could draw a cold, inanimated picture.

Nothing seemed wanting to the happiness of Salvador and Isabella, but to make them sensible of its value.

One day, as Salvador was meditating on his love, which he could not one moment forget, he met Isabella going up to her apartment. The disorder of an undress seemed to give more lustre to her charms. He offered her his hand, and it trembled at the touch of her's. Gently pressing it, he felt it agitated no less than his own; and in his transport, fixed on it an eager kiss. Isabella started, blushed, and withdrew.

Salvador remained confounded and overwhelmed with regret, imagining he had given offence to Isabella, and it was long before he could prevail on himself to appear again in her presence. He dreaded her looks, and with good reason. Isabella felt herself offended—she was tender, but virtuous; and the temerity of her lover seemed to her inexcusable. Chance, however, threw an opportunity in his way for pleading his excuse.

The court comedians had given a new piece to the public. Count Almodovar desired Salvador, who had seen it the first night of its representation, to give the particulars of the plot and designs of the drama, before Isabella and a numerous company.

The subject of the piece proved to be a falling out between two lovers, occasioned by an indiscreet kiss.—Salvador entered into a justification of the offending shepherd with so much warmth and address, that the company were unanimously of opinion that the shepherdes would have been highly culpable, if she had not pardoned him.

Isabella perceived that Salvador was here pleading his own cause. She was touched by his ingenious manner of shewing his sorrow, and a glance from her eye pronounced his pardon.

The calm that succeeded between them, did not, however, procure them a solid happiness, as a number of lovers offered their services to Isabella; all of whom suited her in fortune, age, and birth. Isabella, it is true, was but little alarmed at the addresses paid to her, as she depended on the tenderness of her father to set aside any offers that might prove disagreeable; but Salvador was reduced to despair, through the fear of losing the object of his tenderness.

A thousand vexations united to torment him; he even reproached himself for being (such was his refined generosity) the obstacle to Isabella's happiness; for troubling the peace of a family, for seducing the affections of the daughter of his best friend: He even, through an excess of delicacy, beheld his unfortunate passion in a criminal light, and resolved to triumph over it. He now saw Isabella but seldom; and the efforts he made to subdue his inclinations, flung him into a gloom of melancholy, which visibly affected his health.

Isabella

Isabella perceived, and was alarmed at it: Desirous at least to give tranquillity to a mind so infinitely dear to her, she one day, when she saw him standing under her window in a very melancholy posture, took her lute, and sung the following stanza—to a favourite air of Salvador's composing:

“ I love, and in that love, shall live and die !”

Then softly exclaiming, but yet in a manner she was convinced he might hear her, she cried, “ Your situation, Salvador, gives me pain; take care of your health for the sake of Isabella.” She then, seeing she had said so much, softly closed her window and retired.

Salvador stood in transport of joy: he even wept; and found a sweetness in those precious tears he had never yet experienced. “ She loves me,” he softly exclaimed, “ I shall now die in peace.”

Full of the most enthusiastic tenderness that can fill the breast of youthful love, he thought he could do no less than make some small acknowledgment to his adored Isabella, for so tender a proof of her affection, which he was well convinced was apparently intended to give him comfort. In a sort of fond transport, therefore, without weighing consequences (alas! what has frigid caution to do with love?) he retired to his apartment, and taking up his pen, wrote as follows:

“ Esteem begat emotions in my heart,
Sweet friendship follow'd to draw close the tie,
Now love, the warmest wishes would impart,
And for my Isabella I would die.”

A difficulty now occurred how to send this billet:—(the hand-writing he knew she was acquainted with) at length he determined to employ a slave on this occasion, on whose fidelity he imagined he could rely. He accordingly committed this important matter to him, with a strict injunction, when next he saw the Lady Isabella alone in the garden, where she daily went, to give it her.
He

He had but just parted with the slave, and was all joy and rapture, when he received a message from Count Almodovar, desiring he would meet him in the garden, whither he accordingly repaired.

“Come, my dear Salvador, said the Count, come and console your friend—he never had greater occasion for your advice. You know my views in regard to Isabella, and my earnest desire to marry her, before I set out for the East Indies. The best matches have been offered—I have approved of several—but my daughter will accept of none. She who sometime since made her happiness to consist in pleasing me, now opposes a resistance truly astonishing! Her once open and candid mind appears gloomy and reserved to her fond father. Perhaps she has forfeited her innocence of heart—and is now listening to some fond lover. But I will wave this conjecture for the present, and let it be your business, my dear Salvador, to clear up this matter. Isabella esteems you—she will grant you perhaps that confidence she has dared to refuse her father. Sound her heart:—lift this perplexing mystery to the bottom; and if she does entertain sentiments she should blush for, in favour of an unworthy object, strive to eradicate them: guard her and her father from the misfortunes that must attend an attachment as imprudent perhaps for herself, as it will be alarming to me.”

Count Almodovar, in pronouncing these last words, wiped away the tears that flowed down his aged cheek, whilst poor Salvador was confounded—ready to sink into the earth—and found himself sufficiently humbled in his own eyes. He could not help bitterly reproaching himself with the very misfortunes he was made the confidant of—and was just going to make an ample confession, when the Count began again.

“But you, most worthy Salvador, who have a feeling for my afflictions, may I ask the cause that has redoubled your’s? You seem lately to have fallen into a sadness which gives me real concern; your health is really injured by it. I have ever sympathized with you in your griefs; and if it be in my power either to allay, or mitigate your present uneasiness, let me know the cause, and it shall be done. The keeping it a secret from me is criminal

nal in the eyes of friendship. Is my friendship then no longer acceptable to you? Has my daughter been forgetful of the respect she owes you? Could my friends, or my domestics, fail in their devoirs to you? Have you sustained any fresh loss or new calamity? Speak, my dear friend, my fortune, my all—are at your disposal. Are you troubled at not having yet obtained what the king has promised, as an indemnification to you for the loss of your territories? You may depend on his promises, and I shall use my best endeavours to have them soon effected in the way you would wish.”

Salvador, penetrated to the soul by words so affecting, and ashamed to disturb the peace of so worthy a friend, long hesitated whether he should fall at his feet, and declare the real situation of his heart; but he feared making, in that of his friend, too deep a wound—he feared by this step he should be ever banished from the heart of his Isabella, and that such a confession would lay her under difficulties, and thereby make her submissive to the will of her father, who might force her to accept the first disagreeable offer, and thereby render her wretched for life;—he therefore thought it most generous to her, and most prudent for himself, to attribute the cause of his melancholy to his being severed at so great a distance from his country;—and to the remembrance of his past misfortunes, together with a multiplicity of other disquietudes which it was not in the Count’s power to alleviate.—He therefore thanked him affectionately for his friendship, and left him, after many protestations of grateful acknowledgments.

In the mean time, the slave who was the bearer of Salvador’s billet to Isabella, could not resist his curiosity to open and read it; and began to be full of strange apprehensions at the contents: he began to reflect, that if it should be ever known to the Count Almodovar he had carried on such an intrigue with his daughter, immediate death would be the consequence from his vindictive master. In order therefore to exculpate himself, he withdrew to the Count, and throwing himself at his feet, confessed his commission, and of the extreme secrecy which Salvador

had enjoined him in this business. The poison of this tale instantaneously worked up the father's heart to the utmost pitch of rage, jealousy, and hatred.

"This then, said he, is the wretch who has robbed me of my daughter's affections;—who has ruined the happiness of my life;—who has been a base traitor to friendship, and a violator of the laws of hospitality. With what art did he wipe away those tears, of which he himself was the cause! with what perfidy did he receive my endearments! How pleasantly, no doubt, did he enjoy the fruits of his specious devices! Let him instantly (said he to the slave) quit my house—and never more dare to appear within my gates." In the midst of his rage he called for pen and ink, and wrote the following words: You have betrayed my friendship and my confidence: begone from the dwelling of the friend to whom you have been a scandal—and never dare to appear before him whom you have so treacherously, and so basely treated."

Count Almodovar set no bounds to his passion, believing Salvador had set none to his, for his daughter. Such was his natural haughtiness, and such was his resentment, that he would even have taken any measures for revenge.

Salvador was overwhelmed with grief;—but received his sentence of exile without murmuring against the father of Isabella: he accused only himself for so many misfortunes. He did not hesitate a moment to seek out an asylum far from the habitation of Almodovar; and he took a resolution, which he afterwards abided by, of never troubling, by his presence, Isabella's quiet, or irritating her father's resentment.

Isabella heard of Salvador's absence, but without being informed of the reasons why it happened. She dared not speak of it to any one, and no person dared to mention it to her. Sometimes she lamented the rigorous fate she feared he was oppressed with—Sometimes she murmured at his indifference—and accused him of deserting, and, perhaps, wholly forgetting her.

"If he still loved me (said she to herself) would not his eyes, sometimes, meet mine? Should not I see him at church—in the public walks—or at the spectacles of amusement?"

amusement? Would not love suggest to him some means of telling me he loves?"

Isabella, however, constantly refused all the proposals of marriage which were made to her, and artfully eluded all the pressing entreaties of her father on that head. She knew that Salvador had demands on the court; that the king had made him great promises, and she hoped that, if the favours he was to receive were proportionable to his birth, and the loss of his territories, he soon would be in a condition to offer her a hand, which she imagined even her father could not refuse to give her.

Salvador, in his solitude, was possessed nearly with the same thoughts. The image of Isabella followed him, and was present with him wherever he went; he every where saw her eyes—her features—her majestic stature. He would not, for the happiness of Isabella, have her think of his sorrows; but yet he wished she might not think him unfaithful. He repeated a thousand times over every day, the words of the song he had heard her sing to her lute.

“ I love, and with that love will live and die ! ”

He inscribed them on the sands of the Tagus; he engraved them on the bark of the orange trees which edged that beautiful river. Well acquainted with the inflexible temper, and the views of Count Almodovar, he did not dare to flatter himself he should hereafter be in possession of Isabella; and yet to his being so (such is the fond hope of lovers) he saw no very material—no invincible obstacles, in time, that he should not: his heart therefore, at some intervals from his melancholy, would open itself to a kind of languid hope: he was determined to redouble his solicitations to the king; and in expectation of obtaining some favours from that monarch, which might facilitate his approaches to Isabella, he often saw the ministers, but addressed them no more in that tone of firmness his birth, and the justice of his pretensions to favour formerly inspired him with—for love, that softens the heart of the bravest hero, had had that effect on Salvador: he was now become earnest—anxious, a most solicitous attendant at

No. 6.

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court,

court, nothing seeming too humiliating to him, that he thought might be the most distant means of obtaining, in the lovely Isabella, all his soul held dear.

He was one day at an audience of Don Diego de Mello, the grand admiral, when a lady he had been before acquainted with, who also waited the admiral's coming, accosted him. She was an old friend of Count Almodovar: she had learned a part of Salvador's history, which had greatly affected her, and whether through curiosity, or sensibility of his misfortunes, she spoke to him of Isabella; intimating to him, that her health declined daily, and that she inflexibly refused all the great matches which had been offered to her. At length this lady promised him she would remember him to his Isabella, using all necessary precautions to avoid hurting her delicacy.

Salvador accepted this obliging offer with transports of joy, and the day and place were assigned for having an answer; but how great was his grief, to hear that Isabella received the mention of his name with indifference; that she seemed to doubt his paying any regard for her ill state of health; and that, in fine, he might be told she was entirely cured of her weakness for him!

"O Heaven (said he) is it then possible that Isabella can be at once light—inconstant—unjust—and barbarous? I should not complain of her ceasing to love me—but her total indifference—her cold contempt I cannot bear. Can she believe it possible I should be unconcerned for a life ten thousand times more precious than my own? This, this is too much to bear. Let me fly from Lisbon for ever; let me go from that place where sensibility dwells not: It is no longer to be found in the heart of Isabella."

Transported with grief, astonishment, and despair, he cast his eyes on the world to know in what part he should fly to, to bury his misfortunes. His choice was soon fixed: a secret impulse made him resolve to re-visit his native country. He remembered among the people of India, allied to his great ancestors, were the Mahrattas; who were the most numerous, the most courageous, and the fittest for serving his rising resentment against the Portuguese. He resolved to go to India, and to ask of those

people protection and assistance; and availing himself of a ship, setting out for that part of the globe, he at length arrived among that war-like people, where he was in a great degree certain of an opportunity of revenging his father—his love—and his country on the Portuguese. He soon made known his birth, and gave ample proofs of his courage and conduct in war. What he had learned in Europe of the military art, was of singular service to him in disciplining the troops committed to his care. He fought death on all occasions, and yet found nothing but glory. How easy is it for a man who wishes to face death to become a hero!

The Indians considered Salvador as the spirit of some deceased warrior, sent by their deities from Heaven to their relief. They styled him the guardian of their liberty, the defender of their country, and by making him their king, they believed they should overcome all their enemies. Accordingly, the unanimous voice of the nation placed him on the throne, and he ascended it with joy, in hopes it might be the means of his obtaining Isabella.

“Now (said he to himself) I have a throne to offer to the person in the world who is most worthy of it. Absolute sovereign of my heart, she shall become so over this country. Ah! would I were king of the whole earth, that I might enhance my merit in offering her my hand!”

Thus was Salvador taken up, in idea, with the pleasing hopes of one day conferring a crown on his adorable mistress: but he was embarrassed how he should apprise her of his intentions. The war which the Portuguese still carried on against the Mahrattas, together with the immense distance that separated him from Isabella, seemed to be insuperable obstacles to his wishes.

He believed the object of his thoughts to be in Lisbon, but in fact she was not so. She had crossed the vast extent of the watry space, and at that very time inhabited the same country he did: she breathed even almost the same air. In short, Count Almodovar had at last obtained the vice-royalty of the Indies, which he had been so long soliciting. He was arrived at Goa, and was using all possible diligence for having it fortified, to resist the attacks the Mahrattas threatened it with. His lovely

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daughter,

daughter, still persevering in her passion, had accompanied him thither with deep regret; thinking that she was removing herself from her lover, who she still imagined was in Portugal; but she little expected to find him in the very midst of a horrid carnage which soon followed.

Salvador had scarcely taken possession of his sovereignty, when he could not refuse seconding his subjects in an enterprize that was to be decisive in favour of the property of the Indians. At the head of a numerous army, he laid siege to Goa, the capital of the Portuguese. Nature and art contributed to fortify it; but how could fortresses stand out against intrepid courage like that of Salvador's? The resistance of the Portuguese added to the strenuous and unremitting efforts of the Mahrattas, who were perfectly ferocious. Fury and rage appeared in every heart, and the general cry was for assaulting. Nothing was able to hold out against the ardour of the assailants; they overthrew all obstacles; forced the ramparts, and put all they met with to the sword. In a moment the houses were plundered; blood streamed through the streets; and a thousand cries of horror were heard from every quarter of the capital.

In this dreadful scene of disorder, Salvador was not obeyed: in vain he endeavoured to stop short a multitude of enraged men flushed with conquest. He did not then know who the viceroy was; he did not know that danger threatened the life of Isabella; he did not expect the cruel spectacle that was just going to fill him with terrors; it was only through generosity that he strove to save the governor from the fury of the troops. He ran to the palace, but the gates were already broke open. The Mahrattas had penetrated into the viceroy's apartment, and his domestics were massacred about him. Old and weak as he was, he could make but a feeble resistance. His daughter's tears, her disorder, her piercing cries, her youth—and, what is more, her darting through the crowd to save her father, availed not with these pitiless men: they were going that instant to pierce her lovely bosom—already their sabres were raised to strike the blow. Most important moment! At that instant Salvador arrived—he knew
Isabella—

Ifabella—and more rapid than the lightning's flash, he rushed to her assistance; and averted the fatal blow that was just ready to pierce her to the heart.

"Stop, companions—Stop, I conjure you," he cried. At these words the Mahrattas fell back—Salvador threw himself at the feet of his adored mistress. Ifabella, who scarce believed her own eyes, fainted in the arms of her father; the old Count, who had supported her with one hand, seemed to put back with the other his generous friend; Ifabella opened her eyes, and saw at once her whole happiness before her.

As to Almodovar, ever faithful to his hatred, he could hardly endure the sight of him, whom he looked upon as the most cruel enemy he had in the world. He was upon the point of expressing his indignation, when Salvador prevented him, by solemnly assuring him, that he never had betrayed the friendship he had been honoured with; that in truth he had long loved Ifabella, and still loved her, but would not have dared to have offered his hand, if he had not had a crown to offer with it. "I am now (added he) king of the Mahrattas, and have it in my power to place her on one of the first thrones in India. In completing my wishes, you restore perfect happiness to one who has never ceased being your friend, whatever appearances have been. I will not avail myself of a victory which threatened your life. I renounce my conquest: I restore to the Portuguese the country I have taken from them: I shall add others to it if necessary; and shall leave you free, whatever may be the fate of Salvador."

The Count, penetrated with Salvador's noble generosity, and ashamed of having refused him a moment his friendship, threw himself into his arms, praying him to forget what was past; and, with joy, granted him his daughter. It may be imagined the transports of Salvador were extreme, as well as the happiness of Ifabella.

"Why, (said he, in a soft whisper, and clasping her to his beating heart) why did you acquaint me you had no longer sentiments in my favour previous to my quitting Portugal?"

"Because

“ Because (returned the blushing, lovely maid, with an air of unutterable softness) I imagined, by your absence from my father’s house, you had entirely forgot your Isabella.”

The happiness of these constant lovers were now complete ; and the wedding-day was fixed for the next. All confusion and carnage betwixt the Mahrattas and Portuguese now ceased ; the alliance of Salvador and Isabella united the conquerors and conquered. The Mahrattas consented to the restitution of Goa to the Portuguese, in consideration of the viceroy.

Salvador, seeing the utmost wishes of his heart thus amply gratified, could scarce believe his happiness real. — Isabella, whose joy added lustre to her beauty, one moment fixed her eyes on her lover, the next embraced her father, and at the same time could not help applauding herself for her constancy and perseverance ; being now fully convinced it leads to certain happiness. From an union of two such hearts, all imaginable felicity flowed : their unremitting tenderness, and exalted virtues, rendered the faithful pair universally admired, beloved, and respected.

POETRY.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

OF all the Scottish northern Chiefs
Of high and mighty name,
The bravest was SIR JAMES THE ROSS,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,
That crowns the mountain's brow ;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields, his herds were large,
And large his flocks of sheep,
And num'rous were his goats and deer
Upon the mountains steep.

The chieftain of the good clan Ross,
A firm and warlike band ;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword
Beneath his high command.

In

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
Against the English keen,
Ere two and twenty op'ning springs
The blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare;
Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fare.

Long had he woo'd, long she refus'd
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet oft' her eyes confess'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

At length she blest'd his well-try'd love,
Allow'd his tender claim;
She vow'd to him her virgin-heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her brother, Buchan's cruel Lord,
Their passion disapprov'd:
He bade her wed Sir John the Græme,
And leave the youth she lov'd.

One night they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood;
Where on the bank, beside the burn,
A blooming faugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Græme,
To watch what they might say.

When thus the maid began: " My Sire
Our passion disapproves;
He bids me wed Sir John the Græme,
So here must end our loves.

" My father's will must be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand;
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Shall bless thee with her hand.

Soon

" Soon will Matilda be forgot,
And from thy mind effac'd ;
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste !"

" What do I hear ? Is this thy vow ?"
Sir James the Ross replied ;
And will Matilda wed the Græme,
Tho' sworn to be my bride ?

" His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
Than reave me of thy charms" —
And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,
Fast lock'd within her arms.

" I spoke to try thy love, she said,
" I'll ne'er wed man but thee ;
The grave shall be my bridal bed,
If Græme my husband be.

" Take then, dear youth ! this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth ;
And every plague become my lot.
That day I break my oath."

They parted thus—the sun was set :
Up hasty Donald flies ;
And, " Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth !"
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief, !
And soon his sword he drew ;
For Donald's blade before his breast
Had pierc'd his tartans thro'

" This for my brother's slighted love ;
His wrongs sit on my arm." —
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift, his sword he rear'd
Fierce Donald's head above ;
And thro' the brain and crashing bone
The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound ; he fell,
A lump of lifeless clay :

“ So fall my foes,” quoth valiant Ross,
And stately strode away.

Thro’ the green wood in haste he pass’d
Unto Lord Buchan’s hall,
Beneath Matilda’s windows stood,
And thus on her did call :

“ Art thou asleep, Matilda fair !
Awake, my love ? awake ;
Behold thy lover waits without,
A long farewell to take.

“ For I have slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on my sword ;
And far, far distant are my men,
Nor can defend their lord.

“ To Skye I will direct my flight,
Where my brave brothers bide,
And raise the mighty of the Isles
To combat on my side.”

“ O, do not so, (the maid reply’d,)
With me till morning stay ;
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dang’rous is the way.

“ All night I’ll watch thee in the park ;
My faithful page I’ll send,
In haste to raise the brave clan Ross
Their master to defend.”

He laid him down beneath a bush,
And wrap’d him in his plaid ;
While, trembling for her lover’s fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o’er hill and dale,
Till, in a lowly glen,
He met the furious Sir John Græme
With twenty of his men.

"Where go'st? thou little page! (he said)
So late who did thee send?"

"I go to raise the brave clan Rofs,
Their master to defend.

"For he has slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on his sword;
And far, far distant are his men,
Nor can assist their Lord."

"And has he slain my brother dear?"
The furious chief replies:

"Dishonour blast my name, but he
By me ere morning dies.

"Say, page! where is Sir James the Rofs?
I will thee well reward."

He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;
Matilda is his guard."

They spurr'd their steeds, and furious flew,
Like light'ning, o'er the sea:

They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate
Upon a rising ground,
And watch'd each object in the dawn,
All ear to every sound.

"Where sleeps the Rofs? (began the Græme)
Or has the felon fled?

This hand shall lay the wretch on earth,
By whom my brother bled."

And now the valiant knight awoke,
The virgin shrieking heard:

Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

"Your sword last night my brother flew,
His blood yet dims its shine;

And, ere the sun shall gild the morn,
Your blood shall reek on mine."

C c c c 2

"Your

“ Your words are brave, the chief return’d ;
But deeds approve the man.
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We’ll try what valour can.”

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar’d him to the fight :
The Græme gave back, and fear’d his arm,
For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword ;
But still he scorn’d the poor revenge,
And fought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Græme,
And wounded in the side :
Out spouting came the purple stream,
And all his tartans dy’d.

But yet his hand dropp’d not the sword,
Nor sunk he to the ground,
Till thro’ his en’m’s heart his sword
Had forc’d a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree by winds o’erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay ;
And down beside him sunk the Ross,
And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw, and fast she ran :
“ O spare his life, (she cried ;)
Lord Buchan’s daughter begs his life,
Let her not be denied.”

Her well-known voice the hero heard ;
He rais’d his death-clos’d eyes ;
He fix’d them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies :

“ In vain Matilda begs the life
By death’s arrest deny’d ;
My race is run—adieu, my love !”
Then clos’d his eyes, and dy’d.

The sword, yet warm from his left side,
With frantic hand she drew ;
“ I come, Sir James the Ross, she cry’d,
I come to follow you.”

The hilt she lean’d against the ground,
And bar’d her snowy breast,
Then fell upon her lover’s face,
And sunk to endless rest.

REVIEW OF NOVELS.

THE VILLAGE LOVERS, 2 vols. *Lane.*

IF a pathetic interesting tale, told with artless, yet graceful simplicity deserves commendation, we need not hesitate at pronouncing the Village Lovers the most pleasing work of the kind we have for some time perused. The author in her preface gives us to understand she perfectly comprehends the requisites necessary to form an agreeable Novel, nor has she failed in one of those essential points her judicious criticism has pointed out. We will not give the story abridged to our readers, because we think they will be highly gratified with the perusal of it in its original state, and, as a farther incentive, we will present them

them with a specimen of the language and stile in the following extract:

“ Valentine retired to his chamber, but not to repose. His resolutions were fixed, and he acted accordingly. He determined to stay no longer in a situation where his principles were exposed to daily temptations, and where his heart was a prey to perpetual disappointment. He considered himself as absolved from the claims of filial obedience, and at liberty to indulge the soft impulse of inclination.

Love pleaded it's cause with all the casuistry of passion, and asserted it's rights with all the plausibility of pleasure.

Having dwelt with satisfaction on the powerful claims of nature and affection, he prepared, in pursuance of the resolution he had formed, to collect the few articles which had accompanied him from the priory, and leaving behind him, without a sigh of regret, every appendage of new acquired splendor, he set out on horse back at the dawn of the following day, with an intention to return to the village of his nativity.

During his journey a thousand pleasing reflections occupied his mind, and rendered him insensible to the fatigue of travelling. He applauded himself for the sacrifice he had made to virtue, and forgot that his conduct had in some measure been influenced by love. He anticipated the praises of his venerable tutor, and enjoyed, in idea, the approving smiles of his beloved Julia. Every obstacle to his happiness he hoped was now removed, and his felicity would soon be complete in the possession of his mistress. Thus he proceeded onwards, indulging the delusions of hope, and musing in all the delights of expectation.

As he drew near the well known spot of his nativity, his bosom throbbed with a variety of emotions. His countenance partook of the violent agitation of his heart, alternately reddening with hope, and fading with solicitude. He quickened the speed of his horse, but still he proceeded too slow for the impetuosity of his desires.

When

When he arrived at the fatal hill, from whose summit he had taken the sad farewell of the objects before him, again he looked around, but how different were his present sensations. They were then all absorbed in despondency; they were now all animated by hope. His pulse beat with redoubled quickness, his respiration was almost suspended; his cheeks glowed with joy, and the tear of sensibility glistened in his eyes. He recognized every blade of grass; he seemed acquainted with every bird that flitted across his path.

It was on a vernal afternoon that Valentine approached the purlieu of the priory. The beeches had already recovered their verdure, and nature, escaped from the withered embraces of winter, had acquired superior charms from the return of spring. The lively green again embellished the meadow and the wood, and the slanting sun-beams, darting through the opening clouds, partially illuminated the delightful landscape. Here he had rambled with his beloved Julia—there he had received the instruction of Mr. Elwyn. Beneath that tree they had listened to the coo of the stock-dove—in this meadow they had plucked the earliest violets of the year. Every spot was hallowed by some endearing remembrance—every object was sacred to the imagination of a lover.

Enraptured with the scenes of his youth, he would have considered the heart as callous, and the hand as sacrilegious, which could have altered the slightest disposition of the ground, or introduced the caprices of art into a spot rendered sacred by recollection, and endeared by love.

As he descended the well-known valley, and was hastening with impatience through the winding road to the priory, he thought he discovered his Julia wandering in a distant field; love knew its object, and scarcely had he recognized the mistress of his heart, ere he had measured the space which divided them. He leaped from his horse, and flung himself at her feet. Rapture, surprise, agitation, deprived them of the powers of motion. They gazed in speechless ecstasy, and it was not till Julia found herself in the arms of her long-lost lover, that she could be persuaded his appearance was not merely illusive.

Smiling

ing through her tears like the sun-beam breaking through the vernal shower, she cast her eyes upon Valentine, with all the softness of sensibility and love.

Are you returned," cried she, with a voice inexpressibly interesting, are you returned to bless this lowly vale once more with your society? Or does some angel, in pity to my sorrow, indulge me with this transitory illusion?"

It is no illusion," cried Valentine, passionately pressing her to his bosom, "it is your once dear, your still faithful lover returned to the spot of his nativity, to claim the hand of his adored Julia, and to dedicate the remainder of his life to the ecstatic bliss of promoting her felicity."

And can you then, (cried she) after so long an absence—an absence unsoftened by any tidings of your welfare, or your health—can you return to your solitary Julia, with the same sentiments you breathed so passionately at our last meeting in the wood."

I can—I do!" exclaimed he with eagerness; "and, oh! forgive me, my beloved Julia, if, in compliance with the request of an unnatural father, if in compliance with the last accents that fell from those charming lips, I have restrained the impatience of my heart to communicate its sorrows, and to find relief in the knowledge of your happiness. The claims of duty are dissolved, and those of love shall henceforth assert their sole dominion over the bosom of Valentine.

And is it possible, (she returned) that you can still retain your affection inviolate? Could you, amidst the glare of splendor, and the attractions of pleasure condescend to heave a sigh at the recollection of this obscure village, and its obscurer inhabitants!"

Oh, Julia! (cried he) how little do you know me, if you doubt it's possibility. Wealth and fashion may for a while amuse the senses, but can never interest the heart. The dissipation of the world may for a time delude the imagination, but can never obliterate the affections of nature. Believe me, I have not enjoyed an hour of tranquillity since I have departed from you; and with principles unchanged, and with affections unalienated, I am now returned

turned to recover my long lost peace, and to receive with the hand of my Julia all the unbounded happiness which love can bestow, and sensibility deserve. Oh, Julia! my bliss is too exquisite to be borne. To see you again—to hear the music of your voice—and clasp your angelic form to my panting bosom, is rapture unutterable! is ecstasy indescribable!

Thus did the enamoured Valentine pour fourth the effusions of his heart; and thus did the tender Julia participate in his happiness. The moments flew swiftly away, and they had almost forgot that there was another person in the world who claimed their attention.”

THE

CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER OF DERHAM DOWN;

2 vols. *Lane.*

WE could not be otherways than pleased with the innocence, vivacity, and goodness of heart displayed in the artless conduct of the Carpenter's Daughter, nor did the honest integrity of Ned Sanford afford us less satisfaction—Lord Derham is a natural picture of an old soldier, who delights in fighting his battles over every day, and rejoices at the appearance of a new guest, that he might again renew the tale. We feel ourselves irresistibly interested in the fate of Miss Derham and Colonel Walsingham, and cannot but own we felt ourselves disappointed that so infamous a character as Black was not brought to the punishment he so richly deserved. We are like-

No. 6.

D d d d

wife

wife sorry that the character of Luke Level is introduced as a Quaker, there are undoubtedly some bad characters among that class of people, but they are in general quiet, inoffensive, and humane.

As a specimen of the author's powers in calling forth the tender feelings, we extract the following scene:

On one of those evenings, which we frequently see towards the close of the spring, when winter seems to have returned to pay a farewell visit, Braddyl, who had been working at the house of a neighbouring farmer, being driven home by the weather, which would not suffer him to proceed in his occupation, rather earlier than usual, threw an additional faggot on the fire, and calling in a neighbour, who was standing at his door, and contemplating the storm, he desired his wife to shut up the windows, and then sit down to partake with them of a mug of ale, which he was going to draw. The storm howled abroad—the low and labouring cloud hung on the mountains which surround the lake, and poured an unceasing deluge on her troubled bosom. The cold gusts of wind which shook, and the streams of rain which washed, the simple fastenings of Braddyl's cottage, served but to make its inmates enjoy more the protection it afforded; they huddled closer to the fire, and pitied all who were exposed to the “pelting of the pitiless storm.”

The neighbour, whom Braddyl had called in, was the very farmer who had served as constable when Ned Sanford was apprehended, and the trial of this unfortunate youth had supplied him with a long story for at least two or three evenings in every week since the transaction had happened. His situation at Braddyl's fire-side, though the most improper one that could exist for this favourite tale, calculated as it was to bring back the remembrance of a lost daughter, had still too many charms for a storyteller to permit, to this honest fellow, the omission of his favourite narration. To say the truth, he never once thought of the consequences of what he was about, till he heard Braddyl sigh, and his wife say something about her poor girl; and he no sooner discovered the scrape he was

in,

in, than, with a clumsy kind of dexterity, he changed the subject into that of lost children returning laden with riches, and making the fortunes of their parents, and of such adventures, he had hundreds at his fingers ends.— Though to a mind rendered cautious by a habit of reflection, and such idle speculations as have, probably, no better end than to make us distrust that prospect of happiness, which, if unsuspected, would, at least, afford us a temporary portion of bliss, this simple project of our talkative farmer would not have proved very consoling; it had a happy effect on the honest pair to whom it was addressed, and, in the maze to which it led their imaginations, their sorrows were for a while completely lost. Our farmer saw his success, and redoubled his efforts, till the spirits of the good old soldier were roused to an uncommon pitch.— He placed his hand on his breast, and said with fervor,— “ Though, when my mind has been depressed, I have thought that I should never see my daughter again, yet I know not why I should distrust the goodness of Providence. I have never found myself forsaken by it yet, nor need I fear it, while I adore my Creator, and strive to act justly by all mankind.”

It was some little time after this that Mrs. Braddyl cried—“ Hark ! Sure I hear the trampling of a horse— somebody is at the gate.” “ The wind howls so,” said her husband, “ that I can hear nothing.” “ Again !” exclaimed the good woman, and she turned her chair round. A voice was now heard as distinctly as the storm would permit, pronouncing these words : “ Keep along the paling till you come to a little swing gate, and that will bring you to the house door.”—“ Oh, gracious heaven !” exclaimed Mrs. Braddyl, “ ’tis my child’s voice, my Betsey ! my Betsey !” She fell back in her chair.— Braddyl, with a face pale as a sheet, ran to his wife— “ Don’t flurry yourself so, my dear ;” then stopped for an instant, as if to listen, ran towards the door, and then back again to his wife. A loud knocking put an end to this scene. The farmer opened the door : Braddyl flew to it, and his wife followed, trembling, with a light in her hand, Betsey, for it was, indeed, the voice of our lovely little girl that they had heard, sprang from the shaft of a light covered

covered cart, which stood in the road opposite to Braddyl's gate, and in a moment was in her father's arms. The good old man caught her up, carried her into the house, placed her in a chair, threw himself into another, and stared about him, first at his wife, and then at his daughter, without being able to speak a word. His friend, who knew that there was part of a bottle of brandy in the corner cup-board, flew to it, and filling a glass, presented it to Braddyl, who drank it off. Betsey had been no sooner seated than she burst into a violent flood of tears, and Mrs. Braddyl followed her example. The good woman was easily persuaded to take a small quantity of the same cordial that was administered to her husband, and, by dint of a few motherly remonstrances, prevailed on Betsey to do the same. The person who had conducted Betsey was a neighbouring farmer, and had met with her in a town at a small distance where a London coach put up. As he was alone he offered to conduct her to Derham, through which he was to pass in his way home; and this offer proved a most seasonable one to poor Betsey, who, considering the inclemency of the night, would have been scarcely able in any other way to reach her father's dwelling. Having taken a large bumper from the bottle which was going round, the farmer took his leave, and Braddyl's friend reflecting, that, in all probability, the father and mother would be pleased to be left alone with their daughter, wished them all three joy, and retired. Braddyl, who had repressed his feelings as well as he could till this period, now stretched out his arms towards his daughter. Betsey rose from her chair, and throwing herself into them, clasped him round the neck, and placing her cheek against his, sobbed aloud. After a few moments Braddyl placed her on his knee, and, looking her steadily in the face with much affection, but with some preplexity in his countenance, he said, in a hesitating tone, "And is—is—my Betsey—the same good girl she ever was?" "Indeed, indeed, said she, I hope I am." "Enough, said Braddyl, I never doubted the purity of your mind, my girl, but the snares of the wicked."—

Mrs. Braddyl now drew her chair close to her husband, and throwing her arms round her daughter as she sat on his knee, kissed her most affectionately. "I have had some snares to encounter, said Betsy: I have had some escapes too, which were surely providential, and I am thankful for them."

Here she threw up her fine eyes, which were yet glistening with tears. Her father and mother were both silent.—Mrs. Braddyl clasped her hands together. Braddyl pressed that of his daughter fervently, and the first tear that he had shed trickled down his furrowed cheek. Let the reader, who has felt as a parent, judge if their hearts were shut at such a moment! In truth, they expanded with love and gratitude towards their Creator; for they had, as yet, to learn that modern philosophy, which, by contemplating the immensity of the Creator's works, learns to limit his power; and, as the first fruit of having discovered that our minds are infinitely too narrow to comprehend it, proceeds to confine it according to our own confined ideas.

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